

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

SELECTED FROM THE

Old and New Testament.

IN TWO BOOKS.

By the late Reverend
Mr RALPH ERSKINE,
Minister of the Gospel in Dunfermline.

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SCOTTISH BOOKS

SELECTED FROM THE

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT

IN TWO BOOKS

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S H E W I N G

The occasion and design of the following P O E M S.

READER,

THE work of turning all the rest of the Scripture Songs into metre, as the Psalms of David are, and for the same public use, was proposed by the church of Scotland, more than an hundred years ago, and that in one of the most noted periods of her reformation; particularly by an act of the General Assembly, August 28. 1647. This affair having never yet been accomplished to general satisfaction, though some essays were made towards it*, it was recom-

* This recommendation of the Assembly was given to Mr Zacharias Boyd. He complied with the recommendation; for we find the Assembly 1648, appointing two of their number to revise his labours: but they were never publicly approved of.---About forty years after this, there was another attempt to have this design accomplished; and so we find a version of the Scripture Songs published *anno* 1686, supposed to be written by one Mr Simson: but these did not yield public satisfaction neither.---This affair was again proposed by some later assemblies; and some of the scripture songs underwent a revising: but none of them have as yet obtained the public sanction of the church.

mended to me, however sensible of my own unsuitness for it, to try my hand upon this work. The first public recommendation was by the Associate Synod, *anno* 1747. And though I began it, by turning some of these songs into metre, the best way I could, such as the song of Moses, Exod. xv. and Deut. xxxii. the song of Deborah and Barak, Judg. v. and several others; yet, I may say, Satan hindered me in my progress therein, and stood at my right hand to resist me, by casting temptations in my way: and the holy providence of God seemed, from time to time, in vacant hours, to be putting other necessary work in my hand; which yet, I hope, (with means that others also have used), has had its own usefulness, for fencing and fortifying a number of the Lord's people against the terrible temptations into which too many have been so much insnared, as that, under the mask of zeal for a *new religion* and *profession*, they cannot tell what, Satan has got this circle drawn about them, to hedge them in from coming to feed in these green pastures, wherein they have been formerly nourished: and in which strait and sinful inclosure they will, in all appearance, be detained, till God himself break the snare, and loose the prisoners; and till *the captives of the mighty be taken away, and the prey of the terrible be delivered*, Is. xlix. 24. 25. †.

† The interruption that our author met with in this affair, and the other necessary work that was called for at his hand, has a respect to the unhappy contest about the lawfulness of the religious clause of some burgess oaths, and the writings he published on that subject.

But

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But as I have again got a little leisure, amidst the intervals of my other ministerial work, to go on in the prosecution of what has been so often recommended to me; so I have yielded to the publication of this small * part of the work in the mean time; because this being one of the entire books of scripture by itself, and having just now made this essay upon it: the judgment of the judicious about this being once given, and remarks offered by those that please upon it, there may be the less ado, if providence bring forward all the rest, to be subjected also to the trial of those who have parts, as well as piety. And, no doubt, but the rest, if the Lord will, may be forwarded with the more pleasure, if this, as a specimen, shall be acceptable.

In case this paraphrase, [*viz.* on the Lamentations], or any other part of the Scripture Songs, intended to be published, should come to have another edition, these who incline, and have skill and judgment, are hereby allowed and desired to send, by letters, their observations to the author, if they find any real improprieties, or failures, either in the frame of the poetry, or fit-

* The *small part* of the work, here alluded to by the author, is his *Paraphrase on the Lamentations of Jeremiah*, which he first published by itself, as a specimen of the whole, [with the scriptures annexed on the margin at full length, and the marginal readings at the foot of the page, that the reader might easily compare the version with the original text], and to which this account of the occasion and design of his writing these Scripture Songs was first prefixed; but as it respects them all, it is now made to front the whole.

ness of the paraphrase; especially the latter of these, for he does not pretend to a genius fitted to act the sublime poetry; and it may, perhaps, be no disadvantage in compositions of this kind, designed for general use, that the middle path be kept between the too flat and too soaring strain. But he will reckon himself much obliged to any skilled hands, that shall not only observe what they think needs to be amended, but also set down their own essays for correcting thereof; and according to the gravity, merit, and importance of the observations and amendments, so shall he endeavour to give those that make them all the satisfaction he can in the next edition. And that any who please, may the more easily compare the text and the paraphrase, he has caused print them both together. Where the decent frame of the metre allows not any seeming agreement with the words of the text, the learned reader is to judge especially of its agreement with the scope and intent thereof: and in this I have not neglected to consult commentators; only in places where they were of different minds, I was obliged to make a choice of what I thought best, and most consonant with the context. And when the marginal readings, or the original Hebrew text, yielded any assistance, they were not neglected.

I have not, in all and every one of the Scripture Songs, studied rhyme in the first and third line of every stanza; though, in the most part of them, it is carefully observed. That all may

¶ This was done in the first edition of the Paraphrase on the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which was designed as a specimen.

be blessed of God for the edification of his church and people, is the earnest desire of their servant, and yours in Christ,

RALPH ERSKINE.

To this account, given by the author, of the occasion and design of these Scripture Songs, it may not be improper to acquaint the reader with the manner of their first publication, and the reason of their present arrangement*.

As to the manner in which these Songs were emitted into the world, it was at first in four different tracts. It hath been already observed, that the Paraphrase on the Lamentations of Jeremiah was first published as a specimen of the whole, with an intimation to any who had a mind, to offer their remarks thereupon. We never heard of any observations made to the author upon it; and we are quite certain he himself made no alterations upon it after the first publication. The kindly reception it met with encouraged him to proceed; and the public was next favoured with A New Version of the Song of Solomon, published along with his large explicatory poem on that book. Some time after this, he published what was intitled, Job's Hymns; or, his poems on several select passages of that book. Then we were favoured with the rest of the Scripture Songs, in three parts. All these were carefully revised and prepared for the press by the author himself, except a few poems which composed what was called the third part of the Scripture Songs, which were not extracted from his short-hand characters before his death; but these

* This account was annexed to the foregoing preface in the folio edition of the author's works.

were carefully revised and compared with the original by his son, the Reverend Mr Henry Erskine.

We are next to assign the reason of their present arrangement. Though these poems were published at first in sundry separate tracts, and at different times, yet it is certain they were designed to compose one entire work. As we have now the whole before us, it was judged proper to arrange them in such a manner as to compose one complete collection of Scripture Songs. To effectuate this design, they are divided into two books: the first book contains Old-Testament Songs, in six parts; the other consists of New-Testament Songs, in three parts. All these are placed in the regular order in which they lie in the scripture.

It is probable, had our author lived some time longer, he would have enriched this collection with several other poems, upon other parallel and celebrated passages of scripture; for it appears he was going on with the work when Providence put a period to his natural life, and translated him to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, in the church triumphant above.

T A B L E

OF THE

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

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SCRIPTURE SONGS.

B O O K I.

OLD-TESTAMENT SONGS; or, Songs upon several select passages in the Old Testament.

P A R T I.

POEMS selected from several passages of scripture in the historical parts of the Old Testament, viz. from the book of Genesis to Job.

It is generally agreed, among the learned and inquisitive, that writings in poetry have been the first that were used in the world; that they have been coeval with, if not prior to letters itself; nay, that in several nations poetical compositions actually preceded the very invention or usages of letters. And in such veneration was this way of writing among the ancients, that their poets were called vates, prophets; and their muses were deified. But which is still more certain and considerable, the most ancient composition that we meet with in the sacred volume itself, was the song of Moses at the Red-sea, Exod. xv. which we find before the very first mention of writing; for that occurs not till Exod. xvii. 14. when the Lord enjoins Moses to write a memorial of the war with Amalek.

Many sacred songs are to be met with in the Old Testament, scattered both in the historical and prophetical books, penned upon particular and

A

remarkable

2 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

remarkable occasions; which, in the opinion of very competent judges, have in them as true and noble strains of poetry and picture, as are to be met with in any other language whatsoever, in spite of all the disadvantage from translation into so different tongues, and common prose; nay, are nobler examples of the true sublime stile of poetry than any can be found in the Pagan writers: the images are so strong, lively, and proper; the thoughts so great, elevated, and profound; the expression so lofty, magnificent, and divine; and the figures so admirable, bold, and moving, that the wonderful manner of these writings is quite inimitable.

Some other very important and highly interesting passages of scripture, very apposite for the matter of a song, are also versified, though not so in the original. And although the historical parts of scripture afford us the smallest number, either of these, or poetical passages, yet the following songs are selected therefrom.

S O N G I.

The first six days work; or, The first chapter of Genesis compendized.

THE first day at JEHOVAH's word,
Which brought from nothing all,
Did heav'n, and earth, and light afford,
To form the spacious ball.

The next, a firmament so wide,
A large expanded sky,
That might the waters course divide,
And bear the clouds on high.

The

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS. 3

The third, severing land from seas,
Ere sun and rain were seen;
Made earth produce herbs, grafs, and trees,
To paint her face with green.

The fourth, sun, moon, and stars of light,
Within their circling spheres,
Set up to rule the day and night,
And mark out months and years.

The fifth made finny tribes to move,
And cut the floods beneath;
And feather'd host to fly above,
And wing their airy path.

The sixth, all earthly beasts did bring,
And form the grazing herd;
Then man to be the creatures king
His Maker great preferr'd.

On man he did his image draw;
Thus fair at first he stood,
When God review'd his works, and saw
That all was very good.

[But soon as man, by sin's inroad,
Was stain'd, the change was sad!
Of all the six days work of God,
The best was very bad.]

S O N G II.

The first gospel-promise. Gen. iii. 15.

THE promise first, that led the van,
Did curse the tempting snake;
But op'd the door of bliss to man,
For thus JEHOVAH spake:

A 2

PH

4 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

- " I'll put eternal enmity,
 " O thou satanic foe!
 " Between the woman foil'd and thee,
 " To thy disgrace and woe.
 " Her seed and thine a mortal feud
 " Shall both be made to feel;
 " It shall entirely break thy head,
 " Thou only bruise his heel.
 " And to give thee the fatal blow,
 " Her seed shall be my SON;
 " Destroy thy works, and quite undo
 " What mischief thou hast done."

S O N G III.

The ten plagues of Egypt named and justified.
 Exod. vii. viii. ix. x. and xii. chap.

THE first, their water turn'd to blood,
 Their blood-thirst to requite.

The second, caus'd vile *frogs* to croud,
 To 'venge their croaking spite.

The third, turn'd all their dust to *lice*,
 Their sordid ways to wreak.

The fourth, made swarms of *flees* arise,
 Their soaring pride to check.

The fifth, their beasts with *murrain* kill'd,
 To smite their brutish kin.

The sixth, with *boils* their bodies fill'd,
 To scourge the blains of sin.

The seventh, destroyed with *fire* and *hail*,
 Their fury to assuage.

The eighth, made *locusts* fierce prevail,
 To recompense their rage.

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS.

The ninth, thick *darkness* on them drew,
For doubling Isra'l's tales.

The tenth, all Egypt's *first-born* slew,
For murd'ring Isra'l's males.

S O N G IV.

The song of Moses, when the Israelites were delivered out of the hands of the Egyptians. Exod. xv. 1.—21.

S E C T. I.

The Lord's praise celebrated for his own excellence, and overthrowing his enemies.

Vers. 1 I'LL sing unto the Lord, who doth
His glorious triumph shew;
For he the horse, and rider both
Into the ocean threw.

2 Weak was I, but the Lord's my strength;
Dumb, but he's now my song;
Loft, but he is become at length
All my salvation strong.

He is my God, I'll him prepare
An habitation nigh;
My Father's God, with double care
I will exalt him high.

3 The Lord's a man of war, I boast
The Lord his name to be;

4 He Pharaoh's chariots, and his host,
Hath cast into the sea.

5 He did his chosen captains drown,
Within the Red-sea brink;
The deeps them hid, to th' bottom down
They like a stone did sink.

5 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book 1.

6 Thy right hand, O JEHOVAH, did
Its pow'rful glory show;
Thy right hand, O JEHOVAH, did
In pieces dash the foe.

7 Soon in thy greatness excellent,
Thy foes thou ruin'd hast;
And forth thine indignation sent,
Did them as stubble waste.

8 Lo! at thy nostril's blast, on fight
The waves combining rose;
Floods, as an heave did 'upright,
The deeps in

9 The raging foe I pride,
"I'll now pursue;
"I will o'ercome, divide
"The spoil upon spot:
"My lust its satisfaction full
"Upon them shall enjoy;
"My bloody sword draw forth I will,
"My hand shall them destroy."

10 But when thy wind did blow, with speed
The billows were their graves;
For down they sank, as ponderous lead,
Within the mighty waves.

[Thy orders quickly overthrew
Thy proud Egyptian host,
Who, boldly daring to pursue,
Were in the ocean lost.]

Sect.

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS.

SECT. II.

*The Lord extolled for his wonderful works in pre-
serving his people.*

- 91
Feb 20
- 11 Who is like thee among the gods?
Lord, who is like to thee?
So vast, so infinite the odds,
Where can thine equal be?
In holiness most glorious,
In praises fearful too;
In doing wonders marvellous,
None else the like can do!
 - 12 When thou but stretchedst thy right hand,
The earth obedient rose,
With open mouth, at thy command,
And swallow'd up thy foes.
 - 13 Thou, all the folk thou didst redeem,
Hast led forth in thy grace;
And, in thy strength, hast guided them
Unto thy holy place.
 - 14 People shall hear and fear, and so
In grief and anguish pine;
Sorrow shall catch the folk that do
Inhabit Palestine.
 - 15 On Edom's dukes amazing fits,
On Moab's men of might
Trembling shall seize; all Canaanites
Shall melt away outright.
 - 16 Great fear and dread shall them affright,
Thine arm's great mightiness
Shall still them, as a stone suppress,
Till once thy people pass;

8 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

Till once the folk, thou chosen hast,
Pass over by thy grant.

To th' mountain thou inheritest,
17 Thoult them bring in and plant.

The place, O Lord, which thou hast made,
To be thy dwelling fine,
The sanctuary established,
Firm, by thy hands divine.

18 The Lord shall ever reign, who hath
Such fame by Pharaoh's plea,

19 Whose chariot, horse, and cavalcade,
So madly took the sea:

For then the Lord upon their head,
Roll'd back the waves again;
But on dry land went Isra'l's seed
Amidst the cloven main.

SECT. III.

Miriam's answer.

21 Sing to the Lord, who made his name,
In pomp triumphant known;
The horse and rider both, by him,
Were in the ocean thrown.

S O N G V.

The ten commands abridged and versified. Exod.
xx. 3.—18.

[1.] **N**O God but me thou shalt adore,
I am thy God alone.

[2.] No image frame to bow before,
But idols all dethrone.

[3.] God's

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS. 9

- [3.] God's glorious name take not in vain,
For be rever'd he will.
- [4.] His sacred Sabbath don't profane;
Mind it is holy still.
- [5.] To parents render due respect,
This may thy life prolong.
- [6.] All murder shun, and malice check,
To no man's life do wrong.
- [7.] From thoughts of whoredom base abstain,
From words and actions vile.
- [8.] Shun theft, and all unlawful gain,
Nor gather wealth by guile.
- [9.] False witness flee, and stand'ring spite,
Nor wilful lies invent.
- [10.] Don't covet what's thy neighbour's right,
Nor harbour discontent.

S O N G VI.

*Submission and deliverance; or, God's appearing
in extremity, and Abraham offering his son.*
Gen. xxii. 6.—19.

L ORD, we through grace, at thy command,
With faith and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould them to thy will.

We, at our Father's heav'nly word,
Who never did us wrong,
Give up our comforts to the Lord,
To whom they all belong.

He will restore what we resign,
Or grant, if not the same,
Some other blessings more divine,
To clear our higher claim.

At

10 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

At God's command thus Abra'm took
The wood, the fire, the knife,
And straight prepar'd the dreadful stroke
At fav'rite Isaac's life.

Abra'm, forbear, the angel cry'd,
Touch not thy darling son ;
Thy faith is shewn, thy love is try'd,
The deed is held as done.

Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
That shall of Isaac spring,
All nations shall be bless'd indeed ;
And death shall lose its sting.

Just in the last distressing hour,
When quite we seem undone,
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r,
And makes his mercy known.

The mount of danger is the place
Where God in pomp appears,
To shew us his surprising grace,
And dissipate our fears.

S O N G VII.

*The prophetic song of Moses, setting forth God's
mercy and vengeance. Deut. xxxii. 1.—43.*

S E C T. I.

God and Israel characterized.

Vers. 1 **O** Lofty heav'ns ! give ear, I'll speak ;
O stupid earth ! attend ;
To the instructions of my mouth
An ear devoutly lend.

2 My doctrine down like rain shall drop,
My speech distil like dew ;

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS. 11

As small rain cheers the tender herb,
And show'rs the grafs renew.

3 Because aloud I publish will
JEHOVAH's name abroad,
Ascribe ye glory to the Lord,
And greatness to our God.

4 The Rock whose work most perfect is,
His ways all judgment be ;
A God of truth, and without sin,
Both just and right is he.

5 But they have stain'd themselves, their spot
Is not the spot of sons ;
For they a crooked nation are,
A race of perverse ones.

6 O! do you thus requite the Lord,
Unwise and foolish ye ?
Is not the Lord thy father kind,
That bought, made, settled thee ?

SECT. II.

The great things God had done for Israel.

7 Mind days of old, mark what the years
From age to age beset :
Thy father ask, he will thee show ;
Thy elders, they will tell :

8 That when the Highest did divide
To nations all their lot,
When Adam's sons he set apart,
To each their proper spot,

He wisely set the people's bounds
Just to the number'd race
Of Isra'l's seed, whom he design'd
To occupy their place.

9 Because

12 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

- 9 Because JEHOVAH's portion is
His people, whom he found ;
The lot of his inheritance
Is Jacob's seed renown'd.
- 10 He found him in a desert waste,
In howling deserts dry :
He led him round, him taught, him kept,
As th' apple of his eye.
- 11 As th' eagle fond stirs up her nest,
And flutters o'er her young,
Spreads out, and then upon her wings,
Them takes and bears along.
- 12 Ev'n so the Lord along him led,
No helper else was nigh ;
As an assistant, join'd with him
No foreign god could vie.
- 13 On earth's high places, forts, and holds,
He made him ride in state,
That of the increase of the fields,
He might with pleasure eat.
Of honey sweet, for him to suck,
He made the rock the soil ;
And made, for him, the flinty rock
Produce the finest oil.
- 14 Butter of kine, and milk of sheep,
Were ready thee to feed ;
With fat of lambs, and goats, and rams,
That were of Bashan's breed :
With fat of wheaten kidneys fine,
So plump and large the shapes ;
And for thy drink, unmixed wine,
The purest blood of grapes.

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS. 13

SECT. III.

Jeshurun's ingratitude and sin.

15 But, ah! Jeshurun, when possess'd
Of plenty, soon withdrew
From God; and, like a pamper'd beast,
Both fat and vicious grew.

Ungrateful he forsook the God
Did make and him redeem;
The Rock of his salvation, thus,
He lightly did esteem.

16 Yea, with strange gods they stirred up
His jealousy like fire;
And with abominations great
Provoked him to ire.

17 Altars to devils, not to God,
For sacrifice they rear'd:
To gods unknown, new upstart gods
Their fathers never fear'd.

18 The mighty Rock, that thee begat,
Is from thy mind remote;
Thou hast the God that formed thee,
Ungratefully forgot.

19 When this JEHOVAH's eye beheld,
He did them slight and lothe,
For the provoking of his sons,
And of his daughters both.

20 He said, I'll hide from them my face,
See what their end shall be,
For they're a very froward race,
A faithless progeny.

B

21 They

14 SCRIPTURE SONGS, Book I.

- 21 They have me mov'd to jealousy,
With that which is no god;
To wrath they have provoked me,
With idols vain and odd:

So them to wrath I'll move with these
That are no people now;
And, with a foolish nation, will
Provoke and vex them too.

SECT. IV.

God's indignation against Israel for their sins.

- 22 For in my indignation hot
Enkindled is a fire,
Which to the lowest hell shall burn,
With unappeased ire:

It shall consume the earth, with all
The increase she distills;
And, flaming fierce, shall set on fire
The bottoms of the hills.

- 23 Mischiefs I will upon them heap,
Mine arrows on them spend.

- 24 With hunger burn, with heat devour,
With ruin sharp contend.

I'll send on them the cruel teeth
Of beasts, with greedy gust;
The poison likewise of the snakes,
That lurk among the dust.

- 25 The sword without, and dread within,
Shall youths and maids destroy;
The sucking children also reave,
And hoary heads annoy.

26 Th

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS. 15

- 26 Thus said I, I will scatter them
To corners out of ken;
And make their whole remembrance cease
Among the sons of men:
- 27 But that I fear'd their wrathful foes,
To strange behaviour prone,
Would proudly say, Our hand is high,
Not JAH all this hath done.
- 28 For they a foolish nation are,
So void of counsel sound;
No understanding is in them,
Nor knowledge to be found.
- 29 But, O that they were wise in heart,
That this they understood,
That they would mind their latter end,
To their eternal good!
- 30 For how shall one a thousand chase,
And two a thousand rout,
Had not the Lord, their Rock, them fold,
And shut up round about?
- 31 For their Rock cannot equal ours,
Whose pow'r superior known,
Our foes themselves are, to their cost,
As judges, forc'd to own.
- 32 For, lo! their vines of Sodom are,
And of Gomorrah's field;
Their grapes are loathsome, grapes of gall
That bitter clusters yield.
- 33 Liketo the dragon's poison is
The wine which they produce,
And, like the cruel gall of asps,
For killing, not for use.

16 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

34 And is not this laid up in store,
Recorded in my mind,
Seal'd up among my treasures hid,
Until the time design'd ?

35 To me belongeth vengeance just,
And recompense of wrong ;
Their foot shall therefore surely slide
In season due ere long :

The day of their calamity
Is very near at hand ;
The woful things to come on them,
Make haste at my command.

36 But yet the righteous Lord will judge
His people with allay ;
And for his servants will himself
Repenting change his way :

When he observes their pow'r is gone,
And they of help bereft,
Are to the last extreme reduc'd,
And none shut up or left.

37 Then to disgrace their idols vain,
Where are their gods ? he'll say,
Their rock, on whom they basely threw
Their confidence away ;

38 Which ate their sacrifices fat,
Drank their wine-off'rings too ?
Let them rise up to be your help,
And your protection now.

S E C T.

SECT. V.

Conclusion of the song : including glory to God, terror to his enemies, and comfort to his people.

- 39 See then that I now, ev'n I am,
No God there is with me :
I kill and quicken, wound and heal ;
None can my fury flee :

From lashes of my lifted hand,
There's none that can deliver :

- 40 For I lift up my hand to heav'n,
And say, I live for ever.

- 41 If I but whet my glitt'ring sword,
On judgment to take hold ;
I'll render vengeance to my foes,
Reward my haters bold.

- 42 I'll make my arrows drunk with blood,
(My sword with flesh inclose),
With blood of slain, and captives both,
From first revenge of foes.

- 43 O! joy and sing, ye nations all,
With people that are his ;
For he'll avenge his servant's blood,
Which to him precious is :

He'll render vengeance to his foes,
With his uplifted hand ;
But favour to his people show,
And mercy to his land.

S O N G VIII.

Moses' last words ; or, The excellency of Israel.
Deut. xxiii. 26.—29.

- Vers. 26. **T**Here's none like to Jeshurun's God,
Who rides, thy helper high,

18 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

On heav'n; and in his pomp abroad
Upon the azure sky.

27 Th' eternal God thy home secure,
And refuge is from harms;
And underneath, to prop thee sure,
Are everlasting arms.

Before thy face he'll drive the foe,
That would thy rest annoy;
His pow'r, resistless, to o'erthrow,
Shall need but say, Destroy.

28 Then Isra'l safe alone shall dwell;
And Jacob's eye shall view
The land, where corn and wine excel,
And heav'n distills its dew.

29 O Isra'l! happy in thy Lord;
No people's safe like thee:
He's of thy help, the shield, the sword
Of thy excellency.

Thus arm'd, thy foes shall stoop to thee,
To feign'd submission aw'd;
Thou shalt tread down their places high,
Their fence of lies and fraud.

S O N G I X.

*The song of Deborah and Barak, on Israel's signal
victory over king Jabin. Judges v. 2.—31.*

Vers. 2 Praise ye the Lord, for the revenge
Of Isra'l on his foes,
When for the war the people bent,
As volunteers arose.

3 Ye kings, give ear; ye princes, hear;
Attention sets you well;
I'll sing to JAH, I'll sing to JAH,
The God of Israel.

4 Lord,

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS. 29

- 4 Lord, when in state thou went'st from Seir,
In march from Edom's field,
The earth did quake, the heav'ns did drop,
The clouds their show'rs distill'd.
- 5 Away before JEHOVAH's face,
The melting mountains wore;
Before JEHOVAH Isra'l's God,
A Sinai blaz'd afore.
- 6 In Shamgar son of Anath's time,
In Jael's troublous days,
The roads infested were untrod,
And trav'lers took by-ways.
- 7 Then Isra'l's villagers harass'd
Did cease; through fear, did cease,
Till I, Deborah, rose; I rose,
A mother there for peace.
- 8 New gods they choose, then wars arose,
And spite of gates were keen:
Where was in Isra'l shield or spear
'Mong forty thousands seen?
- 9 My heart is tow'rd the governors,
That rule in Isra'l's coasts,
Who 'mong the folk were volunteers:
Bless ye the Lord of hosts.
- 10 Speak, ye that on white asses ride,
Ye that in judgment sit;
And ye who safe can tread the way,
Speak out his praises fit.
- 11 Who freed from cruel archers noise,
In places they traverse
For drawing water; there shall they
The Lord's just acts rehearse;

Just

20 **SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.**

Just acts for villagers of his
In Isra'l, their release:
Then go the people of the Lord
Down to the gates of peace.

12 Awake, awake, Deborah, now;
Now tune the harp of praise:
Awake, awake, with lifted voice,
A song of triumph raise;

Rise, Barak, and stir up thyself,
Thou Abinoam's son;
Lead captive thy captivities,
And push the conquest on.

13 **JEHOVAH** gave the remnant mean
Rule o'er the nobles then;
And ev'n to me, a woman weak,
Pow'r o'er the mighty men.

14 From out of Ephraim the root,
'Gainst Amalek was there;
Which led by thee, stout Benjamin,
Did 'mong the folk appear.

From Machir came the governors,
From Zebulun the scribes,
(Whose prudent writs, with skilful pen,
To battle promp'd the tribes).

15 The peers and tribes of Issachar,
Close by Deborah went:
And Barak nimble was on foot,
Into the valley sent:

When Reuben faint stood far apart,
Nor join'd to quell the foes;
For his divisions, sad and smart,
Great thoughts of heart arose.

Part I. SCRIPTURE SONGS. 21

- 16 'Mong sheepfolds why didst thou abide,
The bleeting flocks to wait?
For Reuben's rents, and ruptures wide
Heart-scrutinies were great.
- 17 By Jordan why did Gilead stay?
Dan in his ships abide?
And Asher, by the ocean shore,
In creeks his valour hide?
- 18 Zeb'lun's stout folk, and Naphtali's,
Their risked lives did yield;
Fearless to face the front of death,
Upon the open field.
- 19 In Taanach, by Megiddo's streams,
The kings did fight and fall;
No money gain got Canaan's kings,
But fought and forfeit all.
- 20 From heav'n above the fiery hosts
Fought with a thund'ring storm;
Stars, in their ranks and courses high
'Gainst Sis'ra fought in form.
- 21 The river Kishon, that old stream,
Made ready for the prey,
By swelling to a torrent rose,
And swept them clean away.
- O thou, my soul, through God, thou hast,
(Let God be praised then),
By means of weakness feminine,
Trod down the strength of men.
- 22 Then were their warlike horses hoofs
Broke by their pransings mad;
The pransings of their mighty ones,
Their boasted cavalcade.

23 Thus

72 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

23 (Thus said the angel of the Lord)

Come, curse ye Meroz all;

On each inhabitant thereof

Let bitter curses fall:

For dastardly they loit'd at home,

And came not to, nor chose

JEHOVAH'S help, JEHOVAH'S help,

Against the mighty foes.

24 'Bove women Jacl, Heber's wife,

The Kenite, bless'd shall be;

'Bove women, tim'rous in the tent,

The blessing gain shall she.

25 He water fought, she gave him milk,

For drink to his content;

And butter in a lordly dish,

Did cunningly present.

26 The nail she in her left hand took,

The hammer in her right;

Then hammer'd softly Sisera

Down to the ground on fight.

When through his temples she had pierc'd,

And stricken on the spot;

Then fearless she his fetter'd head,

From off his shoulders smote.

27 Thus at her feet he bow'd, he fell,

And struggling lay decoy'd;

Prostrate he fell, and where he bow'd,

There down he fell destroy'd.

28 Sis'ra's vain mother, (swell'd in thought,

That she him victor spy'd),

From out the window glaring look'd,

And through the lattices cry'd;

“ Why

" Why stays so long his conqu'ring car,
 " With trophies at his heels—
 " Triumphant led? Why tarry thus
 " His rapid chariot-wheels?"

29 Her ladies wife about her made
 An answer to her mind;
 Yea, she herself did to herself
 The following answer find:

30 " Have they not sped? and is not this
 " The reason of their stay?
 " That full they may the booty view,
 " And distribute the prey?"

" To every man a maid or two,
 " By poll, to call their dues;
 " To Silerá, beyond the rest,
 " A prey of divers hews?"

" Of party-colour'd needle-work,
 " Wrought so upon each side,
 " Meet for the necks of them that do
 " The joyful spoil divide?"

31 So let thy foes all perish, Lord,
 But let thy friends upright,
 Be like the sun, when going forth,
 In his resistless might.

S O N G X.

Hannah's song of thanksgiving to God. 1 Sam. ii.
 1.—10.

Verf. 1 **M**Y heart doth in the Lord rejoice;
 My horn's exalted high:
 My mouth's enlarg'd above my foes;
 For in my help I joy.

2 There

24 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

- 2 There is none holy as the Lord;
For none can equal thee:
Nor any rock, with succour stor'd,
Like to our God can be.
- 3 Let no more proud presumptuous chat,
From out your mouth proceed;
The Lord's a God of knowledge great,
By him are actions weigh'd.
- 4 The boasted bows of mighty men
Are broke in shreds at length;
But, lo! the stumbling feeble train
Are girt about with strength.
- 5 The full have hir'd themselves for corn;
The hungry ceas'd to moan:
The barren woman seven hath born;
The fertile feeble grown.
- 6 God kills, and quickens these that die;
Brings to the grave, and fro:
- 7 Makes poor and rich; degrades the high,
And elevates the low.
- 8 From out the dust the poor he rears,
From dung the beggar brings,
To sit with peers, and hold, as heirs,
The pompous throne of kings:
For to the Lord of lords alone
Earth's pillars appertain;
He sets the lower world thereon,
The sov'reign o'er the swain.
- 9 Of saints he'll keep the footsteps ev'n,
But lay proud foes in goal
Of silent darkness; for 'gainst Heav'n,
By strength shall none prevail.

10 The adversaries of the Lord
Shall broken be to threads:
He out of heav'n the wrath they stor'd,
Shall thunder on their heads.

He'll justly judge the earth all o'er,
His King he'll fortify;
And his Anointed's horn and pow'r,
Men shall exalted see.

S O N G XI.

David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan
2 Sam. i. 19—27.

Verf. 19 **T**HE flow'r of Isra'l, ah! is slain
Upon thy places high:
How are the mighty fall'n amain,
And down so suddenly!

20 O! tell it not in Gath, among
The heathen people there;
Nor in the streets of Ashkelon,
These doleful news declare.

Left Philistines, their daughters pleas'd,
Should flush'd with gladness be:
Left daughters of the uncircumcis'd
Should boast triumphantly.

21 Ye mountains of Gilboa sad,
Let no more dew nor rain,
Nor fertile fields of off'ring glad,
Henceforth on you remain:

For shields of mighty men were there
Lost, with a shameful foil;
The shield of Saul, as if he ne'er
Had shar'd th' anointing oil.

26 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

22 From blood of slain, from fat of strong,
Nor Jon'than's bow turn'd back;
Nor Saul's drawn rapier from among
Their foes without effect.

23 Courageous Saul, and Jon'than rare,
Both lovely ones, and sweet:
They in their lives most pleasant were,
And in their death unite:

More swift than eagles wing'd they were,
More strong than lions great.

24 Weep, ye that Isra'ls daughters are;
O'er Saul's unhappy fate;

Who cloth'd you rich in scarlet fine,
Delightful to behold,
And caus'd your studded raiment shine
With ornaments of gold.

25 How, 'midst the battle shamefully,
Are fall'n the mighty men!
O Jon'than! on the places high,
Ev'n thou, alas! wast slain.

26 Jon'than, my brother dear, my mate;
Distress'd I am for thee:
Dear wast thou at the highest rate,
And pleasant unto me:

Thy wond'rous love to me surpass'd
The love of women far.

27 How have the mighty fall'n, and lost
The instruments of war!

SONG

S O N G XII.

David's prayer and thanksgiving, after God's promise to build him a sure house, and to bless him in his seed: pointing at Christ and his kingdom.
2 Sam. vii. 18.—29. compared with 1 Chron. xvii. 16.—27.

Vers. **L** ORD, who am I, ev'n worthless I!
18 16 **L** And what's my house, that thou,
Ev'n thou, hast rais'd me up so high,
And brought me hitherto?

19 17 Yet more than this, which unto thee
A thing but small appear'd,
Thou saidst, Thy servant's house shall be
To future ages rear'd.

And hast, O God, in favour great,
Regarded abject me,
According to the princely state
Of one of high degree.

20 18 Expressions fail me to relate
Thy favours shown to me;
And for thy servant's honour great
What more can added be?

Is this the manner, O Most High,
Of man on earth? Sure no.
What more can David say to thee?
Thou dost thy servant know.

21 19 Thou for thy word, thy servant's sake,
As with thy heart's design.
This store so great and good dost make
All known to me and mine.

28 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

- 22 20 Thy greatness then, O Lord, appears;
And goodness uncompar'd:
No god like thee, (no mortal ears
Thine equal ever heard.)
- 23 21 And what one nation here below
Is like thy people known,
Whom God Redeemer went unto
To win them for his own?
That driving nations out by them,
Who were from Egypt freed,
Thou mightest make to thee a name
Of greatness and of dread?
Great things for Isra'l, yea, for thee
The great Redeemer plods,
To set thee from the nations free,
And from their naughty gods.
- 24 22 For, Lord, thou hast confirm'd for thine,
Thy people Isra'l still,
And to become their God and mine,
Was ev'n thy sov'reign will.
- 25 23 What for my house and me was spoke,
Firm then for ay be made;
And never, Lord, thy word revoke,
But do as thou hast said.
- 26 24 Firm be it, that thy fame abroad
May still be publish'd, thus,
"The Lord of hosts is Isra'l's God,
"Whose God is *God with us*,"
And, Lord, let this be granted me,
That, to thy lasting praise,
Thy servant David's house may be
Before thee fix'd always.

- 27 25 For thou, my God, didst this impart,
That built my house shall be;
Thy servant hence found in his heart,
To pray this pray'r to thee.
- 28 26 And now, O Lord, thou art that God,
And true thy words will prove,
Thou hast me promis'd all this load
Of goodness, in thy love.
- 29 27 O then, Lord, to thy servant's house
The promis'd bliss convey,
That it may stand for holy use,
Before thy face for ay.
- For since thy word is past, O Lord,
That bless'd my house shall be,
With blessing shall my house be stor'd.
And blest eternally.

S O N G X I I I.

David's thanksgiving and prayer, when he and the princes offered willingly for building of the temple... 1 Chron. xxix. 10.—19.

Vers. 10 **B**E thou for ever bless'd, O Lord,
Our father Isra'l's God;
For ever be thy name ador'd,
And celebrate abroad.

11 O Lord, the greatness and the might,
And victory is thine;
Glory belongs to thee of right,
With majesty divine;

For all's thine own, both great and small,
That heav'n and earth contain:

The kingdom's thine, thou dost 'bove all
As head exalted reign.

- 12 Both wealth and honour come of thee;
O'er all thou hast command,
As sov'reign Lord; ability
And might is in thy hand.

Yea, thine it is to make them great
And high that once were low;
And strength on all in weakest state
Benignly to bestow.

- 13 Now, therefore, O our gracious God,
We thank thee, and proclaim,
With grateful lips, the praise abroad
Of thy most glorious name.

- 14 But who am I! and what are these
My folk, that ev'n to us
Strength should be giv'n, with willingness,
To bring such off'rings thus?

For all things come of thee, O Lord;
We give thee but thine own;
And what thy bounty did afford
Restore to thy renown.

- 15 We but sojourn like strangers here,
As all our fathers did;
Our days a passing shade appear,
None do on earth abide.

- 16 Of thine own hand, O Lord, it came;
That we prepar'd this store,
To build a house for thy great name;
For all was thine before.

- 17 My God, I'm also sure of this,
Thou try'st the heart and reins;

And that thy heart in uprightness
A pleasure entertains.

Now, as for me, with heart upright,
Glad with these gifts I came;
And here I see a joyful sight,
The folk have done the same.

18 Our fathers God, this frame of heart
Keep thou continually,
Within thy people's inward part,
And fix their heart to thee.

19 Give Sol'mon too a heart sincere,
To serve thee evermore;
And to erect the palace fair
For which I heap'd such store.

S O N G XIV.

David's last words, viewed in a twofold light.
2 Sam. xxiii. 3.—7.

S E C T. I.

Viewed as a direction to kings and rulers.

Vers. 3 **T**HE mighty God of heav'n hath spoke,
Let kings on earth attend;
To them and me doth Isra'l's Rock
The foll'wing message send:

Let mortals over mortals reign,
In just and pious mode,
With sceptres righteous toward men,
Religious toward God.

4 Then beauteous, like the morning-ray,
Shall be the ruling train;

And

And

And sweet, like fragrant flow'ry May,
Refresh'd with sun and rain.

- 5 Though not my house nor throne be so
Grown up with God, I grant,
Yet he hath made with me, I know,
A gracious covenant:

'Tis everlasting, sure, entire,
Well order'd ev'ry way:

'Tis my whole bliss, my whole desire,
Though he the growth delay.

- 6 7 But rebel sons of Belial must
The sceptre's value know,
As both a shield to fence the just,
And sword to lash the foe.

To justice, hurtful thorns be doom'd,
Not touch'd with naked hand,
But quite with fire and sword consum'd,
In places where they stand.

S E C T. II.

The same words viewed, according to some interpreters, and the Dutch translation, as a prophecy of Christ, the king of Zion: whence they may be paraphrased in the following manner.

- 3 A glorious Ruler over men,
Shall in due time appear;
Just, ruling still without a stain,
And in JEHOVAH's fear.

- 4 Bright, like the rising sun, shall he
In light unclouded shine;
Spread, like the verdant spring, shall be
His influence divine.

5 Although

5 Although my house be not with God
So, as it ought indeed ;
Yet stands his cov'nant, wide and broad,
With me, and with my seed :

To which it shall for ever sure,
And all in order stay,
Till he, in whom my line's secure,
Set up his throne for ay.

He's my salvation, my desire,
My all that God can bring ;
Though, till the time design'd expire,
He make him not to spring,

6 7 But, when he mounts, in royal state,
His throne of righteousness,
(Though still he'll keep the mercy-seat,
And thence his subjects blefs),

Yet shall his sword of justice chase
The rebel crew to hell,
And waste his murd'ers in the place,
Ev'n Salem, where they dwell.

SCRIPTURE

SCRIPTURE SONGS

Although my house be not with gold,
Nor as it ought to be,
Yet I have put my heart,
Wide and broad,
With me, and with my seed,
To build it still for ever,
And all in order,
That I may show my love,
Set up his throne for ever,
His my salvation, my desire,
My all that God can give,
Though all the world should cry,
He make him not to leave,
But, when he comes, in royal state,
His throne of righteousness,
(Though I will keep his name,
And then his righteousness),
Yet shall his word of justice,
The rule ever be,
And wait his mind's eye in the place,
In a Salem, where they dwell.

SCRIPTURE

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART II.

JOB'S HYMNS; or, Songs on several select places in the book of Job.

THE occasion of composing these songs, upon this book, was, that after a report made in an open synod, that most of the scripture songs were already attempted in common metre, and ready to be transcribed, a question was put, Whether the book of Job was considered in that category? and though a doubt was raised by the author, if it was to be reckoned among the number of the scripture songs, yet the question set him afterwards a-musing upon the subject of this book.

It is much doubted, among the learned, whether this book of Job is written originally in metre, yea, or not; but though they are of different judgments on this head, yet it is acknowledged by them all, that the subject of it is treated in a poetical manner, and that therein is discovered a great air of what is called epic poetry.

That there was such a man as Job, eminent for patience in adversity, is not only evident from this book, that goes under his name, but from several other places of scripture that make honourable mention of him*. And as it is probable, from scripture †, that he was of the posterity of Nachor, Abraham's brother, so it may be thence also gathered, that the place where he lived, was in the eastern parts of

* Ezek. xiv. 14. James v. 11.

† Gen. xxii. 20. 21. and xxxi. 53.

Arabia, and, perhaps, near the river Euphrates, probably not far from Ur; for it is granted by writers, that the land of Uz, the country of Job, was exposed to the incursions and depredations of the Chaldeans, and that Caldea was eastward of Arabia.

The time when Job lived is thought to be before Moses, there being, in this whole book, no mention made of the law or the prophets, nor any of the wonders God wrought for Israel in Egypt, or their travels to the land of Canaan. It is, likewise thought, that the long life of Job, which was protracted to two hundred years, agrees much with the time of the old patriarchs; and hence it is reckoned probable, that this book of Job is the oldest book in the world. Whence also his eminent piety and devotion is the more remarkable, that he had no advantage from the divine revelations made to Moses and the Jewish prophets. The light that directed him must have been that which the old patriarchs had by oral tradition from Adam and Noah, or by what God was pleased to communicate sometimes by dreams and visions in those early ages of the world.

The book of Job is doctrinal; it is a collection of divine morals: it directs us what we are to believe concerning God. It presents us, as one observes, with a monument of primitive theology, a specimen of Gentile piety, an exposition of the book of providence, a great example of patience, an illustrious type of Christ, and a heroic magnanimity in suffering; for, as it has been observed concerning him, he appears brave in distress, and valiant in affliction; maintains his virtues, and with that his character, under the most exasperating provocations that the malice of hell could invent, and thereby gives a most noble example of passive fortitude; a character,

character, no way inferior to that of the active hero.

I have not translated any of this book in a historical, but rather some parts of it in a doctrinal way. The whole history of this book is set forth in heroic rhyme, to very excellent purpose, by that lofty poet, and eminent author, Sir Richard Blackmore: from whose paraphrase on this book, though I have not followed him in every gloss of his upon some texts, yet I have taken all the help and assistance I could, in framing many of the songs into common metre; and upon so many parts of this book; that not one chapter is overpast without one or more songs upon such subjects therein as I judged most fit to be the matter of spiritual songs.

I did not see how the strict translation of this book, in a historical way, would answer the end of psalmography; and therefore, that I might extract from it a number of songs, I have thought fit to pick out the places of this book, that appeared to me to be the most doctrinal, practical, experimental, instructive, or directive. And though I have, no doubt, passed over many places that might have afforded most edifying matter, and which I should wish to see drawn out, to better purpose, by any who have more skill and leisure than I; yet I have more fully insisted upon these chapters towards the end of the book, where God himself is said to be the speaker.

Some of these songs are by way of translation, and others more paraphrastical and large upon the places quoted at the title. And they being a century of songs, or an hundred different subjects at least, I have thought fit to give titles to every one of them, by which, I hope, they may be rendered the more agreeable and edifying to the reader, in so far as the subject of each song answers the title given to it: and readers may, at their pleasure, choose the matter of meditation that is most acceptable to them.

I do not expect that these songs should deserve to

be esteemed for any poetical genius that may appear therein, seeing, in this respect, I am sensible enough of their defect; but if any think fit to decry them, or their author, for their spiritual matter, or religious design, he will have little reason to be displeased with them for doing him so great an honour. It is a great pity that many, who are endued with an excellent genius for poesy, do occupy it so little upon such divine and scriptural subjects, and so much prostitute it to wantonness and folly, which is frequently set off in such a fine dress, that it may be said, I hope, pardonably, in the following lines:

Applauded for their vanity,
 Are poets of the stage,
 Skill'd in corrupting artfully
 The manners of the age.
 Who, fond to please the carnal taste,
 The sacred art defile,
 And fine poetic spirit waste,
 On subjects vain and vile.
 Have Christian bards no nobler themes,
 To decorate their odes,
 Than Jove, Mars, Juno, Venus, names,
 And heaps of Pagan gods?
 Shall buried idols, known to be
 A fiction and a jest,
 Be rais'd to paint our poetry,
 And living truths suppress'd!
 The learn'd for helps to poetize,
 Who Greeks and Latins rob,
 May filch far better, if they please,
 From this old book of Job.
 Here's matter for the lofty muse;
 Examples take at will,
 All ye that read, and can excuse
 The softness of the quill.

RALPH ERSKINE.

S O N G I.

Losses thankfully received. Job i. 21.

Vers. 21 **N**Aked at first, as any swain,
I left my mother's womb;
And shall anon return again
As naked to my tomb.

Who crown'd my life so gay, the same
May crush it to the grave:
God gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

While smiling mercy crown'd my brow,
Its praise abroad was spread:
I'll now adore the justice too,
That strikes my comforts dead.

S O N G II.

Patience in tribulation. Job ii. 10.

Vers. 10 **W**Hat! shall a man, a sinful man,
A worm, with God contend,
Dispute his will, his counsel scan,
His rule of justice mend!

Shall we receive his blessings grand,
Yet frowardly complain,
Whenever his afflicting hand
Creates us any pain!

Patience in trouble, though severe,
We should submissive shew;
Blessings are not, yea, never were,
But troubles are our due.

S O N G III.

Repose in the grave. Job iii. 17. 18. 19.

Vers. 17 **O** Quiet grave, the wicked there
No more the just molest;
Th' afflicted are at ease, and there
The weary are at rest.

18 There, close to the oppressor's bones,
Sleeps the oppress'd in peace;
And there the pris'ners heavy moans
And cries for ever cease.

19 The small and great, the friend and foe,
The conqu'ror and the slave;
The rich and poor, the high and low,
Are levell'd in the grave.

There lies the sceptre with the spade,
Sunk to the same degree:
And there the servant man and maid,
Are from their master free.

The coward and the brave alike,
The peasant and the peer;
The wise and foolish, proud and meek,
Lie undistinguish'd there.

Soul-rest to saints, in heav'n is fix'd,
But body's rest, till doom,
Is there, where saints and sinners mix'd
Possess one quiet room.

SONG IV.

*The excellency of man laid low before God. Job iv.
17.—21.*

SECT. I.

Man mortal and impure. Vers. 17. 18.

Vers. 17 **S** Hall mortal man, a tainted clod,
Boast righteousness divine,
Or think he can his Maker, God,
In purity outshine.

18 Behold, no trust is put by him
In yonder glorious race
Of bright immortal seraphim,
That stand before his face.

Of folly comp'rative can he
His purest angels blame,
Who, plung'd in his infinity,
Before him blush for shame?

And shall vain man, in impure state,
His innocence defend?
Will he with his Creator great
Presumptuously contend?

SECT. II.

Man short-lived, and contemptible. Vers. 19. 20. 21.

19 Vile mortal man, a worthless wight,
Triumphs but for a day;
And but inhabits, for a night,
A house of mould'ring clay.

His strongest lodge, and vital fort,
Is founded in the dust,

SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

Which, quickly falling cuts him short,
And disappoints his trust.

For, but how soon a gnawing worm,
Or silly moth affails,
The rampart cannot stand the storm,
The feeble fabric fails.

20 The sapp'd foundation ev'ry hour
Thus piece-meal feels decay;
And life, ev'n in its blooming flow'r,
Does daily fade away.

So fast men perish out of sight,
Their pomp that shone before,
And once could wonder fond excite,
Can raise regard no more.

21 In vain no pow'r and wealth atchiev'd,
For help at last they cry:
For without wisdom, as they liv'd,
They in their folly die.

S O N G V.

Sin the cause of trouble. Job v. 6. 7.

Vers. 6 **A**ffliction springs not from the earth,
Nor trouble from the dust;
Yet men are heirs of wo by birth;
Sad heritage! but just.

7 Flames to their element ascend,
So men, conceiv'd in sin,
To trouble, as their centre, tend,
Like kindred to their kin.

For sin and wo, twins of the clan,
By chance were ne'er convey'd,
But propagate from man to man,
Since Adam disobey'd.

S O N G

S O N G VI.

The saint's resolution when in affliction. Job v. 8.

Vers. 8 **T**O God I'd seek, when in his chain
I'm held, and would submit;
All my own paths I would arraign,
But his I would acquit.

I would his justice magnify,
His faithfulness adore,
Revere his name, but still would I,
Like hell, myself abhor.

Confessing all my faults and flaws,
That made him lift the rod,
I'd to my judge commit my cause,
Refer myself to God.

By humble resignation bow'd
Down at his feet I'd ly;
And through the Lamb's atoning blood,
Would for his mercy cry.

S O N G VII.

God's great work in the kingdom of Christ, and in his providence among men, especially in frustrating the counsels of the proud, and favouring the cause of the poor and humble. Job v. 9.—16.

Vers. 9 **G**reat things are done of God most high,
Which finite search exceed;
Things numberless which ev'ry eye
With admiration feed.

His providence most marvellous,
When least 'tis understood;
Yet still is just and righteous,
Still merciful and good.

SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

10 He spreads his clouds upon the skies,
Surprising to behold ;
And forms his rain-drops, shape and size,
Into an unknown mold.

Then he his waters from on high,
Upon the mountains pours ;
And on the valleys plenteously,
He sheds prolific show'rs.

11 He sets the servant, that was low,
Into the master's place ;
And wipes the tears of grief and woe
From off the mourner's face.

12 He disappoints the crafty men,
Their project undermines ;
He makes their deep devices vain,
And blasts their great designs.

13 He takes his wise politic foes,
In their own craftiness ;
Their froward counsels overthrows,
That would his saints oppress.

Against themselves he turns their arts,
Confounds their wicked schemes ;
Their proud and lofty hopes subverts,
And frustrates all their aims.

14 They, by their plots, themselves benight,
And into darkness run ;
Mistake their way, obscure their light,
And grope for day at noon.

15 But God th' oppressors rage o'erthrows,
Their swords and spears doth break ;
And from the proud and mighty foes,
Protects the poor and weak.

16 Thus

16 Thus to the poor he kindly doth
Afford-reviving hopes ;
And then the black and bloody mouth
Of fierce injustice stops.

The poor and humble are advanc'd,
To peace and safety given ;
And foes asham'd that fought against
The favourites of Heaven.

S O N G VIII.

*Afflictions born well, end well. What great things
God oft-times does for these that humble themselves
under his chastising hand. Job v. 17.—26.*

Vers. 17 **L**O! happy is the man whom God,
In kindness doth correct ;
Then do not thou his chast'ning rod,
Contemptuously neglect.

The more th' Almighty makes thee smart,
To break thy carnal ease,
The more he seeks to win thy heart,
And bring thee to thy knees.

18 His skill binds up what he made sore,
By his incision knife ;
He wounds and heals, and does restore
From gates of death to life.

19 From num'rous troubles, various woes,
He'll save and set thee free,
And order to a joyful close,
This scene of misery.

20 Thy life he'll guard with tender care,
When famine threatens death ;
And from the raging sword thee spare,
When war breaks out in wrath.

46 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book 1.

21 The pois'nous darts thrown at thy name,
From the invective tongue,
Shall neither wound thy stablsh'd fame,
Nor do thy honour wrong.

God's hiding hand, when men dispraise,
The stand'ring tongue shall curb;
Reproaches thy repute shall raise,
Nor once thy peace disturb.

22 When grim destruction, with her drove
Of woes, shall shake her spear,
Her threats tremendous shall but move
Thy laughter, not thy fear.

All nature reconcil'd displays
Its care to give thee ease,
When, through his grace, thy righteous ways,
The God of nature please.

23 With thee shall stones, that load the field,
Make league, thy part to take;
And savage beasts, thy life to shield,
A firm alliance make.

The fire, the air, the earth, the seas,
Each element with thee,
A lasting covenant of peace
Shall strictly ratify.

24 Thy habitation thou shalt know,
In quietness possess'd;
Thou shalt offenceless come and go,
And find thy mansion blest'd.

25 Thy offspring and posterity
Shall num'rous be and great;
Their increase like the grafs shall be,
With beauteous flow'rs beset.

26 Thou in full age, ripe for the urn,
On death shall cheerful look,
As when a full-grown shock of corn
Invites the welcome hook.

27 Weigh these undoubted truths sedate,
And therein thou shalt find,
A spring of consolation great,
To thy afflicted mind.

S O N G IX.

Terrors of God invading the soul. Job vi. 2. 3. 4.

Vers. 2 **O** That the grief surrounding me,
Were in a balance laid,

And my extreme calamity
Were now against it weigh'd!

Then let an equal judge appear,
His thoughts to signify,
Which scale the greatest weight does bear,
He'd soon decide with me.

3 My crosses overweigh my cries,
My loads of wo and pain,
Exceed the pond'rous sand that lies
Around the ebbing main.

Unutterable are the groans,
My weary soul oppresses;
Nor have I words to speak my moans,
Or shew my deep distress.

4 The arrows of th' almighty God
Stick fast within my heart;
Each fest'ring wound burns up my blood,
And gives me deadly smart.

Arrows,

Arrows, whose heads like flaming eyes,
And pointed light'ning shine;
Steep'd in the strongest dregs and lees
Of fiery wrath divine.

The poison thereof, raging high,
Soon spreads without controul;
Drinks up and drains my spirits dry,
And eats into my soul.

God's threat'ning terrors all drawn out,
In order and array,
For battle, closing me about,
Invade me ev'ry way.

S O N G X.

*God stooping to contend with man admired, and his
pardoning mercy begged. Job vii. 17.—20.*

Vers. 17 O What is man, that worthless wight,
That God should condescend
To magnify him, and in might
With such a rush contend!

On brittle man, from dust brought forth,
Wilt thou indeed bestow
Such honour great? or is he worth
Thy notice, or thy blow?

Is such a mortal fit to be
The object of thy rage?
Wilt thou thy strong artillery
Against a worm engage?

Or if it is thy kindly aim,
By this thy chaf'ning rod,
The wand'ring sinner to reclaim,
And bring him back to God:

- 18 Still what is man, a bit of clay,
That so incessantly
Thou dost him visit ev'ry day,
And ev'ry moment try.
- 20 Lord, I have sinn'd, what shall I do,
O thou Preserver great?
Remit my guilt, remove my wo,
And all my faults forget.

S O N G XI.

Good counsel and good hope given to the afflicted.
Job viii. 5. 6. 7.

- Vers. 5* IF thou who feels the hand of God,
His justice wouldst adore;
And, timely humbled by the rod,
His mercy wouldst implore;
- 6 If, to the pray'r, heart-pureness cleave
His favour would thee raise;
Thy prosp'rous state he would retrieve,
And crown thy righteous ways.
- 7 Though thy beginning, small and low,
Seem but an abject state;
Thy latter end shall not be so,
But have an increase great.

S O N G XII.

Time and life short. Job viii. 9.

- Vers. 9* WE're but of yesterday's new mold,
Our life's of no regard,
When with our long-liv'd fathers old
And ancestors compar'd.

E

No

No knowledge nor experience we
 Can ever justly boast :
 Our days like shadows are that flee,
 No sooner had, than lost.

S O N G XIII.

The hope of the hypocrite vain and vanishing.
 Job viii. 11.—14.

Verf. 11 **J**UST as a weak and empty rush,
 That in a wat'ry mead,
 With hasty growth and easy push,
 Rears up its haughty head ;

12 In moisture rich, in verdure gay,
 Unmov'd and not cut down ;
 Yet on a sudden wears away,
 Ere other plants are grown.

13 So shall the wicked's beauty fade,
 The hypocrite's fair shew ;
 Who no foundation firm hath laid,
 But mire in which he grew.

14 His swelling hopes, ere he's aware,
 In their high tide shall ebb ;
 His groundless trust is weaker far
 Than any spider's web.

He on his tott'ring house shall lean,
 A false and fruitless prop,
 Which sinking soon shall fail him clean,
 And disappoint his hope.

S O N G XIV.

God just in judging. Job ix. 2. 3. 4.

Vers. 2 **W**hen justice out of mercy's rod,
Thoughts, words, and actions tries,
How can a man be just with God,
Or pure before his eyes?

3 Once to contend, if God begins,
Vain shifts will have no sense;
Not one of all our thousand sins
Can bear a just defence.

4 He's wise in heart, and strong in might,
What arm can his rebel?
Who can against him safely fight,
Or prosper that rebel?

S O N G XV.

*The righteousness of works discarded. Job ix. 15.
20. 21.*

Vers. 15 **G**OD's eyes espy our aims afar,
And, to his clearer sight,
These very ways most crooked are
That we esteem'd most right.

Then righteous though I were, yet I
To answer him would grudge;
And, laying proud pretences by,
Would supplicate my judge.

50 Should I my innocence aver,
My mouth would brand my face;
Yea, were I perfect, I'd prefer
The way of life by grace.

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S O N G XVI.

*The afflicted soul's complaint to God. Job x. 1. 2.
14. 15.*

Vers. 1 **T**HE constant woes that load my back,
Such endless groans create;
My present life's a very black
Uncomfortable state.

My restless weary soul abhors
This loathsome lump of clay;
Longs to be free of sin and sores,
And wings to heav'n her way.

2. I make to God my heavy moan,
To give my sorrow vent;
But yet upon myself alone
I'll leave my sad complaint.

I'm press'd, but I condemn thee not;
O Lord, condemn not me.
Why thou contends with me so hot,
Shew, Lord, and let me see.

14 If I be wicked in thine eyes,
Then wo to me indeed:
If righteous, yet shall never I
Lift up my haughty head.

15 Despair and deep confusion do,
My wounded soul oppress:
O shew thy mercy, see my wo,
And pity my distress.

S O N G XVII.

God's wisdom unsearchable. Job xi. 7. 8. 9.

Vers. 7 **C**AN human reason's utmost stretch
Her arms so far extend,

As shall th' Eternal's counsel reach,
His wisdom comprehend ?

89 What creature can with finite hand
The vast dimension weigh !
'Tis longer than the earth or land,
And broader than the sea.

Higher than heaven, what canst thou know,
So infinitely steep ?
Deeper than hell, what canst thou do,
But awful distance keep ?

S O N G XVIII.

That God may suffer the wicked to prosper, exemplified in beasts, birds, and fishes, and this resolved into his absolute dominion over, and propriety in all his creatures. Job xiii. 6.—10.

Verf. 6 **A**fflictions great are of the just,
In time the common fate
While wicked men, that lick the dust,
Enjoy a prosp'rous state.

Robbers and spoilers see their stock
Of worldly wealth endure ;
And these who most do God provoke,
On earth live most secure.

Great gifts, on them he disregards,
With lavish hand he throws,
And on them multiply'd rewards,
Unmerited, bestows.

7 Ask now the beasts, and trial make,
How matters with them go ;
Soon will they tell how they partake
The self-same kind of wo.

54 SCRIPTURE SONGS. BOOK I.

How bears, wolves, monsters of the wood,
That ravage and destroy,
Inur'd to rapin, spoil, and blood,
Yet peace and power enjoy.

While harmless flocks on hills that browse,
And useful herds, each way,
To men their friends, or beasts their foes,
Are daily made a prey.

Ask of the fowls aloft that flee,
For answer they'll return,
That they, conform to their degree,
The same disaster mourn.

8 They will assert their vultures rude,
And tyrants live secure ;
While doves and birds of mildest brood,
A thousand woes endure.

Then ask the fishes what's their state,
And question how they do,
They'll tell that this unequal fate
Attends the ocean too.

Great whales, sea-tyrants, drunk with blood,
That prosper to their wish,
Devour controulless, in the flood,
Whole shoals of harmless fish.

9 This state of things fram'd he, whose pow'r
All beings did produce ;
Whose wisdom too, in ord'ring sure,
Hath fix'd their end and use.

10 God's creatures are his own, their lives
He may at pleasure take ;
When he resumes but what he gives,
Who can objections make ?

S O N G XIX.

Doctrines to be tried ere it be trusted. Job xii. 11.

Vers. 11. **T**HE ear tries words before they be
 Receiv'd as true and good;
 The mouth tastes meat ere ever we
 Can judge it wholesome food.
 Doctrines and spirits thus we try,
 By grace's inward gust;
 Lest we for truth receive a lie,
 For food to poison trust.

S O N G XX.

*The wisdom of ancient men nothing to the wisdom of
 the Ancient of days. Job xii. 12. 13.*

Vers. 12. **T**Hough wisdom oft, we are assur'd,
 In hoary heads appears,
 And understanding is matur'd
 By time and num'rous years:
 13 Yet knowledge pure no where we see
 But in th' eternal Mind.
 In God, and him alone, can we
 Consummate knowledge find.
 The wise on earth derive from him,
 The wisdom which we praise:
 Their tapers only shine with dim
 And delegated rays.

S O N G XXI.

Proofs of God's power in doing his pleasure in earth and heaven, and serving his own purposes among men. Job xii. 14.—16.

Vers. 14 **G**OD's pow'r, with wisdom join'd,
With equal fear adore : [we must
Proud towns he levels with the dust,
To be rebuilt no more.

When slaves in prison he restrains,
Shut up in death or hell,
Who then can loose their pond'rous chains,
Or pow'r divine repel ?

15 He binds the wat'ry cloud, and stops
The bottles of the skies ;
And to the earth's fore wither'd crops
His heav'nly due denies.

Again, the rains, at his command,
Make all the rivers swell,
O'erflow their borders, drench the land,
And fears of drought dispel.

16 Wisdom and strength are his, he rules
O'er strong and crafty foes ;
Deceiving and deceived fools
Are both at his dispose.

S O N G XXII.

Proofs of God's wisdom and power in the revolution of states and kingdoms. Job xii. 17.—

Vers. 17 **F**ROM judges judgment God withdraw
From counsellors of state

Detraction

Detracting wisdom and applause,
With fools he does them rate.

18 Proud monarchs cruel bonds he breaks,
Tears their engines of pain;
And binds on tort'ring tyrants necks,
The tortur'd pris'ner's chain.

19 He overturns the mighty peers,
And princes in their pride;
These that abash'd the world with fears,
He makes the world deride.

20 He takes their wisdom from the wise,
And knowledge from the sage,
And makes their former friends despise
Their oracles and age.

21 On princes great he pours contempt,
On kings of wide command,
He wrests, what seem'd from wo exemp,
Their sceptres from their hand.

22 To his all-penetrating eye,
The darkest shades of night,
And deepest hellish plots do lie
As ope as noon-day light.

23 By him all nations high or low,
And kingdoms waxe and wean;
By him their numbers ebb or flow,
And share the bliss or bane.

24 Great chiefs, like cowards, through heartless
He makes in deserts stray, [fright,

25 As drunkards groping in the night,
And reeling lose their way.

S O N G

SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

S O N G XXIII.

Strong faith in the hot furnace. Job xiii. 15. 16.

Vers. 15 **L**ET God upon me frown or smile,
I'll rest upon his name;

He knows, if of approved guilt
My heart does me condemn.

Should he ev'n double my distress,
In hotter fires to try;
Yet I'll adopt his righteousness,
And on his word rely.

16 Yea, though he hew me to the root,
With lifted hand to kill,
Yet, through his grace, I'm resolute,
That in him trust I will.

S O N G XXIV.

The origin, nature, and issue of human life; it is short, sorrowful, sinful, and limited; death puts a final period to it, and frees from the calamities thereof. Job xiv. 1.—15.

S E C T. I.

Man frail and filthy the object of divine pity.
Vers. 1.—4.

Vers. 1 **F**Rail man, as soon as born, decays,
Like flow'rs that quickly fade;

2 He counts a few and troublous days,
Then passes like a shade.

3 Will God regard so base a wight,
Contend with such a moth,
The spawn of hell, an ugly fight,
So frail and filthy both!

4 Who

- 4 Who can clean things from unclean bring,
Pure streams from impure mud,
But he that came to clear the spring
By water and by blood !

S E C T. II.

Our days are numbered, and the time of life fixed.
Vers. 5. 6.

- 5 O Lord, the days of man are all
Inroll'd in thy decree ;
And of the months that to him fall
The number is with thee.

The bounds of time he cannot pass
In which thou dost him close :
Let this suffice, nor add a mass
Of more uncommon woes.

- 6 O grant him the respite and ease
His torments make him ask ;
And let him finish, by degrees,
His life's appointed task.

S E C T. III.

*Life natural being gone, returns not : or, The dead
never awaked till the last day.* Vers. 7. --- 12.

- 7 8 *Life vegetive*, when lost in roots,
With rains may be reviv'd ;
9 *Life animal*, in certain brutes,
With solar beams retriev'd.

- 10 But *spirits rational*, when gone,
Too great for nature's scent,
Have no restoratives but one,
That is omnipotent.

*Ere death man daily wastes away;
 In death gives up the ghost;
 But after death, where is he, pray,
 When to the living lost?*

11 High floods and seas that left their shore,
 Will at their times return;

12 But man resumes his life no more,
 Whom death does once in urn.

Death to the grave his dust conveys,
 There sleeps the hidden prey;
 Nor wakes till with a mighty noise,
 The heav'ns shall pass away.

S E C T. IV.

*Desire to die may consist with a waiting till the
 change come. Verſ. 13. 14. 15.*

13 Lord, in the ſilent grave I'd reſt,
 There let me ſafely lie,
 Till ſhades of ſin and wrath be chas'd,
 And glory deck the ſky.

14 Since wrath will each man, for his crime,
 From preſent life eſtrange,
 All days of my appointed time
 I'll wait my future change.

Though thou prolong this mournful ſcene,
 In hope I'll patient ſtay,
 Till thou revive my joys amain,
 And chaſe my woes away.

15 Thy call both to and from the grave
 I'll gladly hear, and go;
 And thou thy ſtrong deſire to ſave
 Thy handy-work wilt ſhow.

S O N G XXV.

*Self-justification extremely odious. Job xv. 14.
15. 16.*

Vers. 14 **A**H! what's vain man that seems so
As not his spots to spy, [pure,
When fairest seraphs can't endure
JEHOVAH's piercing eye!

15 He sees his saints not whole upright,
What can in slaves be seen?
How vile's the earth, when in his sight
The heav'ns are but unclean!

16 Their hosts before the *holy thrice*,
Do blush and hide their smuts;
How odious then is man, who vice
Like water daily gluts!

S O N G XXVI.

*The ruin of those who bid defiance to God and his
power. Job xv. 24. 25. 26. 30.*

Vers. 24 **C**onfusion, anguish, and distress,
The wicked shall assail,
To give them battle, with disgrace,
And o'er their strength prevail.

25 Because against th' almighty Lord
They boldly take the field;
Yea, run upon his flaming sword,
And on his blazing shield.

26 Mad wretches! they defy their God,
And, void of holy fear,
Deride his darts that fly abroad,
And rush upon his spear.

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30 But soon their hope shall be dissolv'd,
And sink in sudden fright;
Their pride abash'd, their heads involv'd,
In everlasting night.

S O N G XXVII.

*Afflictions heaped up, and come to an extremity. Job
xvi. 14. 15. 16.*

Vers. 14 **O**F breaking woes a num'rous train
Invade my frightened soul,
As crouding billows of the main
Do o'er each other roll.

What war does the Almighty wage
With such a feeble flea,
That, like a giant in his rage,
He fiercely runs on me?

15 Sackcloth I wear upon my skin,
Of ornaments despoil'd;
And, dabbled in the dust unclean,
My glory lies defil'd.

16 My cheeks with constant weeping fade,
Stain'd with a briny bath;
And on mine eye-lids hangs the shade
Of gloomy dismal death.

S O N G XXVIII.

The growing strength of the righteous. Job xvii. 9.

Vers. 9 **T**HE plant of grace shall ever thrive,
Though nature's brood decay;
The righteous in the Lord shall live,
And still hold on his way.

His

His hands from mischief clean withal,
 His heart from malice free;
 Stronger and stronger still he shall
 For work and warfare be.

He marches dauntless on his way,
 Let blackest tempests blow;
 No dangers do his heart dismay,
 But make his vigour grow.

S O N G XXIX.

*Death and the grave the saints familiars. Job
 xvii. 13. 14.*

Verf. 13 MY earthly friends have turn'd my
 So cruel and unjust, [foes,
 That I expect, to end my woes,
 More friendship in the dust.

No house of pleasure here 'bove ground,
 Do I expect to have;
 My bed of rest for sleeping sound,
 I've made the silent grave.

Lo! welcome death on me attends,
 The hungry grave me waits;
 These made I my familiar friends,
 My relatives and mates.

14 I to corruption cry'd, O dust,
 Thou art my father known;
 From thee I came, to thee I must
 Return as ev'n thine own.

I to the worm said, Brother worm,
 And sister, you and I
 Do differ but in size and form,
 We are of kin so nigh:

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I'm but a mortal worm like you;
This loathsome piece of clay
Must to your pow'r a booby bow,
Until the rising day.

S O N G XXX.

The calamities that await the wicked. Job xviii.
5. 6. 10. 12. 14.—20.

Vers. 5 **T**HE wicked's splendor shall decay,
Like short-liv'd sparks of fire;
6 Thick fogs shall choke his glorious day,
And make his beams expire.

10 By labour'd plots, and deep designs,
Which he for others stows,
A halter for himself he twines;
His wiles become his woes.

12 Death and destruction o'er his head
Do constantly impend;
His pleasures, which he gluts with greed,
Shall all in torment end.

14 His hope shall fall, and never rise,
For, with his bloody dart,
The king of terrors, in surprise,
Shall strike him to the heart.

15 Quite from the earth God's venging hand
The wicked man shall chase;

16 Nor leave behind a branch to stand
Of all his hateful race.

17 In after-times the godless wretch
Shall be unknown to fame;

18 Or mention'd only with reproach,
With horror, and with shame.

- 19 In future fame some names indeed
 Will stand for little good;
 Like Pontius Pilate in the creed,
 For blasphemy and blood.
- 20 Such oft, in time, the wicked's fate
 Do indicate the store
 Of sorrow, which his soul await,
 When time shall be no more.

S O N G XXXI.

Reproof to reproachers. Job xix. 2. 3. 22.

Verf. 2 **W**HY, cruel friends, will ye so long
 With bitter words me vex,

My name reproach, my virtue wrong,
 My righteous cause perplex?

Must still your answers without sense,
 And void of argument,
 With solemn grave impertinence,
 My spirit thus torment?

3 Can pious lies deserve applause
 By being spoke aloft?
 Or do you think them true, because
 You humm'd them o'er so oft?

The wounds you give me cruel are;
 Your contumelious words,
 And sland'rous taunts, are sharper far
 Than keenest pointed swords.

22 God's right t' afflict, him well becomes;
 But your afflicting rod,
 With pride and passion base, assumes
 The privilege of God.

S O N G XXXII.

Friends turned to enemies, and brethren to aliens.

Job xix. 11.—14. Compared with chap. xvii.

4. 6.

Verf. 11 **G**OD's trying fury kindles bright,
 Ev'n of its own accord;
 'Gainst me, whose heart and cause is right,
 He waves his glitt'ring sword.

12 Fierce troops, and regimented woes,
 In battle-rank, I see,
 Do by his order me inclose,
 And fiercely rush on me.

13 Brethren and kindred knit their brows,
 And treat me as unknown;
 Break nature's bonds, renounce their vows,
 And their own blood disown.

14 Familiar friends and kins-folk too,
 Who kindly me embrat'd,
 Have fail'd me, and forgot me now,
 And all their friendship past.

Disdainful striplings me despise,
 Who honour'd me before;
 Yea, those I once did chiefly prize
 Now chiefly me abhor.

Just Lord, from their reproaches, please
 To vindicate my name,
 And mercifully cover these
 Perfidious friends with shame.

S O N G XXXIII.

The happiness that awaits the godly; or, The blessed hope of the righteous. Job xix. 25. 26. 27.

Vers. 25 **T**hat my Redeemer lives, I know,
 Though, by his sentence just,
 My body, for a season, low
 Shall dwell with fellow dust.

In him triumphant over death,
 I'll trample on the grave;
 For he that conquer'd hell and wrath,
 Can dust and ashes save.

My living head, when bankrupt time
 Shall its last minute spend,
 He then from heav'n his throne sublime
 In triumph shall descend.

He on the surface of the earth
 As judge supreme shall stand;
 And from the tomb to recent birth
 His captive dust demand.

26 The mighty conq'ror shall invade,
 And sack the cruel grave,
 Force ev'ry vault where bones were laid,
 And rescue ev'ry slave.

Though worms and putrefaction shall
 My mould'ring skin consume,
 And eat my flesh; yet, at his call,
 My body now shall bloom:

27 Reviv'd, I from the dust shall rise,
 And God my Saviour see,
 With these my own corporeal eyes,
 That shall immortal be.

I for myself, and for my gain,
 Shall see the happy sight,
 And over death for ever reign,
 To share the vision bright.

S O N G XXXIV.

Rash judging condemned: or, Job's warning to his censorious friends. Job xix. 28. 29.

Vers. 28 O Friends! your groundless rage suppress;
 The wrath of man is proud,
 And worketh not the righteousness,
 But brings the wrath of God.

Rash judging him in whom is found
 The sacred matter's root,
 Your darts will on yourselves rebound,
 To 'venge the wrong pursuit.

29 Of justice' sword stand you afraid,
 When by th' Almighty drawn;
 His vengeance will your heads invade,
 Not on your treach'ry fawn.

In fierce uncharitable zeal
 You're furiously devout;
 But cover'd fraud God will reveal,
 And to the flames allot.

Know that the day approaches fast,
 In which the Judge supreme,
 Will all your bloody censures cast,
 Your bitter words condemn.

Repent then, lest your violence
 Bring present judgments home;
 Else will your proud impenitence
 Foretell your future doom.

S O N G XXXV.

The prosperity of the wicked short, and their ruin sure. Job xx. 5.—9. 11.—14.

Vers. 5 **T**HE wicked's triumph is but short,
And quickly melts away;
His empty joy, and idle sport,
Does but a moment stay.

6 Though to the heav'n his head he raise,
His grandeur to the sky;
Yet, lost for ay, he, and his praise,
Cloath'd in the dust shall ly.

7 He, miserable and forlorn,
Fades with a swift decay;
Cast, like his own vile dung, with scorn,
And with contempt away.

These who his splendour did admire,
And saw his pomp before,
And, Where is now his place! inquire,
Shall never see it more.

8 His short-liv'd fame, and great esteem,
That gull'd him all his days,
Shall vanish like a wanton dream,
That in the fancy plays.

Yea, he shall by a sudden ban
Be chas'd away with fright.
In manner like a phantom vain,
Or vision of the night.

9 His blazing lamp shall disappear,
So shall he perish clean;
And in the place of his career
Shall never more be seen.

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- 11 As he was closely fix'd to sin,
By love too too sincere;
So sin, alas ! shall unto him
As faithfully adhere.
- 12 For guilty marks, and ensigns bad,
Of his unbridled lust,
- 13 Continue his companions sad,
And fellows in the dust.
- 14 These morsels sweet shall bitter grow,
Consume his vital breath,
And follow him, with dool and wo,
To th' other side of death.

S O N G XXXVI.

The wicked hardened in their impiety by their prosperity. Job xxi. 7.—15.

Vers. 7 **O**FT do we see the wicked safe,
And unmolested dwell;
Oft do they flow in pleasure soft,
And in their wealth excel.

In merriment and carnal ease
They spend each happy day,
Healthful in riot, and in age
Appear without decay.

The regal throne of pomp and pride,
In triumph they ascend;
Repeat their conquests, and abroad
Their growing pow'r extend.

8 Vig'rous, though far advanc'd in years,
Before their eyes they see
What elevates their pride, a fair
And num'rous progeny.

9 Their

- 9 Their houses safe from fears and foes,
In peace they live secure;
Nor God's vindictive heavy blows,
Do ever they endure.
- 10 Their prosp'rous cattle, thick and throng
Engender on the hill;
And, with their num'rous wanton young,
Their flocks the valley fill.
- 11 Their merry little ones, in trains,
Do from their house advance;
Sport in the streets, and o'er the plains,
And verdant meadows dance.
- 12 They take the harp, and in the round,
Upon the timbrel play;
And at the organ's cheerful sound,
Rejoice, and pass the day.
- 13 Pamper'd in ease, and mirth, and wealth,
They spend their golden hours;
Consume their time, abuse their health,
And waste their vital pow'rs.
- By years, and not by sickness, they
At last their shoulders bend;
And ripe in years, anon decay,
And to the grave descend.
- 14 Hence, puff'd up with prodigious pride,
Religion they condemn;
God's threats and precepts they deride,
And saints, as fools, contemn.
- They bid th' almighty God depart,
And arrogantly say,
We don't desire, or have at heart,
The knowledge of thy way.

- 15 What's the Almighty? Where's our fee?
 Should we to serve him deign?
 Some pray and praise, but don't we see
 They spend their breath in vain?

Thus wicked men, whom Heav'n does load
 With earthly happiness,
 Their native spite against their God
 Profanely do express.

S O N G XXXVII.

*God's ways of providence towards men attended
 with great variety. Job xxi. 17.—26.*

- Verf. 17* **S**ometimes destruction impious men
 Ev'n in this world invades;
 Though oft their lamp of life's burnt out
 Before their glory fades.

God's fatal judgments for their crimes,
 Oft soon their life consume;
 Amidst their pomp, there's but a step
 Betwixt them and their doom.

- 18 Oft with his driving wrath he's pleas'd
 From off the earth to chase,
 As chaff before the stormy wind,
 This irreligious race.

- 19 Their sin and guilt the mighty God
 Does treasure up with care;
 And for their children's heritage,
 Will stores of wrath prepare.

Their progeny that tread their steps,
 Shall suffer for their crimes;
 And they themselves oft live to see
 These very dismal times.

20 Their

20 Their curſed lips ſhall deeply drink
Of God's imbitter'd bowl;
Their haughty eyes ſhall downward ſink,
And in deſtruction roll.

21 Ah, then ! what comfort to them ſhall
Their race ſurviving raiſe,
When in the middle, after all,
Grim death cuts off their days !

On the reverſe, ſometimes the juſt
May proſper, though 'tis plain
Their lot and ordinary fate
Is trouble, want, and pain.

22 Yet who will thence againſt the ways
Of God moſt high object ?
To guide, govern, and rule the world,
Who ſhall his hands direct ?

Does not the great omniſcient God
All things diſtinctly know ?
For he's the judge of ſaints above,
The judge of kings below.

Who then to teach him wiſdom will
Adventure or pretend ?
And clearly ſhow him how, with ſkill,
His government to mend ?

23 One dies in his full ſtrength and health,
No change he thought upon ;

24 When full of marrow, mirth, and wealth,
Yet in a moment gone.

25 Another who in tort'ring pains,
And bitter anguiſh lies ;
Long griev'd and gall'd with heavy chains,
In ling'ring ſickneſs dies.

26 Both these at last the friendly grave
 Will bring to equal rest;
 And on their flesh, within the cave,
 The worms alike shall feast.

Promiscuous tribulations thus
 All human kind invade;
 And death, without distinction, does
 Befal both good and bad.

No dispensation of this sort
 Does ever take its rise
 From one man's virtuous effort,
 Or from another's vice.

Nor does th' Almighty's love or hate,
 With evidence appear,
 By either our enjoyments great,
 Or our annoyments here.

What's common to the worst and best
 Can ne'er the case decide;
 God's word and Spirit be our rest,
 As th' only rule and guide.

S O N G XXXVIII.

The benefit of acquaintance with God. Job xxii.
 21.—30.

Vers. 21 **O** Now acquaint thyself with God,
 And be at peace, for he
 Hath promis'd great and endless good
 Shall thereby come to thee.

22 The law receive thou from his mouth,
 The doctrine of solace;
 And in thy heart embracing truth,
 Lay up his words of grace.

- 23 To God most high, without delay,
If thou return with care,
Thy sin and guilt he'll take away,
Thy ruins all repair.
- 24 He'll bless the house wherein thou dwells
With riches competent;
With wealth of Ophir gold, or else
With wealth of sweet content.
- 25 Th' Almighty shall be thy defence,
Thy joy and thy solace;
- 26 To him thou shalt, with confidence,
Prevailing pray'rs address.
- 27 When thou art answer'd from above,
Thy vows in trouble made
Shall, with a glad return of love,
And thankful heart, be paid.
- 28 God shall establish ev'ry right
And just decree of thine;
For, from above, directing light,
Upon thy ways shall shine.
- Thy paths he will direct and own;
Thy counsels he will bless;
And all thy undertakings crown
With comfort and success.
- 29 When men around thee are cast down,
Thy head lift up thou shalt;
God won't the humble man disown,
But save and him exalt.
- 30 Nor of thy prayers, pure and sound,
Shalt thou alone partake
The gain, but ev'n thy neighbours round
Shall prosper for thy sake.

S O N G XXXIX.

God hiding and trying. Job xxlii. 3. 8. 9. 10.

Vers. 3 **O** That I knew where I might find
My God, who hides his path !
To him I would unfold my mind,
And testify my faith.

8 I forward go to seek him out,
But, lo ! he is not there ;
Backward, but when I turn about,
He's gone, I know not where.

9 Upon the right hand, and the left,
Fain would I him accost ;
But still of my desire bereft,
I find my labour lost.

10 His way is hid, but mine is ey'd
By him I thus desire ;
I shall, as gold, when he hath try'd,
Come purer from the fire.

S O N G XL.

*Many most wicked and mischievous, yet live and die
in outward peace, and are never visibly reckoned
with in this world. Job xxiv. 1.—12. 13.—23.
24.*

MOST just is God ; yet none can tell
The fix'd determin'd times,
When these that wickedly rebel
Shall suffer for their crimes.

Some men, so void of shame, are found,
Who do, with treach'rous bands,
Remove the settled marks that bound
Appropriated lands.

With

With wicked spoils or goods they seize,
 Their luxury they feast;
 And fill'd with rapine, do at ease
 Upon their couches rest.

Thus thrive oppressors, tyrants, thieves,
 Men bloody and unclean;
 Whose villanies day-light aggrieves,
 The dark's their darling screen.

Pamper'd in plenty they abide,
 And long on earth they live;
 While for impunity their pride
 In plunder they derive.

All things to raise their happiness,
 Seem jointly to comply;
 And as they liv'd in outward peace,
 They unmolested die.

Gently cut down like ears of corn,
 Their death's a kind decay:
 Full ripe they to the tomb are borne,
 And slowly sink away.

Their streams of life a goodly while,
 Like peaceful rivers flow;
 And when they die ('tis common stile)
 They gently melt like snow.

'Tis true, JEHOVAH sees and knows
 Their vice and insolence,
 Yet, seeming unconcern'd, he does
 No vengeance due dispense.

If they're, a feast for worms, interr'd,
 Man's common fate is so:
 Heav'n then hath all their hell deferr'd
 To future endless wo.

S O N G XLI.

The greatness, goodness, and holiness of God, evidencing the guiltiness and impurity of man. Job xxv. 2.—6.

Vers. 2 **W**ith God the Lord, most great and
 Dominion is and fear : [high,
 He peace preserves above the sky
 And regions of the air.

3 Though numberless his armies are,
 The creatures all his hosts,
 Yet never as a God of war,
 But still of peace, he boasts.

On whom does not his light arise ?
 His goodness unto all
 Extends, like to his watchful eyes,
 Inspecting great and small.

Wide as the universe, ev'n so
 Hath God his table spread ;
 And all his creatures, high and low,
 Still at his cost are fed.

Since on his pow'r and goodness great
 We evermore depend,
 And can to nothing as a debt,
 Without a lie, pretend :

If we shall murmur and complain,
 It is without a cause,
 When he his gifts resumes again,
 But not our right withdraws.

4 Besides our great and heinous crimes,
 By which we Heav'n provoke,
 Expose us justly, many times,
 To his revenging stroke.

Who

Who then of mankind can before
His high tribunal stand,
Plead guiltless; and, on justice score,
His law-discharge demand?

To being 'mong the tainted race
Can man untainted pass,
And clean escape the leaven base,
That does infect the mass?

5 Sun, moon, and stars, the torches bright,
That beautify the sky,
Are stain'd, and spotted in the sight
Of God's all-searching eye.

6 O then! since this omniscient God
Does human actions scan,
What num'rous stains, both deep and broad,
Must he discern in man!

In man, a vicious worm, whose lust
'Gainst Heav'n incessant spurns,
A worthless worm, who back to dust
And putrefaction turns!

S O N G XLII.

*The proofs of God's power and wisdom in the creation and preservation of the world. Job xxvi.
5.—14.*

Verf. 5 **T**HE Lord JEHOVAH built the skies,
And rear'd this stately frame:

The wide creation testifies
The greatness of his name.

The liquid element below,
Was gather'd by his hand:

The rowling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

To

180 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

To him the Maker, does pertain,
What in the ocean is:
The finny people of the main,
And monsters there, are his.

- 6 The dusky shades of hell that ly,
Wrapt up in webs of night,
May well elude the solar eye,
But not th^t Almighty's fight.

Death and destruction do in vain,
Their sable covering spread,
And in their secret vaults enchain,
Or fast lock up the dead.

The eye of the Almighty does
Their spoils entire survey;
And no distinction ever knows
Betwixt the night and day.

- 7 He, o'er the airy empty place,
In pomp displays on high
The wide expanse, and ample space,
Of all the northern sky.

The pond'rous earth, at his command,
Hangs in the ambient air:
No pillars bear the fabric grand,
But just his will and care.

- 8 He bids the clouds with water pent,
Imprison'd tempests chain;
Then their big floating wombs unrent,
Suspend the birth of rain.

Again he bids their bosom ope,
And down the blessing pours,
To feed the lab'ring farmer's hope
With warm prolific show'rs.

9 Left his high throne, so dazzling bright,
By naked eyes unseen,
With too much glore oppress our sight,
He spreads his clouds between.

10 He raises rocky fences round,
The spacious swelling deep,
Which do the raging billows bound,
Mad waves in prison keep:

That while the rule of day and night,
The sun and moon maintain,
The rolling seas may have no might
To drown the earth again.

11 High hills, that pillars seem and props
Of heav'n's expanded roof,
Do quake, and bow their tow'ring tops
Aghast at his reproof.

12 He cleaves the main, bids billows rise,
Then curbs the swelling tide:
How soon they cope with clouds and skies,
So soon he lays their pride.

The tremb'ling waves, at his command,
Creep softly to the shore;
Storms overaw'd do silent stand,
And quickly cease to roar.

Thus lawless seas he does control,
Diversifies the deep;
He makes the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

13 He spreads the heav'ns, their azure face
He garnish'd by his might;
And did 'em most profusely grace
With constellations bright.

14 His hand the crooked serpent made;
But who can speak his art?
Of whom all's nothing that is said,
We know so small a part.

Who can the utmost force explore
Of his almighty hands!
For even the thunder of his pow'r
What mortal understands?

S O N G XLIII.

Job solemnly maintaining his integrity against the false accusations of his friends. Job xxvii. 2.—6.

Vers. 2. **A**S God creator lives, who now
To judge my cause denies,
Th' Almighty, who my vexed soul
With sharp affliction tries:

3 While in my nostrils breath remains,
Which God inspir'd at first,
No wicked guile shall by my lips,
Nor falsehood be express'd:

4 I'm slander'd by my cruel friends,
Their censures underly,
Charg'd with hypocrisy and fraud,
And crimes of deepest dye.

5 Should I acquit their calumnies,
Absolve their slanderous tongue,
Confess their libel stuff'd with lies,
My innocence to wrong?

Forbid it Heav'n! so black a charge
Of crimes to me unknown,
I, to my last expiring breath,
Will stedfastly disown.

6 This my rejoicing still shall be,
 The testimony clear,
 And conscience of integrity,
 I in my bosom bear.

Reproachfully they me accuse,
 But from approved sin
 My judge shall me acquit, as does
 His justice-court within.

S O N G XLIV.

*The hopeless state of the hypocrite. Job xxvii. 7
 to 10.*

Vers. 7. **W**Here is the hypocrite's false hope,
 Though for a time he gain'd
 Praise and applause, and lifted up,
 In pomp and pleasure reign'd?

8 Where is his hope at last, when once
 The mighty God shall wrest
 His trembling soul, with violence,
 From his reluctant breast?

9 Will God give ear unto his cry,
 When troubles o'er him flow,
 Prefaging worse calamity,
 His everlasting wo?

Will painted prayers avert the blast,
 When he perceives with dread,
 The clouds of vengeance gath'ring fast
 Above his guilty head?

10 Will God almighty be his joy,
 Devotion his delight;
 Or pray'r to God his close employ,
 When crutches fail him quite?

He

24 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

He prays, compell'd with heavy strokes;
But unregarded pray'r
He quits; nor more his judge invokes,
But sinks in deep despair.

No favour dare the rebel seek,
That scorn'd redeeming grace,
His guilty conscience, dragon-like,
Still flying in his face.

S O N G XLV.

*Wisdom's price great, and its place secret; and
the wisdom that is hid in God unsearchable by
nature, but the wisdom that is revealed to man
practicable through grace. Job xxviii. 12.—28.*

Vers. 12 **V**Ain man would be esteemed wise;
But who, alas! can tell
The place where understanding stays,
Or where does wisdom dwell?

13 Nay, wisdom's price, and worth renown'd,
Dull mortals do not know;
Nor is the precious treasure found,
When search'd for here below.

The land exclaiming says aloud,
Ah! never was I bless'd
To be the lodging or abode
Of this celestial guest.

14 The sea and swelling waves in rage,
With roaring voice declare,
In vain ye seek to find the sage
And sacred stranger here.

Th' infernal deep, with voice austere,
And with a hollow sound,

Cried

Cries out, There's no apartment here,
For wisdom, under ground.

15 Th' inestimable bliss was ne'er
With gold of Ophir bought ;

16 In price with it the onyx rare
And sapphires stand for nought.

17 Rich jewels, pearls, and diamonds choice,
In crowns that draw regard,

18 And rubies fine, are worthless toys

19 With this fine gem compar'd.

20 Who then, by learning, is in case
To shew whence wisdom flows ?
And who the happy dwelling-place,
Of understanding knows ?

21 Since close 'tis hid from all the eyes
Of creatures ev'ry where,
That tread the earth, or cut the seas,
Or wing the lucid air.

22 Death and destruction's caves profound,
Cry, Here she never came,
Only our ears have heard the sound
Of her immortal fame.

23 Alone the glorious and the great
All-penetrating God
Knows his own offspring's hidden seat,
True wisdom's bless'd abode.

24 For he, from off the height immense
Of heav'n's bright crystal brow,
Surveys, in all its vast expanse,
The universe below.

He distant ages, regions, isles,
Views with omniscient eyes ;

H

25 And

36 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

- 25 And in exactly poising scales
Both winds and water weighs.
- 26 When he decreed the measure just,
And manner of the rain;
When he a way for thunder first,
And light'ning did ordain :
- 27 Then saw he wisdom where it shin'd,
And did its home declare ;
He search'd his own all-seeing mind,
And found it only there.
- 28 But then to man, (from whom he hid
His secret will and way,
Yet duty to him open laid),
Thus did JEHOVAH say,
Behold, to fear the Lord, and still
From evil to depart ;
This, this is wisdom, this is skill,
Yea, this is heav'nly art.
- Let me attempt to know no more
Than God most high reveals ;
Nor boldly search for secret store,
He in his breast conceals.
- On this abyfs they safest are
That keep along the shore,
Distrust their wit, and from afar
This awful deep adore.
- In being godly found, in Christ,
Man's endless profit lies :
If thou art righteous, thou art blest'd ;
If holy, thou art wise.

SONG

S O N G X L V I .

The heart-wish of a deserted soul. Job xxix. 2.—5.

Vers. 2 **O** That my by past happy days
 And months were now restor'd,
 When God did me, in gracious ways,
 His mighty aid afford !

3 When on my head his candle clear,
 The lamp of grace, did shine;
 And I, through darkeſt ſhades of fear,
 Did walk by light divine.

4 When ſecret favours did, from God,
 My days of youth attend;
 And I to him my mind unload,
 As to a boſom friend.

5 Th' Almighty did my heart and home,
 With his glad preſence bleſs,
 That ſuch ſweet days again may come,
 O how I long for this !

S O N G X L V I I .

Youth's deſpiſing the aged; or, Great honour turned to extreme contempt, and proſperity turned to calamity. Job xxx, 1. 8.—12. and 26.—31.

S E C T. I.

Honour turned to contempt. Verſ. 1. 8.—12.

Vers. 1 **T**heſe now, that younger are than I,
 Do me deride and mock,
 Whole fathers never were ſo high
 As ſhepherds of my flock.

28 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

This trust to them I scorn'd to give,
My num'rous herds to keep;
Nor, with my dogs, could grant them leave
To fit and guard my sheep.

8 For vicious, vile, and base they were,
Old beggars through the street;
To them I justly might prefer
The dust below their feet.

9 Yet now I'm to their sons a jest,

10 They mock me to my face;

11 They me revile, contemn, detest,
And treat me with disgrace.

12 Young striplings thus against me rise,
Regardless of my age;
My name they dawb with fland'rous lies,
In fierce unbridled rage.

SECT. II.

Prosperity turned to calamity. Vers. 26.—31.

26 I look'd for good, since good I chose,
Since kind, I hop'd for light;
But then came evil, crosses, woes,
And clouds of dismal night.

27 Vexatious days did me prevent;
And, hopeless of relief,

28 Without the sun I mourning went
—In agonies of grief.

29 With owls and dragons joint I cry'd,
I'm now their mate and kin.

30 With burning heat my bones are dry'd,
And black my wither'd skin.

31 My

31 My harp, that made a joyful noise,
Is turn'd to mourning deep;
My organ chang'd into the voice
Of them that doleful weep.

S O N G XLVIII.

Chastity and charity exemplified; and all unclean persons judged. Job xxxi. 1.—4. and 16. 17. 19. 20.

S E C T. I.

Chastity exemplified, and whoremongers and adulterers judged. Vers. 1.—4.

Vers. 1 **A** Sacred league I with mine eyes
Have made, that they may ne'er
On fruit forbidden look nor gaze,
However charming fair.

That they on beauty fondly prone,
May not attentive stay,
To be enchanted; nor upon
The brink of ruin play.

Ne'er did, on wanton objects bent,
My thoughts get leave to rove;
Nor were abroad for fewel sent,
To feed unlawful love.

Sin's motions first whenever rais'd,
I did suppressing tame;
I quench'd the spark before it blaz'd,
And spread resistless flame.

2 I knew what woful portion will
On whoredom's slaves attend;
Of these who their sweet lusts fulfil
I saw the bitter end.

H 3

3 Destruction,

90. SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

3 Destruction, from the mighty God,
Does on the wicked wait;
Their vile and shameful actions bode
Their miserable fate.

4 God does, as judge of secrets, see
If foreign charms us move;
Death is the just reward, if we
Shall hug forbidden love.

S E C T. II.

Charity exemplified. Vers. 16. 17. 19. 20.

16 I never heard the needy cry,
But still they did prevail;
Nor, merciless, e'er caused I
The widow's hopes to fail.

17 I ne'er alone, with fulness fed,
Devour'd luxurious meat,
But always of my plenty made
The hungry orphans eat.

19 Poor naked beggars, as co-heirs
Of what I did partake,

20 I fed and cloath'd; if not for their's,
Yet for their Master's sake.

S O N G XLIX.

*The immateriality and immortality of the soul. Job
xxxii. 8.*

Vers. 8. I N man a living spirit dwells,
An understanding mind,
Which far the brutal rank excels,
As does th' angelic kind.

Part II. JOHNS H Y M N S. 62

In him there is a nature found,
Above the senses far;
Though some, in sensual pleasures drown'd,
But soul-oppressors are.

Through things both low, and things sublime,
The nimble soul doth slide;
Both far and nigh in point of time,
Which thought cannot divide.

She sends to China as soon as Spain,
And comes as soon as sent;
And mets, with equal time and pain,
A span, and heav'n's wide tent.

She hath, ev'n though in flesh confin'd,
No body of her own;
But is an immaterial mind,
Distinct from flesh and bone.

How souls that live, and flesh that dies,
Their match at first began,
We learn; for he that spread the skies,
First form'd the soul of man:

Who shed in man first made of earth,
A beam of heav'nly fire;
In all men now, before their birth,
He does their soul inspire.

This spirit cannot mortal be,
Nor subject to the grave;
For thoughts of immortality
No mortal thing can have.

When she aspires to endless bliss
In God, th' eternal spring,
She proves herself to be no less
Than an eternal thing.

Our bodies food of mortal kind,
Shows their mortality;
But truth eternal feeds the mind,
Which shews she cannot die.

S O N G L.

True wisdom not acquired by old age, nor by learning, but by grace. Job xxxii. 7. 8. 9

Vers. 7 **T**HAT wisdom ripens not with years,
Nor grows with age, I find;
Unless celestial light appears,
Grey hairs continue blind.

8 Wisdom divine, by length of time,
Can never be acquir'd,
Except the soul, by truth sublime,
Be from above inspir'd.

9 Sound knowledge then is not a store,
Possess'd still by the great;
Nor yet doth wisdom evermore
Adorn the teacher's seat.

Though human understanding trace
The wisdom of the schools;
Yet still the learn'd, untaught by grace,
Remain but literate fools.

S O N G L L

God infinitely above us, not accountable to us; yet merciful, both in hiding what he hides, and revealing what he reveals. Job xxxiii. 12.—18.

Vers. 12 **G**OD's sov'reign ways to scoff or scan,
Shall worthless creatures dare?
Shall the Most High, O wretched man!
Be summon'd to the bar?

- 13 Wilt thou with him that gave thee breath
Engage in hot dispute?
Or, quarrelling his unseen path,
Wouldst thou thy God confute?

Presumptuous mortal bold, wilt thou
Thyself with him compare?
Shall to a worm JEHOVAH bow,
His conduct to declare?

To ask the reason of his ways,
Audacious is and rude;
Th' Almighty's deeds, because they're his,
Are therefore just and good.

Where shallow reason never could
The deep immense discern
Of providence divine, it should,
With due submission, learn.

Not that he grudges man the views
Of what discern'd can be;
His kind Creator to him shews
More than his eyes can see.

Our knowledge therefore never can
Raise in his breast envy,
When more is shown than silly man
Is capable to spy.

- 14 Once and again, to form the mind,
God does instruction give;
More than reluctant man's inclin'd,
Or willing to receive.

- 15 In dreams and visions of the night,
In slumbers of the bed,
And in deep sleep, celestial light
Hath been at times convey'd.

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16 He various ways reveals his will
To man, and leaves behind
Instructions, touching good and ill,
Imprinted on the mind.

But our great Teacher's light will not
The mystic clouds dispel,
That keep his hidden paths remote,
And on his conduct dwell.

By's teachings must be understood,
He rather does devise
To make man, to his profit, good,
Than, to his peril, wife.

17 That from his sinful purposes,
Man may be drawn aside,
And humbly made, with will submits,
To mortify his pride.

18 And thus his life and soul the Lord
Saves from destruction's path;
And from the dire menacing sword
Of God's avenging wrath.

S O N G LII.

*The patient described in extremity, and seasonably
relieved by the great Ransomer. Job xxxiii.*

19.—30.

S E C T. I.

*Sickness come to an extremity; or, A sick man
brought to the gates of death, Vers. 19.—22.*

Vers. 19 **I**N mercy does the mighty God,
Man for his sins chastise,
When he, t' instruct him by the rod,
Disturbs his bed of ease.

Sore

Sore sicknesses, God's host array'd,
The strongest man assail ;
Sharp pains his num'rous bones invade,
And o'er their strength prevail.

20 Hid poison does his vigour waste,
His soul abhors the sight
Of curious meats, which once his taste
Did relish with delight.

21 He who before, in blooming pride,
Could boast a graceful air ;
And pamper'd at his ease, abide
In figure, plump and fair,
Does now, by an amazing change,
His neighbours all surprise
With pale lean cheeks, and staring strange
With ghastly hollow eyes.

His weary bones, a horrid sight,
All starting through the skin,
Which lay before, both day and night,
In flesh and fat unseen.

22 His throbbing heart, with grief subdu'd,
In pain and labour beats,
And life expiring, close pursu'd
Through ev'ry vein, retreats.

On-lookers think each gasp for breath,
Will end the doleful fray ;
And killing harbingers of death
Stand ready for the prey.

S E C T .

SECT. II.

The faithful soul-physician an instrument of bringing back the sick penitent from the gates of death; or, The gospel-remedy skilfully applied, and Christ the only ransom. Vers. 23.—30.

23 If then a messenger attend,
That knows the voice of God,
And does, with prudence, apprehend
The errand of the rod;

Who, for a soul-physician known,
From Heav'n his message bears:
Such an interpreter is one
Among a thousand fears;

Who skill'd to deal in deep distress,
With sinners and with saints;
To shew to man his uprightness,
He neither hath or wants;

Who, having wisdom to be mild,
Or tart, as cases crave,
Exhibits comfort to the child,
Conviction to the slave;

Instructs the patient how to bear
The most afflictive rod
With soul-submits, and still to clear
The righteousness of God;

That he no quarrel, in his breast,
May 'gainst his Maker lodge,
But for his sins himself arrest,
And justify his Judge:

If thus the person, sick to death,
Receive instruction just,

And

And, owning sin's desert of wrath,
Be humbled to the dust ;

Humbled to own his scores of vice,
And charges undefray'd ;
And humbled to accept the price,
Was by the Surety paid :

- 24 Then God, most ready to acquit,
Says, " Save the captive bound
" From going down unto the pit,
" I have the ransom found.
" What I have found he judges good,
" And so it is to me,
" The ransom is my Darling's blood,
" Go set the captive free."

- 25 Then quick deliv'rance oft is wrought,
The patient is made whole ;
26 To health and strength his body brought,
To peace and joy his soul.
28 Soon as he does his wrongs confess,
And choose the way that's right,
30 His God exalts him to the bliss
Of lasting life and light.

S O N G L I I I .

*God cannot be charged with injustice ; and being
omnipotent, he cannot be unjust. Job xxxiv.
10.—15.*

Verf. 10 **W**hen sinners feel the chaf't'ning rod,
Unjustly they complain :
Shall man the righteousness of God
Presumpt'ously arraign ?

I

Far

98 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

Far be't from God's imperial throne,
To practise wickedness :
Can th' infinitely holy One
The rules of right transgress ?

11 Justice divine, with wages meet,
The work of men repays,
And will each son of Adam treat
According to his ways.

12 Yea, sure, as he is God upright,
He'll act no wicked part ;
And sure, as he's the God of might,
He judgment won't pervert.

For who of fraud, or violence,
Dare God most high indite,
Whose wisdom and omnipotence
Does guide all nature right ?

Can any higher being be,
Whose laws he should observe,
Or pow'r superior in degree,
From truth to make him swerve ?

'Tis certain, therefore, he in whom
Perfections all abound,
Whose pow'r no pow'r can overcome,
With justice must be crown'd.

His mind, to which no stain adheres,
Shines ever pure and bright :
No maculating spot appears
In uncreated light.

13 He who is sov'reign Lord of all,
Can inj'ry do to none ;
Whate'er he takes, how great or small,
He but resumes his own.

All beings are his utensils,
And creatures of his pow'r;
Nor can they longer than he wills
In use or being 'dure.

14 Should he recal man's vital breath,
He did at first inspire,
All mankind, perishing by death,
Would to the grave retire.

15 All mortal flesh to *mother* dust,
At pleasure he remands;
Immortal souls for judgment just,
Unto their *Father's* hands.

S O N G L I V.

God's omniscience, from which no sin can be hid,
Job xxxiv. 21. 22.

Vers. 21 J E H O V A H ' s all-discerning eye,
Man's life entire surveys;
His thoughts, soon as they rise, does spy,
And watches all his ways.

The Judge supreme, 'tis clear from hence,
Can never, through mistake,
Be partial, nor, through ignorance,
A wrong decision make.

Shifts, therefore, or evasive arts,
In vain the wicked use;
In vain their crimes, with cunning hearts,
They labour to excuse.

22 No darkness from his sight can screen,
Whose piercing eye makes way
Through midnight shades, alike as in
The blazing noon of day.

100 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

Can lewd mens closest hiding cell,
His searching sight defy,
When darkeſt caves of death and hell
Lie naked to his eye?

S O N G L V.

God's power irreſiſtible. Job xxxiv. 29.

Verſ. 29 **W**HEN God gives quietneſs and reſt
From ruin and from fin,
Who then with trouble can moleſt,
Or hinder peace within?

But when diſpleas'd he hides his face,
Or favour does with-hold,
Who then can ſee, or with ſolace,
An angry God behold?

Againſt a land or ſingle man,
Be his diſpleaſure bent;
Nor more nor leſs reſiſtance can
Reſiſtleſs wrath prevent.

Not by the ſtrength of nations whole,
Can pow'r divine be ſtaid,
Nor ſmallneſs of one ſingle ſoul
His cognizance evade.

S O N G LVI.

The afflicted perſon humbled. Job xxxiv. 31. 32.

Verſ. 31 **T**IS ſurely meet thus to addreſs
The Majeſty divine,
“ Juſt are thy judgments, I confeſs;
“ For ſin and guilt are mine,
“ Nor will I now, at juſtice bar,
“ Commit a freſh offence,

“ By

" By looking at my sins afar,
 " And pleading innocence."

32 Lord, what I see not, teach thou me,
 Display thy heav'nly light;
 Away let shades of darkness flee,
 And day succeed to night.

Forgive my grievous wickedness,
 Thy peace and joy restore:
 Lord, have I sinn'd? yea, but through grace,
 I'll henceforth sin no more. Dec 2. 1803

S O N G LVII.

God's highness cannot be hurt with man's wickedness. Job xxxv. 5.—8.

Vers. 5 FROM earth, O mortal, to the heav'ns,
 Lift thy admiring eyes;
 Behold the bright celestial orbs,
 And view the distant skies.

They're high, yet does JEHOVAH's throne
 Their tow'ring height exceed;
 Far more than that bright starry frame,
 Is rais'd above thy head.

6 Hence never can this glorious one,
 Who sits in heav'n sublime,
 Be hurt or damag'd by thy sin,
 Nor by the blackest crime.

His plenitude of bliss can ne'er
 Be made a whit the less,
 Shouldst thou, by multiply'd affronts,
 Grow bold in wickedness.

7 Nor can his happy being e'er
 The least advantage reap,

Shouldst thou devoutly him revere,
And all his precepts keep.

8 Yet hence let not thy wicked heart,
This false conclusion draw,
That thou wouldst act a fruitless part,
Shouldst thou obey his law.

Thy goodness gainful not above,
But to the earth may be ;
Thy wickedness may hurtful prove,
Though not to God, to thee.

S O N G LVIII.

God justified, though deaf to the cry of the oppressed.
Job xxxv. 9.—13.

Vers. 9 **S**OME cry aloud of violence,
Whom God does not regard ;
He hears the cries of penitence,
When passion is not heard.

They under great oppression groan,
But ne'er remember God ;
Nor notice what his hand hath done,
But wail the heavy rod.

10 None say, O where's my Maker great,
Who now can make me whole ?
But where's my healthy, wealthy state,
And where's my heartsome bowl ?

They never after God inquire,
Who soon can ease bestow ;
And, as he did their breath inspire,
Can moderate their wo :

Who, in the night of miseries,
Can give them songs of joy,

And

And sweeten earth's calamities
With Heav'n's august employ:

Who gave to man to guide him right,
And passion to controul,
A portion of ethereal light,
A reasonable soul:

- 11 Which thus might argue, "He whose care
" Does tenderly protect
" Beasts of the earth, birds of the air,
" Will never man neglect."

Yet man, 'bove these though honour'd high,
His reason prostitutes,
Who does of wants and troubles cry,
No otherwise than brutes.

- 12 These crying with their best instinct,
Their God does them sustain;
But men their nobler reason sink,
And therefore cry in vain.

- 13 God proud and wicked suits denies,
He sees the inmost mind:
In vain to heaven they raise the cries,
Who leave their souls behind.

S O N G LIX.

God's gracious design in bringing his own people under affliction. Job xxxvi. 8. 9. 10.

Vers. 8 **I**F God in fetters of distress
His favour'd people bind;
If heavy loads of grief oppress
Their body or their mind;

- 9 He means to shew to them their sin,
In thought, and word, and deed,

How

How they to excess did therein
All boundaries exceed.

He hereby causes them betimes,
With penitence, reflect
On all their base unkindly crimes
His kindly hands correct.

He likewise strikes sin's growing pow'r
Design'dly to restrain;
That in their heart and life no more
It may victorious reign.

When faulty saints deserve a blow,
He learns them by the rod,
More clearly than before, to know
Their duty and their God.

10 Unto instructive discipline
Their ears he opens wide,
Attentive to the laws divine,
From which they turn'd aside.

Their prosp'rous state had stopt their ear,
But now their adverse lot
Commands, with loud alarms, to hear
The voice of him that smote.

His grace alone, that makes t'obey,
Concurring with the rod,
Excites them streight, through Christ the way,
To turn from sin to God.

*[Light in darkness : or, God's favour in man's fury :
a digression, applying the subject of the preceding
song to some known occurrences of our day.]*

Great is the majesty of God,
And greatly to be fear'd;

The

The voice of his afflicting rod
With rev'rence must be heard.

Oft took we his great name in vain,
How justly then he tries,
By raising men our names to stain,
With libels full of lies!

But love, in-laid with chastisements,
Ill projects undermines,
And mercifully circumvents
The wrathful man's designs.

Some bloody bulls, in this rude age,
Will, to the end of time,
Stand chronicled, for pride and rage,
That fed the desp'rate crime.

Stern justice, turning friends to foes,
Makes them against us mad;
Yet mercy brings our well from woes,
Our bliss from what is bad.

God makes the wrath of man to flame,
For ends they do not know:
Our rich improvement is his aim,
But their's our overthrow.

When wild reproachers would us class,
And damn with dev'lish elves,
Their unjust censures make us pass
Just censures on ourselves.

Their cruelty makes us more kind
Than e'er we were before:
Their lies and falsehoods make us find
To value truth the more.

Their lawless fury makes us trace
God's just and holy laws:

Their

Their causeless rage makes us confess
His anger's righteous cause.

Disorders, that with them prevail,
Make us good order seek:

Their passionate and fiery zeal
Makes us sedate and meek.

Their lofty aims to domineer,
Make arrogance our dread:

Their separating ways endear
Our union to the Head.

Good from their ill, beyond their ken,
Through grace, to us doth rise:

Their madness makes us sober men,
Their folly makes us wise.]

S O N G LX.

The doom of hypocrites that rebel against the rod.
Job xxxvi. 12. 13. 14.

Vers. 12 **T**HE heavy wrathful sword of God,
Shall on their necks descend,
Whom neither could his chast'ning rod,
Nor charming word amend.

13 False hypocrites, to vengeance sore
Addestin'd, haste to lay
Accumulated wrath in store
Against the wrathful day.

In gross neglect of pray'r they live,
God is not in their mind;
They cry not for his help, nor grieve
Ev'n when his cords them bind.

14 On them doth sudden ruin come,
And sweep them off the stage,

Amidst

Amidst the very youthful bloom
And vigour of their age.

Soon does the unexpected bane
Their easy seats surprise;
Descending like the fiery rain,
On Sodom, from the skies.

Then, after death, their soul shall live
'Mong unclean sp'rits in hell;
For in the heav'ns, where saints arrive,
No unclean thing can dwell.

S O N G L X I.

SCHOLA CRUCIS, SCHOLA LUCIS; *or, Affliction, instruction.* Job xxxvi. 15.

Vers. 15 O U R God is mercifully touch'd
With pity to the poor;
He saves the humble one, and such
As do his aid implore.

To these submissive to his lash,
He's in his anger kind;
In favour he but wounds the flesh,
That he may teach the mind.

Sharp and severe his stripes may be,
But then they strike out light,
By which th' afflicted clearly see,
And learn to judge aright.

His hands in love do them chastise,
And to their duty draw;
Through grace his scourges make them wise,
When they forget his law.

S O N G

S O N G LXII.

*Quarrelling with God in affliction, dangerous;
submission a duty, advantageous. Job xxxvi. 21.*

Vers. 21 **T**AKE heed thou no regard for sin
Nor love to it maintain;
The least vice hath more ill therein
Than's in the greatest pain.

If, rather than the smarting rod,
Thy choice is sin and vice;
Thou proudly dost contend with God,
And shew thyself unwise.

If thou, impatient of the stroke,
His providence accuse;
Thou dost, by casting off his yoke,
Thine own, that's heavier, choose.

In trouble therefore don't debate,
Nor with thy Maker fight;
Contention makes thy burden great,
Submission makes it light.

S O N G LXIII.

God an absolute Sovereign, an incomparable Teacher, and unexceptionable Ruler. Job xxxvi. 22, 23.

Vers. 22 **G**OD, by his vast and boundless pow'r,
At pleasure can debase;
At pleasure the debas'd restore,
Exalt, and highly raise.

Where's his instructors to be found?
For who can teach like him?
Where's his superior more renown'd,
Since he's himself supreme?

- 23 He that to men does knowledge teach,
 Shall he himself not know?
 Of folly who can him impeach,
 Or greater wisdom shew?

His government what daring tongue
 Of error can accuse?
 The King of kings can do no wrong;
 And who can say he does?

S O N G L X I V .

God's works manifesting his incomprehensible greatness. Job xxxvi. 24.—33.

Verf. 24 **I**llustrious are the works divine
 Which ev'ry man may see;
 Both these that farthest off do shine,
 And these most near the eye.

25 Each rational beholder must
 Remember to extol,
 And give the Maker, wise and just,
 The glory of the whole.

26 Who can behold, but in amaze,
 Th' eternal God? and who
 Can count the number of his days,
 Which no beginning know?

We sooner may from pole to pole,
 Our feeble arms extend,
 Than can our little finite soul
 His greatness comprehend.

Our thoughts o'erwhelm'd at shadows grope
 In sentiments like this;
 Losing their way, they're swallow'd up
 Into the vast abyss.

K

Th' Im.

Th' Immortal view'd but in the skies,
 His too resplendent light
 Does dash and dazzle mortal eyes,
 For want of equal fight.

27 His hand dark meteors, high in air,
 Does pow'rfully sustain,
 Which he converts, around the sphere,
 To gentle dews and rain.

28 Vapours exhal'd from earth to heav'n,
 He wondrously restores,
 And sends them back with int'rest giv'n
 In fructifying show'rs.

These, from the dropping clouded skies,
 He artfully distils;
 And thus man's mouth with food supplies,
 His mind with wonder fills.

29 Who knows how God extends his clouds,
 And makes the tender air
 The pond'rous burden of the floods
 And heavy waters bear?

Who can account, by human arts,
 For that tremendous noise;
 These awful murm'ring, fiery darts,
 And most majestic voice;

That issue from these clouds commix'd,
 And terribly declare,
 That the almighty God hath fix'd
 His high pavilion there?

30 Consider too, how not in vain
 He spreads upon the streams,
 And on the wide and spacious main,
 The sun's attractive beams;

To raise recruits for wasted clouds,
 And levy fresh supplies
 Of vapours drawn up from the floods
 To muster in the skies.

31 He these, for diff'rent purposes,
 In wisdom doth employ ;
 Some serve in tempests, if he please,
 The wicked to destroy :

Some not to curse, but bless the field,
 And fatness on it drop,
 That it in plenty meat may yield,
 And crown the farmer's hope.

32 'Tween heav'n and earth clouds intervene,
 Now as a fav'ring shade,
 Then as a black sun-dark'ning screen
 With stormy frownings spread.

33 Bente-beasts the sign of rain descry,
 By nature's instinct wise,
 Observing, with a heedful eye,
 The gath'ring meteors rise.

They soon, by certain signs, can tell
 If storms are nigh at hand,
 Then seek they shelter where to dwell
 Most safe, by sea or land.

These see, and fly ; shall men purblind,
 More stupid than the storks,
 Forget their God, and rest, nor mind
 To magnify his works ?

SONG LXV.

God's glory noticed in the thunder and lightning.
Job xxxvii. 1.—5.

Vers. 1 **W**Hen mighty tempests, charg'd on high,
With murr'ring thunder rowl,
The dreadful noise along the sky
Affrights my trembling soul.

A noise that makes pale Atheists pant,
And quake with panic fear ;
A noise that makes the humble faint
His mighty God revere.

2 Hear, and attentively regard
This high majestic voice,
Which, breaking from its prison ward,
Spreads with an awful noise.

With this tremendous lofty sound,
Which heav'n's high arches shakes,
And through the airy regions round
Its stately progress makes.

3 God still to earth's remotest ends,
Beneath the heavens whole,
His red-wing'd lightning swiftly sends
On flight from pole to pole.

For first 'tis in the heav'ns above
The flashy flames appear,
Then dreadful bell'wings strangely move
And terrify the ear.

4 The noisy roarings still augment,
Till storms of rain and hail,
Soon with their vi'lent fierce descent
The passive earth assail.

5 He that his mighty thunder-claps,
With wisdom thus projects,
Produces other fearful haps,
And wonderful effects.

This ev'n the greatest wits befools,
And forces them to own,
With minds abash'd, that to the schools
These secrets are unknown.

S O N G LXVI.

God's power noticed in the frost and snow, in the rains and winds. Job xxxviii. 6.—13.

Verf. 6 **G** O D moulds the vapours in the air,
He whitens there the snow;
And with its fleeces broad and fair,
He clothes the earth below.

He bids the rain, by little crouds,
Fall down in fruitful show'rs;
Or, if he pleases, from the clouds,
Vast spouts of water pours.

7 Then human hands are quite seal'd up
From labour in the field,
That when man's work is at a stop,
God's work may be reveal'd.

8 The savage brutes and beasts of prey,
These dreadful tempests chase;
From desarts wild they haste away,
Unto their lurking-place:

9 If whirlwinds turbulent come forth,
Or from the south appear;
Cold scatt'ring blasts come from the north,
The air to purge and clear.

THE SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

10 God's breath creates the frost ; the blast
Of this restraining wind
Doth broad and spreading waters, fast,
With crystal fetters, bind.

These breathings turn to solid glass
The lakes on which they blow,
Benumb the floods that use to pass,
And teach them not to flow.

11 His thickest clouds, by wat'ring spent,
He wearies and dissolves ;
His brightest clouds, asunder rent,
He scatters and revolves.

12 These by his counsels turn'd about,
And manag'd by his hand,
Move and direct their circling rout
And course at his command.

These vapours that furround the sky,
And this low region fill,
All restless and obedient fly,
To execute his will.

13 Hence noxious rain comes often times,
For judgment, at his call,
On guilty nations, for their crimes,
To let his vengeance fall.

Or when he would his bounty shew,
And mercy to his land,
In plenty then the fruitful dew
Descends at his command.

SONG

S O N G LXVII.

Mens ignorance of the works of nature, shews what incompetent judges they are in the proceedings of divine providence. Job xxxvii. 14.—20.

Vers. 14 **H** Ark, mortal! stand but still and view
The wondrous works of God,

Then wilt thou ne'er, with any shew,
His providence explode.

His understanding's infinite,

Intuitive and clear;

His sight most perfect and complete,

Most intimate and near.

To him there's nothing far away,

But ev'ry thing is nigh;

Nothing to come, but present ay,

Nor hid, but in his eye.

What then dost thou, O man, purblind,

Of his *politics* know?

What little way can thy dark mind

In his *mechanics* go?

15 Hast thou the wisdom to declare

What orders from above

Will come, by which along the air

The clouds are all to move?

Canst thou, by all thy nat'ral skill,

Or human science, know

The hour when in the clouds he will

Cause draw his beauteous bow?

16 Vain man! by what a vain harangue

Canst thou the way declare,

How pois'd the pond'rous vapours hang

And balanc'd in the air?

So

So wondrous are the works divine
 In these, and all his ways,
 Such pow'r and perfect knowledge shine,
 As human minds amaze.

17 Whence are thy cloaths with warmth impress'd?
 Whence comes the scorching heat,
 When we beneath our thinnest vest,
 And lightest garment sweat?

When chill north-winds their blusters share,
 And make the rivers freeze,
 To melt the ice, and calm the air,
 How comes the southern breeze?

18 In counsel close wast thou at all
 With the Almighty join'd,
 When he the model of the ball
 And firmament design'd?

Hast thou with him spread out the skies,
 Clad in its sparkling dress,
 As firm as clear, and to the eye
 A molten looking-glass?

A mirror made with skill divine,
 Displaying matchless might;
 This starry frame so superfine
 Confounds all feeble sight.

19 Pray tell us what to say of God?
 We can no knowledge boast;
 Our baffled thoughts in darkness plod,
 And are in wonder lost.

I stop! for who, but in amaze,
 Can stare at endless height!
 What creature can undazzled gaze
 At uncreated light!

- 20 Men vainly in a measure lay
Unmeasurable bliss ;
They would Infinity survey,
But sink in that abyss.

S O N G L X V I I I .

God's greatness and majesty requires that he be greatly feared and revered. Job xxxvii. 21.—24.

Vers. 21 **G**OD, wind and weather changes wills,
And who but stoops to this ?

Life-changes too when he fulfils,
Let mortals be submissive.

Man cannot, with his feeble eye,
Meridian lustre bear,

22 When northern winds that sweep the sky,
Make upper regions clear.

Then surely mortals, seiz'd with fright
And terror, must decline

The glorious and tremendous fight
Of Majesty divine.

23 For, touching the almighty God,

We cannot find him out,
So pompous is his high abode,
And splendid round about.

From Majesty so great and high,

We must with dread retire ;
Nor gratify our curious eye,
But rev'rently admire :

But after all our bold essays

And searches here, we find,
Our reason cannot shun the maze,
Nor grasp th' eternal Mind.

So

So boundless and transcendent is
 His energy and might,
 His judgments are so just and wise,
 And his decrees so right,

That no debater must decry
 The great JEHOVAH's deeds,
 Nor boldly ask a reason why
 He thus and thus proceeds.

Should any ask it to their shame,
 Then know that he alone,
 Is sov'reign Lord and Judge supreme,
 Accountable to none.

This should instruct us not to spurn,
 But pious rev'rence raise;
 Our mutiny to marvel turn,
 Our discontent to praise.

This to right reason should restore,
 Make carnal reason mute,
 [And teach us humbly to adore
 But never to dispute.

Mild mercy meets with justice strict
 In standing to his laws;
 He therefore wills not to afflict,
 Nor strikes without a cause.

24 Men fear his name in Christ, for this,
 Because he mercy hath;
 But rebels, that reject the bliss,
 Shall fear and feel his wrath.

God favours humble hearts and wills,
 But sons of pride defies;
 And in his sight wise men are fools,
 Who in their own are wise.

S O N G L X I X.

God's words unto Job, his challenging him. Job xxxviii. 1. 2. 3.

Verf. 1 **A**LL nature felt a frightful shock,
 When from the rolling cloud,
 To trembling Job th' Almighty spoke
 These awful words aloud.

2 Who's this presumpt'ous mortal bold,
 That dark'ning counsel so,
 By words devoid of knowledge, would
 Prescribe what it must do?

3 If thou pretend'st to quarrel me,
 For ought that I have done,
 Gird up thy loins to hold the plea,
 And like a man to win.

I'm now come at demands of thine,
 Thy science to inspect;
 Not to be taught, but of design
 Thy arrogance to check.

I'll now thy skill and wisdom sound,
 Thy understanding try;
 To questions I'll to thee propound,
 See if thou canst reply.

S O N G L X X.

G O D ' S Q U E S T I O N S.

Quest. 1. Concerning the foundation of the earth. Job xxxviii. 4.—7.

Verf. 4 **W**HEN I the earth's foundations laid,
 Where wast thou then, O man?

Or

Or didst thou contribute thine aid,
And help the mighty plan?

Whence did I, when the world I made,
For fit materials call,
When nothing I but nothing had
Wherewith to make the ball?

My hand, without thy help, could frame
This spacious edifice;
And can't my skill govern the same
Without thy poor advice?

5 If thou hast knowledge, tell what pow'r
And wisdom I employ'd,
To dig the mass of solid store,
Out of an empty void.

Tell how the globe was modell'd fine,
By what stupendous art;
And by what measure, square, and line,
I fitted ev'ry part.

6 Declare on what foundation sure,
Did I the building rear;
And by what cement, so secure,
Do all the parts cohere.

Show how the corner-stone, by me,
Was laid so firm, so well,
That mov'd the fabric cannot be
Without a miracle.

7 When earth was form'd at my command,
Which formless was and void,
Know'st thou how Heav'n, in consort grand,
This dawn of time employ'd?

When all th' angelic armies bright,
The hosts of race divine,

Whose

Whose beamy heads, in sparkling light,
The morning-stars outshine;
These first-born sons of God renown'd,
With joyful shoutings sung.
My works on earth, till heav'n's around,
With acclamations rung.

S O N G LXXI.

Quest. 2. *About the limiting of the sea.* Job xxxviii.
8.—11.

Varf. 8 **W**HO did with rocks, like belted doors,
Shut up the raging main,
With sandy banks, as fett'ring pow'rs,
The furious billows chain?

When with the rupture overcome,
The turgid upper earth
Did rend, and ope her teeming womb,
To give the ocean birth;

9 O'er which my clouds I like a vest,
Or sable garment drew;
And swaddling bands, of thicken'd mist,
I o'er its bosom threw.

10 I form'd a gulf within the land,
To be the ocean's bed;
The wat'ry troops at my command,
Soon to their lodging fled.

They march'd, with all obsequious haste,
To my appointed ward;
And found their prison-chambers fast,
With rocky bolts were barr'd.

11 Then said I to the raging sea,
That was diffus'd around,

L.

Behold

Behold the frontiers I decree,
Thy billows fierce to bound.

Hither thou may'st, within thy caves,
But may'st no farther roll ;
This fence shall thy impetuous waves,
And flowing pride controul.

S O N G LXXII.

Quest. 3. *Concerning the springs of the morning.*
Job xxxviii. 12.—15.

Vers. 12 **B**Y whose appointment does the sun
His morning-beams display ?
Tell, does he by thy orders run,
And spread the world with day ?

By whose contrivance, so exact,
Springs up the shining light,
To lengthen out, or to retract
The time of day and night ?

Who bids it late or ear' * arise,
At distance far or near,
Right to divide and signalize,
The seasons of the year ?

13 With wings so speedy did thy care,
Provide the dawning ray,
That it through deeps immense of air,
So swift might make its way ;
That in a trice might be fulfill'd
Its fore-appointed race,
And that it might with lustre gild
The earth's remotest face ;

* Put for *early*.

- 14 Presenting all things fair to sight,
That lay with shades oppress'd,
New-stamp'd as with a seal, in light
As with a garment dress'd;
- 15 Light which by minds, where virtue dwells,
Is peaceably enjoy'd,
But which obnoxious criminals
With panic fear avoid:
- For, if detected by its beams,
The guilty wretches know,
They must the death their conscience deems
They merit, undergo.
- With lifted arms 'gainst Heav'n they fought,
But thence the rays on wing
Pursue the rebels close, till brought
To punishment condign.
- Whence come these messengers of light,
To chase the wicked crew,
And chain them fast with fear and fright,
Are they dispatch'd by you?

S O N G LXXIII.

Quest. 4. *Concerning the springs of the sea.* Job
xxxviii. 16.

Vers. 16 **S**AY, Hast thou div'd in lower things,
Descended to survey
Hid passages and secret springs,
That feed the spacious sea?

Hast thou the ocean search'd around,
And heedful wander'd o'er
The many wat'ry walks profound,
Their wonders to explore?

S O N G LXXIV.

Quest. 5. *About the gates of death.* Job xxxviii. 17.

Verf. 17 **H**Ath death to thee op'd and disclos'd
Her gloomy gates and rooms?
Or hell its dismal shades expos'd,
And horrid longæve * homes?

Tell then how souls by death at last,
From bodies are unty'd,
And launch'd into the ocean vast,
Of an abyfs untry'd.

S O N G LXXV.

Quest. 6. *Concerning the breadth of the earth.* Job xxxviii. 18.

Verf. 18 **H**Ast thou about the earth, O Job,
E'er drawn thy compass round,
And of this whole terraqueous globe,
Th' exact dimensions found?

If not, since earth is but a point,
To the vast universe,
How shall thy art and science joint
My counsels deep traverse?

S O N G LXXVI.

Quest. 7. *About the place and path of light and darknefs.* Job xxxviii. 19. 20. 21. 24.

Verf. 19 **K**Now'ft thou the magazines on high,
In which my stores I lay,
And bright materials to supply
The burning lamps of day?

* As applied to hell, it signifies everlasting.

- 20 My fair ethereal mines, from whence
I deal out light so fast,
As to the most profuse expence
The sun and stars can waste ?
- 21 Canst thou, for age and skill, explain
The place of darkness, where
Black night, and all her sable train
Of gloomy shades, repair.
- 24 Could'st thou at first, commanding light,
Divide, for equal sway ;
The path, for day, to chase the night ;
For night, to chase the day ?

S O N G LXXVII.

Quest. 8. *Concerning the treasures of snow and hail.* Job xxxviii. 22. 23.

Verf. 22 **T**ELL, hast thou been where hail and
My martial treasures, are, (snow,
Which I reserve for times of wo,
And for the day of war ?

23 Hast thou these airy realms survey'd
Where I this armour lay,
'Gainst sinful lands to be display'd,
On that tremendous day ?

S O N G LXXVIII.

Quest. 9. *Concerning the daily changes of the morning and evening.* Job xxxviii. 24.

Verf. 24 **T**ELL how the parts of light through
Of shades their lustre share, [crouds
Ev'n as the east-wind scatters clouds,
And clears the ambient air.

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Discover plain, how doth the light
Its radiant wings display,
Hot to pursue the flying night,
And spread the dawning day.

[Each morning makes a mighty change
By the return of light ;
Each ev'ning too seems equal strange,
By the relapse of night :

Yet men, who still the change expect,
And see't without surprise,
These daily miracles neglect,
Just wrought before their eyes.]

S O N G LXXIX.

*Quest. 10. Concerning thunder and lightning,
clouds and rain : by what secret counsels they are
directed, and by whose order emitted. Job xxxviii.
25. 26. 27. 34. 35.*

Vers. 25 **A** Gain, canst thou declare what way
The heav'nly Architect
His cloudy forges up did lay,
And in the air erect ?

And how the mighty pond'rous mass
Aloft was thither brought,
From which, soon as his lightnings pass,
Red thunder-bolts are wrought ?

Who raises vapours from the ground,
Which, pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down in show'rs, through which around
These dreadful lightnings glare ?

How are the heav'nly aqueducts,
And water-pipes contriv'd,

Whence

Whence floods are to the thirsty flocks,
Fruits to the earth, deriv'd?

- 26 Who doth the water-course divide,
And for the rain that falls
By drops, or vi'lent show'rs, provide
Fit conduits and canals?

Discharg'd again to overflow,
As once, the earth and hills;
Each drop does, by direction, go
To rivers and to rills

Yet by the show'rs that fill the brooks,
Likewise the wilderness,
Refresh'd, does in its chearful looks
Alacrity express.

In places where no man resides,
Nor does the product share,
The Father of the rain provides
For's other creatures there.

- 27 Like healing balm distilling rains
Yield juice to plants and trees,
With drink restore the parched plains,
And thirsty mouths appease.

Then rising sap that round does glide,
Thrusts out the tender bud,
And crowns, with flow'ry verdant pride,
The desert's shady wood.

- 34 Say, to thy voice or order's will
The circling clouds attend?
And when thou bidst them rain distil,
Will then the rain descend?

- 35 Will ready lightnings sudden fly,
Or through the æther shine,

And

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And thunder-claps ring round the sky,
At thy command or mine?

S O N G LXXX.

Quest. 11. *Concerning the dew, the ice, and hoary frost.* Job xxxviii. 28. 29. 30.

Vers. 28 **I**F thou canst secret things explain,
And hidden causes shew,
Where dwells the Father of the rain?
And who begat the dew?

How are the hov'ring mists, so soft,
Arrested in their flight,
Then harden'd in the air aloft,
And whiten'd in the night?

29 Canst thou the nature of the ice,
With great exactness show,
Which, with its fett'ring artifice,
Forbids the floods to flow;

Compels the fluid element,
So still and calm, to stand;
Binds rivers with its hard cement,
And makes the water land?

30 The billows of the sea congeal'd,
Can roll no farther on;
The ocean's wat'ry face conceal'd,
As with a marble-stone.

Fierce is the frost, what womb did then
So fell a tamer breed,
That's equal *hardy* on the main,
As *hoary* on the mead?

S O N G

S O N G LXXXI.

Quest. 12. *About directing of the stars, and their influences.* Job xxxviii. 31. 32. 33.

Vers. 31. **W**Eak man, canst thou in spring re-
And bind the influence, [strain,
Which, with the kindly fertile rain,
The Pleiades dispense?

Canst thou in winter loose the chains,
Or break the frosty bands,
With which Orion roughly strains,
And binds the passive lands?

32 Canst thou with constellations clothe
And deck the azure skies,
And, in his turn, make Mazzaroth,
With southern stars arise?

Or, canst thou guide Arcturus' pace,
Around the northern pole;
And bid his bright attending race,
His sons in order roll?

33 Know'st thou the fix'd celestial laws
Of starry pow'rs above?
Canst thou on earth their influence cause
Descend, or thence remove?

Dost thou to ruling stars dispense
What virtue they diffuse;
Such seasons here to influence,
As thou, forsooth, shalt choose?

S O N G LXXXII.

Quest. 13. *Concerning the formation and renovation of the soul, or intellectual spirit, in man.*
Job xxxviii. 36.

Vers. 36 **W**HO knowledge did to man impart,
That ray of light divine ?

Who did with wisdom fill his heart,
Was this thy work, or mine ?

To man a noble soul is giv'n,
With shining pow'r supply'd ;
More bright than all the stars of heav'n,
To angels fair ally'd.

The sun above the light doth bring,
Though seen in air below ;
From light divine the soul doth spring,
Her pow'rs in flesh to show.

The God of nature did impart
This intellectual mind ;
The God of grace renews the heart,
With light and sight refin'd.

S O N G LXXXIII.

[*A digression concerning the soul's spirituality, and its nature ; quite distinct from the body, and its senses. A number of proofs and demonstrations hereof.*]

MAn's soul, while in the flesh he lives,
Her pow'r doth exercise,
Within the body, yet survives
Although the body dies.

* See Sir John Davies's poem on this subject.

She's

She's by herself an active thing,
That hath a working might;
Which nor from sense's pow'r doth spring
Nor yet from humour's spright.

Were she the body's quality,
She might be sick and blind;
But in decaying flesh we see
A perfect healthy mind.

When in th' effects the cause she sees,
From fruits the roots doth know;
Her views not from her body's eyes,
But from her own doth flow.

When swifter than the lightnings fly,
Hert houghts from east to west,
And round the centre, 'bove the sky,
Move, though the body rest.

When first her works she forms within,
And sees her perfect end,
E'er she to act at all begin;
No aid can senses lend.

When without hands she builds up tow'rs,
And without feet doth run,
Sees without eyes, by her own pow'rs
These miracles are done.

When she on vice and virtue thinks,
Considers gen'ral things;
And from known truths, in divers links,
A right conclusion brings.

These actions by herself alone
Retir'd she does fulfil;
Of all her body's organs none
Can aid her wit or will.

Yet she in flesh imprison'd lies,
Must through its windows look,
Her pow'rs of sense to exercise,
And read the world's great book.

Though scarce the soul can judge of ought,
But what the sense home brings;
Yet judging pow'rs, and what thus brought,
Are vastly diff'rent things.

Our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give not sight:
The soul, when seen her objects be,
Views them by her own light.

Workmen, on stuff their skill who show,
The stuff ne'er gave them skill;
No more, from objects seen, can flow
Soul-pow'rs to act or will.

Yea, oft to check the sense she's sure,
Nor when it errs agrees;
But crosses it; for, with a pow'r,
Above the sense she sees.

No sense the holy joys conceives
Which in her closets be;
The ravish'd soul her senses leaves,
And hath her motions free.

Her distinct nature shines in this
That her choice works alone
She works: this nature's touchstone is,
Things by their works are known.

But why the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a pow'r;
The soul extends on ev'ry side,
Her objects to explore?

Mere sense cannot one thought command;
 For eyes and ears perceive
 No more than glasses understand
 What faces they receive.

Souls guide the sight; for, chance but we
 To fix our thoughts elsewhere;
 Our eyes, though open, cannot see,
 But, like a statue, stare.

And if one pow'r, which senses bound,
 Did not both hear and see;
 Then, most confus'd, our sight and sound
 Would always double be.

The soul then sense's pow'r contains,
 Within a greater pow'r,
 Which still employs the sense's pains,
 But rules in her own bow'r.

Heav'n in man's soul these pow'rs did grave;
 Ev'n hers alone to be;
 On earth no other creatures have
 These heav'nly pow'rs but we.]

S O N G LXXXIV.

Quest. 14. *About staying the clouds, or stopping the rain.* Job xxxviii. 37. 38.

Vers. 37 **W**HO can the clouds vast number tell,
 That spread from pole to pole?
 Who can their falling rain repel,
 When pouring out their bowl?

8 When rain enough hath drench'd the clay,
 And clos'd the cleaving clods,
 Whose hand can heav'n's full bottle stay?
 Tell; is it thine, or God's?

S O N G LXXXV.

Quest. 15. Concerning provision for the lions and ravens. Job xxxviii. 39. 40. 41.

Vers. 39 **W**ild beasts in forests, and in fens,
Whose proper care are they?

40 The lions old that lurk in dens,
The young that wait their prey?

41 Who feeds the ravens and their brood,
When unto God they cry,
And wander far for lack of food?
Say; is it you, or I?

S O N G LXXXVI.

Quest. 16. About the wild goats and the hinds. Job xxxix. 1.—4.

Vers. 1 **K**now'st thou the time wild goats bring
The increase of their flock? (forth
The time when they commit their birth
Unto the flinty rock?

2 Canst thou declare the months how long
The pregnant hinds complete?
And when to calve, or cast their young,
They to the brakes retreat?

3 In pangs they bow themselves; the wood
Affords them no relief;
Yet there, at once, they both exclude
Their offspring and their grief.

4 Their calves go seek their meat, and find,
In ranging hill and wood,
Their fatt'ning corn; nor to the hind
Return for want of food.

S O N G LXXXVII.

Quest. 17. *Concerning the wild ass.* Job xxxix. 5.—8.

Vers. 5 **W**HO did to the wild ass's heart,
That knows no bit or rein,
A sense of liberty impart,
All drivers to disdain?

6 The tame ass is to labour bound,
But still the wild is free;
His house I made the desert round,
His home the barren lee,

7 He scorns the city's multitude,
Refuses to be driv'n;

8 The range of mountains for his food,
And piles of grass are giv'n.

With freedom bless'd he roves apace,
And ne'er the desert quits,
But mocks the tame and stupid ass,
That his base neck submits.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

Quest. 18. *Concerning what is called the unicorn.* Job xxxix. 9.—12.

Vers. 9 **W**ill th' unicorn, or savage bull,
The beast of pow'r and pride,
Tame to thy service, bow his will,
Or by thy crib abide?

10 Will he thy yoke or labour bear,
And meekly stand in awe?

Or with the plough thy furrows tear,
On vales thy harrows draw?

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- 11 Because in strength this rural king
Is mighty, wilt thou yield,
12 That he be trusted home to bring
Thy harvest from the field?
To rule so rude an animal
Incapable art thou;
Presum'st thou then to rule the ball,
Or teach me so to do?

S O N G LXXXIX.

Quest. 19. *Concerning the peacock and the ostrich.*
Job xxxix. 13.—18.

Verf. 13 **B**Y whose skill was the peacock vain,
With curious colours dy'd?
Whence hath his sweeping tail and train
Its finely painted pride?

Such beauteous plumes, and wings so wide,
Tell, whence the ostrich wears;
So big, the other birds beside,
A feather'd beast appears.

14 Her eggs expos'd she in the dust,
Where laid, leaves to be warm'd;
15 Thoughtless how soon they may be crush'd,
Or by wild roamers harm'd.

16 Her labour vain and fearless is,
She's harden'd 'gainst her brood;
17 For God does from the common bliss
Of wisdom her exclude.

18 Yet if in danger she but list
Her neck and wings on high,
She both the horse, and rider swift,
Does scornfully defy.

S O N G

S O N G X C.

Quest. 20. *Concerning the horse for battle.* Job
xxxix. 19.—25.

Vers. 19 **D**idst thou, O Job, for war or state,
Give to the gen'rous horse
His confidence, his boldness great,
His spirit, and his force?

20 Hast thou with terror cloath'd his mane?
Canst thou his courage shake?
Or cause him, like the little wren,
Or silly insect, quake?

With formidable native fire
His snorting nostrils glow;
And smoke and flame in furious ire,
Amidst the battle blow.

21 Proud of his strength he paws the ground,
And prances on the land;
Tears up the turf, and spurns around
The passive yielding sand.

When he the noisy martial sounds
And warlike trumpet hears,
He then rejoicing leaps and bounds,
And pricks his list'ning ears.

22 When he perceives, ev'n from afar,
Th'advancing foes alarms,
He forward springs to face the war,
And meet the glitt'ring arms.

23 Dauntless he runs on sword and spear,
The warrior's files invades;
And makes his passage, without fear,
Through num'rous thick brigades.

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The weapons which the horseman wields,
He mocks with haughty breast;
Of rattling quivers, blazing shields,
He makes a perfect jest.

24 In rage he beats and bites the ground,
He dances o'er the plain;
Nor startles at th' alarm's sound,
But pulls the curbing rein:

25 Derides the trumpet, scorns the shock;
And mad the bridle champs;
Smelling afar the sulph'rous smoke,
And thunder of the camps.

S O N G XCI.

Quest. 21. *About the hawk and the eagle.* Job
xxxix. 26.—30.

Vers. 26 **B**ESIDE the beasts that tread the ground,
The birds that cleave the air,
Seest thou how they the skill profound
And pow'r of God declare?

Is't by thy wit the hawk does fly,
And southward stretch her wings?
Or when cold winter drawing nigh
She wisely sun-ward swings?

27 Dost thou command the eagle's flight,
And bid her mount the sky,
Aloft to travel in her might,
And make her nest on high?

Dost thou the royal bird direct
Where thus to build her nest,
That no invading pow'r, or sect,
May dare her peace molest?

- 28 That with the strongest forts to vie,
 She might her dwelling keep
 In craggy cliffs immensely high,
 Insuperably steep.
- 29 Thence down her haughty eyes she bends,
 Low valleys to survey;
 And like a thunder-bolt descends
 To truss her heedless prey.
- 30 Then soon her crooked pounces bare
 The carcass takes and tears;
 And to her young, swift through the air,
 The bloody banquet bears.
- These creatures act by that instinct
 For which thou can't account;
 How must their Maker, dost thou think,
 Thy silly views surmount?

S O N G X C I I .

*Quest. 22. About contending with God; or, A
 humble challenge given to such as quarrel God's
 proceedings. Job xl. 1. 2.*

Vers. 1 **S** Hall God be taught? by whom? by one
 That quarrels his decrees?
 His measures just be overthrown,
 A plaintiff proud to please?

'Gainst God shall a contender blind,
 Presumpt'ously essay,
 To teach him how to change his mind,
 And how to mend his way?

T'upbraid th'Almighty, what is this
 But justice to distrust?

For

For he who God almighty is
Can never be unjust.

Since from his creatures never he
Had ought to hope or fear,
Can such a being tempted be
Amiss the helm to steer?

2 Shall God to man's instruction bow?
Shall man presume to learn
And teach the great Creator, how
His creatures to govern?

Who, of the whole created tribe,
My ways can rectify?

Shall silly mortal man prescribe,
And dictate unto me?

He therefore must be catechiz'd,
That would his Maker teach;
And, not with his proceedings pleas'd,
Of folly him impeach.

Let then th'accuser that would scan,
And blame my ways profound,
Solve at his peril, if he can,
The questions I propound.

S O N G XCIII.

*Job's humble submission; or, The murmuring mouth
stopped, and unjust complaints silenced. Job xl.
3. 4 5.*

Vers. **B**Ehold, O Lord, most vile am I,
3 4 For now thy heavenly light
Detects the great stupidity
That did my mind benight.

I sinn'd in that I fought so bold
The argument to state;
And judg'd that with thee I could
Thy providence debate.

Sham'd and confounded I resign,
For now I can't withstand
Thy words and arguments divine,
Nor answer one demand.

5 Once have I spoken, Lord, yea, twice;
And though my words were few,
Yet great their number, gross their vice,
Did high presumption shew.

Upon my mouth, which argu'd vain,
Henceforth my hand be laid;
I spake what I won't speak again,
Nor stand to what I said.

Prostrate before thy feet I lie;
Through grace, I'll now adore
Thy greatness, pow'r, and majesty;
But I'll contend no more.

S O N G X C I V .

Quest. 23. Moe challenges given to Job, for his further humiliation. - The vanity of vying with God for justice, or of charging him with unrighteousness. Job xl. 6, 7, 8.

Vers. 6 'TIS good for thee, O man, that thou
Down to thy knees be thrust;
Yet better is the lower bow,
Down to the very dust.

7 That therefore thy assuming mind,
Be levell'd to the ground,

Some

Some farther questions are design'd,
Thy boasted skill to sound.

Oft didst thou wish to plead with me;
Prepare then for the task,
If courage yet remain with thee
To answer what I ask.

Thou didst with confidence too bold,
Thy spotless virtue boast;
And yet my care and kindness hold
As quite extinct and lost.

But since my care does ev'n respect
My lowest creatures clan,
How canst thou judge that I neglect
My nobler creature, Man?

8 Wilt thou my judgment just defame,
That thou may righteous be?
Canst thou thy innocence proclaim,
Without reproaching me?

Must my proceedings be controul'd,
Thy character to clear?
My deep decrees be disannull'd,
Thy name and fame to rear?

Vain man, wilt thou so slanderous
Thy righteous God indite?
Dost thou thy kind Redeemer thus
Ungratefully requite?

SONG

S O N G X C V.

Quest. 24. *The vanity of vying with God for power, majesty, and dominion over proud and wicked enemies.* Job xl. 9. — 14.

Vers. 9 **H**Ast thou an arm like God, that can
Against him take the field,
And win by force? Art thou, O man,
With pow'r almighty steel'd?

Canst thou both heav'n and earth sedate,
Fright with a dreadful noise,
Or most exactly imitate
J E H O V A H ' s thund'ring voice?

10 If thou, poor mean dependent wight,
Presum'st with God to vie,
Then now adorn thyself with light,
With pomp and majesty;

With state and dread that can and will
The hosts of hell annoy;
With beauties too that heav'n can fill
With wonder and with joy.

11 Cast forth the fury of thy wrath,
See and abase the proud;

12 And look them down to hell beneath,
Whose wealth their vices shroud.

13 Hide thou and bind them in the dust,
And crown them in their caves;
For here's the work of God, the just,
Who digs the wickeds graves.

14 Do these great things; then thou, I'll grant,
Mayst thine own saviour be:
But, weak, unequal combatant,
Submit thou must to me.

S O N G

S O N G XCVI.

*An instance of divine power in Behemoth; that is,
as some think, the elephant. Job xl. 15.—24.*

Verf. 15 **B**Ehold again, to stop the mouth,
And bring thee further down,
Thy fellow-creature, Behemoth,
A beast so strong, so grown.

Were flesh his meat, what would suffice
His vast capacious womb,
Which could whole flocks, at once or twice,
And num'rous herds entomb?

Therefore it was the Maker's care,
Such ruin to prevent,
To make the ox's food his fare,
The grass his aliment.

16 The strength I did on him bestow,
Within his loins remains;
The navel of his belly too
His mighty force contains.

17 Like to a cedar, tall and high,
With tempests tost about,
From side to side, in gallantry
He moves his pliant snout.

Wrapt are the sinews of his thighs,
Like complicated cords,
Which close involv'd with many ties,
United force affords.

18 His bones are firm like bolts of brass,
Which guard the pond'rous frame;
Their strength the bars of iron surpass,
Well temper'd in the flame.

19 O' th'

19 O' th' brutal kind this bulky beast
 Is the chief work of mine;
 Craft, use, in him, beyond the rest,
 Structure and strength combine.
 On him his Maker did bestow,
 Instead of fighting arms,
 An active trunk to wound his foe,
 And guard himself from harms.
 But God can kill the elephant,
 Soon as a gnat or fly;
 So will his sword the combatant,
 That dare his pow'r defy.

20 This beast prodigious, for his food,
 Frequents the verdant plains,
 The grassy mountains, deserts broad,
 Where he a monarch reigns.
 And there to him the forest's beasts
 Do all in troops resort;
 They know him harmless to his guests,
 And by him fearless sport.

21 Thence he retreats to groves for ease,
 Lies in the shadow wood,
 22 By reeds and fens, and willow-trees,
 That deck the purling flood.

23 Fearless his mouth he, when a-thirst,
 To Jordan does apply;
 Nor doubts but with a glut, at first,
 He'll drink the river dry.

He draws it up with greedy eyes,
 And who can, in his sight,
 With him attempt, or enterprize,
 A fair and open fight?

24 Who can, by force, the beast command?
 And who e'er undertook,
 Into his nose, with strength of hand,
 To fix the servile hook?

Through snares and gins his piercing nose,
 And snout is his defence;
 By art surprize him may his foes,
 But not by violence.

Thou dar'st not that strong beast offend,
 Left soon he thee devour;
 Why wilt thou then with God contend,
 From whom he gets his pow'r?

S O N G XCVII.

*Of the Leviathan in general; that is the whale,
 or crocodile: man, being unable to subdue and
 tame him, must own himself to be utterly unable
 to stand before the great God. Job xli. 1.—10.*

Vers. 1 **J**OB, if thou canst debate with me,
 As thou didst boldly wish,
 I'll but produce, for humbling thee,
 A formidable fish.

Canst thou the great Leviathan
 Draw out with hook or line?
 Or in the deep the whale trepan
 With common baits of thine?

2 Canst thou run through his gills a thorn,
 A jav'lin through his jaw?
 Or with a cord, he laughs to scorn,
 Ashore the monster draw?

3 Will he, like man in great distress,
 With tender words intreat

Thy

Thy pity, and with meek address,
His moan to thee repeat?

4 Will he a contract with thee make,
To be thy slave for ay?

5 Tam'd as a bird, wilt thou him take
To be thy children's play?

Will he be bound, and so submissive,
As thy domestic fort?

He that to man a terror is
Be to thy maids a sport?

6 Shall neighbours make a hearty meal
Of him when catch'd by art?

And soon his bones and oil for sale
Among the merchants part?

7 Is't easy work his scaly skin,
With barbed irons to prick?

His head with spears to assassine,
And touch him to the quick?

8 Suppose thy hardy valour should
The furious beast assail,
Think'st thou that swords and daggers would
Soon o'er his strength prevail?

Suppose thou shouldest with thy life,
Escape his dreadful rage,

Thou wouldst remind the fearful strife,
And dread anew t'engage.

9 The hope of conquest here is vain *;

For, with amazing fright,
The stoutest hero would, as slain,
Faint at the monster's fight.

* viz. When the engagement is single, or by
any man alone.

10 In sleep no giant, iron-clad,
 Dare his disturber be;
 What mortal, then, with fury mad,
 Dare face and fight with me?

S O N G XCVIII.

The power of God set forth in a more particular description of the Leviathan. Job xli. 11.—34.

§ 1. *God's sovereign dominion over his creatures.*

Vers. 11 **S**AY, in what creature's debt am I,
 That as injur'd can whine?
 For what's beneath and 'bove the sky
 Is all and wholly mine.

Ev'n brutal hosts spread my report,
 From smallest mites and snails,
 To monsters of the biggest sort,
 The crocodiles and whales.

My sole dominion, sov'reign pow'r,
 I'll further yet display,
 In my huge creature, nam'd before,
 With a more close survey.

§ 2. *Of the Leviathan's parts and power.*

12 His parts, his pow'r, I'll not conceal,
 Nor his proportion fair;
 For these, by signs, my name reveal,
 My skill and pow'r declare.

A monster comely! yea, let none
 At me obliquely strike,
 To call ought ugly I have done,
 Till they can do the like.

§ 3. *Of*

§ 3. *Of his garment and jaws.*

- 13 Who can discover, or disclose,
His skinny garment's face?
Who dare approach his mouth or nose,
With bridle him to brace?
- 14 He that his mouth dares ope would see
In's jaws the throne of death;
Long spears, like murd'ring teeth, which he
In dreadful order hath.

§ 4. *Of his scales.*

- 15 With scales, like shields, compact he's stor'd,
These are his strength and pride,
His coat of mail that does the sword,
And glitt'ring dart deride.
- 16 They are so fast and firmly bound,
So close together join'd,
- 17 That air itself, which floats around,
Can no admision find.

§ 5. *Of his sneezing, eyes, mouth, and nostrils.*

- 18 His sneezing terror breeds on sight;
19 For from his nostrils flies
A flash like that of lightning bright,
When darted through the skies.
- His shining eyes, with splendid blaze,
The neighb'ring meads adorn;
Bright as the dawning lucid rays,
The beauties of the morn :
- 20 While also fiery reeking breath
Breaks from his hollow throat,
As from a burning forge beneath,
Or caldron boiling hot.

§ 6. *Of his breath and neck.*

- 21 His lips do, God-like, wrath proclaim,
 To such as move his ire ;
 For from his mouth leap smoke and flame,
 With streaming sparks of fire.
- 22 When's neck his seat of strength he rears,
 Then sorrow and annoy,
 That march before with woes and fears,
 Make up his pompous joy.
- Triumphant terrors, passing bound,
 His hideous pomp compose ;
 And dread that seizes all around
 Where-e'er he comes or goes.

§ 7. *Of his flakes and heart.*

- 23 His flakes of flesh so fast involv'd,
 So firm in ev'ry part ;
 Their joining scarce can be dissolv'd,
 By violence or art.
- 24 His heart is like a marble hard ;
 Relentless is his breast ;
 Which ne'er did tender moans regard,
 Nor pity e'er express'd.

§ 8. *Of his risings and breakings.*

- 25 When like a mount, amidst the waves,
 He lifts his monstrous head,
 The boldest boasters will, as slaves,
 His awful presence dread.
- The stoutest seamen tremble now,
 Each like a quaking leaf,

Left

Left he o'erturn their ships, or do
Some terrible mischief.

His water-breakings threat'ning death,
Themselves they purify,
And deprecate impending wrath,
As doom'd anon to die.

§ 9. *Of his undaunted courage.*

26 Should they attempt, with sword in hand,
The monster to attack ;
Bright steel in bits, like crumbling sand,
Would break upon his back.

Vain's the defensive coat of mail,
Th' offensive javelin ;
For hardly spears nor darts avail
To pierce his scaly skin.

27 The iron's but, in his esteem,
A bulrush by the flood ;
And brassy weapons to him seem
But shafts of rotten wood.

28 Fierce arrows cannot make him flee ;

29 Sling-stones and darts appear

30 But straw to him ; he laughs to see
The shaking of the spear.

§ 10 *Of his terrible motion in the waters.*

31 When in the deep he rous'd aside,
From place to place remote,
He agitates the waves and tide
Like to a boiling pot.

His motion so ferments the streams,
The foaming waters face

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A pot of boiling ointment seems,
And shows a stern grimace.

- 32 His frothy track, when e'er he swims
And rides his wat'ry stage,
So bright appears, the ocean seems
As hoary grown with age.

Such foam and froth his path pursue,
They seem to fence his rear,
And turn the waters azure hue,
To white with sudden fear.

§ 11. *Of his size, strength, and dominion.*

- 33 In bulk and strength 'mong animals
His equal is not found ;
Though he, of stature low, but crawls,
And creeps along the ground.

Yet he the proudest warrior-beast
Insultingly disdains ;
And, fearless made, o'er all the rest
He like a monarch reigns.

The strongest creatures on the earth
Do tremble at his sight ;
He them in pieces tears with mirth,
And with his sportive might.

- 34 With scorn he sees each lofty thing,
The stoutest to deride ;
Yea, bears his Maker's stamp, as king
O'er all the sons of pride.

SONG

S O N G X C I X.

Job's humble confession and petition : A penitential prayer. Job xlii. 1.—4.

Vers. 1 **L**Ord, to thy awful words intent,
I see they brightly shine,
With marks of pow'r omnipotent,
And majesty divine.

Convinc'd by thy enlight'ning speech,
I rashly have, I own,
By climbing heights above my reach,
Audacious folly shown ;

Vent'ring, by reason reasonless,
That short unequal line,
To sound the huge immense abyfs,
Of providence divine.

2 That thou, Lord, canst do ev'ry thing
I now more clearly see ;
None can from thee hide their design,
Nor hinder thy decree.

3 In things too wonderful for me,
And utterly unknown,
I spake but unadvisedly,
And foolishly, I own.

I'm that presumpt'ous mortal bold
That darken'd counsel so
By words unwise, as I was told,
My pride to overthrow.

Thy deep designs in trying me
My blind eyes could not spy,
Whence I presum'd to quarrel thee,
So great a fool was I.

4 O let thine anger be appeas'd !
Hear my repentant speech ;
Through him in whom thou art well-pleas'd,
Thy favour I beseech,

Of knowledge I will boast no more,
Nor haughtily behave,
But silently thy name adore,
Thy information crave.

Lord, scatter clouds that mar my sight,
Thy truth divine display ;
Dispel remaining shades of night,
And spread my mind with day.

S O N G C.

Job's deep humiliation, which made way to his remarkable exaltation ; or, The happy issue of affliction sanctified, accompanied with divine instruction. Job xlii. 5. 6.

Vers. 5 O Lord, I with the outward ear
Have heard of thee before ;
I knowledge had that wanted fear,
Nor led me to adore.

But now mine eyes more clearly see,
In fair Immanuel's face,
Thy wisdom, pow'r, and majesty,
Thy glorious truth and grace.

My present views of thee so far
Exceed the former sort,
As demonstration ocular
Exceeds a bare report.

Hence conscious stings, like arrows smart,
Deep in my bosom stick ;

And

And self-displeasure strikes my heart,
And wounds me to the quick.

6 For now myself I loathe and hate ;
With shame my face I veil ;
And all my errors, past of late,
In dust and ashes wail.

I grew impatient of the rod,
Nor can I answer why
I cleans'd myself, and censur'd God ;
O what a beast was I !

Unwise I curs'd the very day
In which thou gav'st me birth ;
And challeng'd rash thy sov'reign sway,
And government on earth.

Lo ! then, my brutish ignorance,
I through thy grace repent ;
My passion, pride, and arrogance,
With tears I now resent.

How base and blinded have I been,
That set myself so high !
But having now thy glory seen,
I low before thee lie.

At mercy's feet I'll hopeful stay ;
For never was the case,
That one was lost, who prostrate lay
Before the throne of grace.

THE END OF THE WORLD

And all the world shall be
And all the world shall be

For now we live in a world
For now we live in a world

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SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART III.

A new Version of the SONG of SOLOMON.

*A*fter I had written a Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, which has been published fourteen years ago, I had no design of printing any thing else upon that book; but when the motion was made of turning all the Scripture Songs into common metre, for the same use with the Psalms of David, I was also urged to make a short version likewise of this Song, as near as possible to the text †. This task I undertook, not without some reluctance, knowing how much the spiritual matter of this book is represented by such homely metaphors as would be very hard to express barely, in such a manner as to be fenced against the abuse of carnal minds: on this account, though I have now studied as little of a paraphrase, or explication, as I could; yet, in several places, where I thought the meaning might be most ready to be misinterpreted, or not so ob-

† The SONG of SOLOMON, being an entire book of scripture by itself, this short version of it was at first published by itself, as was also that of the book of the Lamentations, before the rest of the Scripture Songs, which were afterwards published together.

O

vious,

vious, I have formed the version with such short interwoven glosses upon some of the texts, as may tend to enlighten the metaphor a little, and make the main intent thereof appear in a way that I apprehended to be least liable to abuse.

I have seen some versions of this book in common metre, that could very little contribute to my assistance in this, unless it was to make me see what might be avoided or amended, according to my view. Only Mr Mason's version was more acceptable to me than any other I have seen; and therefore I have, in several verses here and there, taken what help it, together with his and my own paraphrase, could afford me, in a suitableness to my taste, or the form into which I chose to put it. So that after consulting the labours of others, in versifying this book of the Song, you have here the plainest version I could conceive within so narrow and contracted bounds.

As to what may be further necessary, in a prefatory way, I refer the reader to the preface which is prefixed to the Paraphrase on this book. The main difference between the present and the former editions, is in the fourth and seventh chapters, which were before in long metre, but now are turned to the same common metre with the rest, because I have been told that this latter kind was more acceptable to some than the other.

That the church and people of God may be edified by these works, is the earnest prayer of their servant, and yours in Christ,

RALPH ERSKINE.

C H A P. I.

The church's love unto Christ, and his esteem for her ; with their mutual congratulations for each other.

[The TITLE.]

Verf. 1 **T**HIS Song of Solomon the wise
As penman fam'd belongs ;
And, justly for its sacred rise,
Is nam'd, The Song of Songs.

[The CHURCH's Words.]

- 2 With kisses of thy mouth divine,
O let me favour'd be ;
For better than the richest wine
Thy love appears to me.
- 3 Thy name like ointment sweet pour'd out
Doth all perfumes excel ;
Hence virgin-souls, the sacred rout
Of saints, do love thee well.
- 4 O draw me with thy loving cord ;
We will run after thee :
Lo ! to his chambers deck'd, my Lord,
The King hath handed me.
In thee we'll joy ; this love of thine
We'll mind, with more delight
Than all the blessings of the vine :
Thou'rt lov'd by the upright.
- 5 O Salem's race, I'm black o'ergrown,
As tents of Kedar were ;
But comely too by grace, I own,
As Sol'mon's curtains fair.

6 View not my scorch'd and sun-burnt face ;
 No beauty there you'll see :
 My mother-church's angry race
 Have roughly dealt with me.

Their hate and envy made me trudge,
 Their vineyards to inspect ;
 And while at theirs I was a drudge,
 Mine own I did neglect.

7 But thou, my soul's beloved One,
 O tell me, I request !
 Where feedest thou, and where at noon
 Mak'st thou thy flock to rest :

For why should I with sorrow stain'd,
 As one led off the way,
 'Mong flocks of thy companions feign'd
 Be left to go astray ?

[CHRIST'S Words.]

8 Know'st thou not, fairest of fair brides ?
 Go trace the feet of saints,
 The flock's fair steps, and feed thy kids
 Beside the shepherd's tents.

9 My love, I have, to hold thee out
 'Gainst foes that would thee wrong,
 Made thee like Pharaoh's stately rout,
 Of chariot-horses strong.

10 Great comeliness thy dress bespeaks ;
 The graces all thee deck ;
 Rare jewel-rows adorn thy cheeks,
 And golden chains thy neck.

My Father working still with me,
 We will, with pow'r divine,

More

More golden borders make for thee,
With studs of silver fine.

[*The CHURCH's Words.*]

12 Lo ! while the King of Zion crown'd,
Sits at his table-head,
My spikenard, flowing, doth around
Its grateful odour spread.

13 Like as of myrrh a bundle, lo !
My well-beloved Guest
Shall, all the night of sin and wo,
Within my bosom rest.

14 In vineyards fair of Engedi
Are camphire clusters sweet ;
Much more is my Belov'd to me,
When he and I do meet.

[*CHRIST's Words.*]

15 Lo ! thou art fair ; lo ! thou, my love,
Art fair, without disguise ;
The beauties of the modest dove
Are in thy graceful eyes.

[*The CHURCH's Words.*]

16 Nay, my Belov'd, who, me to screen,
Thy beauty put'st on me,
Thrice fair art thou ; yea, what a green
And flow'ry bed have we !

17 The royal house of our repair
Hath beams of cedar strong,
With cypress galleries ; and there
In state we walk along.

C H A P. II.

The mutual love of Christ and the church, with her hope and calling; and Christ's care of her, with the profession of her faith and hope.

[CHRIST'S Words.]

Verf. 1 I AM the rose of Sharon fair,
To deck the field around;
The lily of the valley, there
To grace the lowest ground.

2 Among the daughters in the throng
My love, whom grace adorns,
Shines as the lily does among
The rugged hurtful thorns.

[The CHURCH'S Words.]

3 As th' apple-tree does far excel
Trees of the common wood;
So my Belov'd surpasseth all
The sons of noblest blood.

I sat me down with great delight,
My weary soul to rest,
Beneath his shade; and, O how sweet
His fruit was to my taste!

4 He brought me to his house of wine
To feast; and then to aid
The banner of his love divine
He over me display'd.

5 Stay me with flagons, comfort me
With apples from above:
I languish till my Lord I see;
Haste, for I'm sick of love.

6 He's come, and with his left hand he
Supports my sinking head;

And

And his right hand embracing me
Strong comfort brings with speed.

7 O Salemites, I you obtest,
By rural hinds and roes,
Wake not my Love, while pleas'd to rest;
Nor mar the sweet repose.

8 Lo! my Belov'd, whose voice so nigh
My soul with wonder fills,
Comes leaping on the mountains high,
And skipping on the hills.

9 With speed his active love to show
On heights that would us part;
He's like the pleasant bounding roe,
Or loving, youthful hart:

Lo! he behind our wall doth stand;
He's at the windows seen,
Displaying, through the grate at hand
Himself, in flow'ry green.

10 Sweet was my Lord's most charming tone,
When thus I heard him say,
" Rise up, my love, my fairest one;
" Make haste, and come away.

11 " Inviting spring adorns the clime;
" For, lo! the winter's past;
" Now is the fair accepted time,
" Quite o'er's the stormy blast.

12 " The flow'rs upon the earth appear;
" Birds singing time's at hand
" The turtle's voice to charm the ear
" Is heard within our land.

13 " Green figs upon their trees are grown;
" Young grapes are smelling gay:

" Arise,

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" Arise, my love, my comely one ;
 " Make haste, and come away.

14 " O thou, my dove, that in cleft rocks
 " And secret stairs I spy,
 " Absconding there, through fear of shocks
 " Or shame to face the sky :

" Come let thy beauteous face appear,
 " Lift up thy voice to me ;
 " For well thy voice delights mine ear,
 " Thy countenance mine eye.

15 " Take us the foxes with engines,
 " The little foxes here
 " That spoil the vineyard ; for our vines
 " Most tender grapes do bear."

16 My well-beloved Lord is mine ;
 And likewise I am his :
 Among the lily-beds his fine
 And pleasant feeding is.

17 Until day break, and shades depart :
 Turn, my Belov'd, and flee
 Swift like the roe, or youthful hart,
 On Bethel hills to me.

C H A P. III.

*The fight and victory of the church in temptation,
 and her gloriation in Christ.*

[The CHURCH'S Words.]

Vers. I **B**Y night upon my bed I sought
 Him whom my soul doth love ;
 I sought him, but I found him not ;
 Which did my sloth reprove.

- 2 I'll rise in quest of my Belov'd,
And search the city round,
In public streets: so there I rov'd;
Yet, ah! he was not found.
- 3 The city-watchmen met with me,
Their wonted round who move;
To them I said, O did you see
The object of my love?
- 4 'Twas but a little further on
I past from them apart,
But to my joy I found anon
The darling of my heart:
I held him, nor would let him go,
Till I had brought him home,
My mother's house and room into,
That bore me in her womb.
- 5 O Salem's race, I you obtest,
By rural hinds and roes,
Wake not my love, while pleas'd to rest,
Nor mar the sweet repose.

[*The COMPANIONS Words.*]

- 6 Who's this from desert does so fleet,
Like smoky pillars rise,
Perfum'd with myrrh and incense sweet,
Adorn'd to our surprize?

[*The CHURCH's Words.*]

- 7 Behold his bed that Solomon's
For peace and pomp renown'd!
Which threescore men of Isra'l's sons
As valiant guards surround.
- 8 They all bear arms courageously,
Expert and train'd to fight:

Each

Each with his sword upon his thigh,
Because of fear by night.

9 The chariot which king Solomon
Did for himself array,
Did frame of wood from Lebanon;
With silver-pillars stay:

10 Did gold its bottom, and above
Its cov'ring purple make:
The midst thereof was pav'd with love,
For Salem's daughters sake.

11 Go, virgins, see king Solomon,
Deck'd with the crown so gay,
His mother crown'd him with, upon
His joyful marriage-day.

C H A P. IV.

*Christ setteth forth the graces of the church, and
sheweth his love to her. She prayeth to be made
fit for his presence.*

[CHRIST'S Words.]

Vers. 1 **L**O! thou art fair to me, my love;
Lo! Zion, thou art fair;
Thy eyes, as of a beauteous dove,
Shine through thy locks of hair:

Gay like a pleasant flock of goats,
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, (that notes
Thy known deportment bright).

2 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep,
Ev'n shorn, from washing come:
Each active grace does order keep,
And bring its product home.

- 3 Thy lips resembling scarlet threed,
And comely speech, endear :
Within thy locks thy temples red,
Like 'granates halv'd appear.
- 4 Thy neck is like to David's tow'r,
Built for a magazine ;
Whose pegs a thousand bucklers bore,
All shields of mighty men.
- 5 Thy breasts resembling two young roes,
Do feed like friendly twins ;
'Mong lily-fields, thy babes and those
That haunt thy public inns.
- 6 Till day-break chase the shades of wo,
I'll rest in Zion still ;
Unto the mount of myrrh I'll go,
And to the incense-hill.
- 7 My love, thou art all fair and clean,
The chief of beauteous brides ;
No spot in thee is to be seen,
But what my favour hides.
- 8 Fair spouse, by marriage-ties alone
I urge my call on thee ;
Come, come with me from Lebanon,
From Lebanon with me :
Look from Amana's top that chills,
Shenir and Hermon high,
From lions dens, and leopards hills,
Where ghastly dangers lie.
- 9 My sister, spouse, thou in effect,
With one glance of thine eye,
With one chain of thy stately neck,
Hast rap'd my heart from me.

10 My sister dear, how fair's thy love !
 How better far than wine !
 Thy sav'ry ointments smell above
 All eastern spices fine !

11 Thy lips drop like the honey-comb ;
 There milk and honey flow :
 Thy garments smell like Lebanon,
 Where aromatics grow.

12 My love's a garden well inclos'd,
 Delicious fruits to yield :
 A spring shut up, and unexpos'd ;
 A fountain safely seal'd.

13 Thy plants of grace do parallel
 An orchard rich with trees,
 And fruits that gratify the smell,
 And form a paradise.

14 Here pomegranates and camphire grow ;
 Here trees of incense bloom :
 'Nard, cinnamon, myrrh, aloes blow
 With gales, a rich perfume.

15 My love's a garden-fountain known,
 A living well beside,
 Whose glad'ning streams from Lebanon
 Through distant valleys glide.

[*The Church's Words.*]

16 Awake, O north wind ; come, thou south ;
 Upon my garden blow :
 Soon will the breath, Lord, from thy mouth,
 Make all the spices flow.

Then, Lord, come share the pleasant spice,
 Thus by thy Spirit blown :
 My garden be thy paradise ;
 Its fruits are all thine own.

C H A P. V.

Christ awaketh the church by his calling. She having a taste of his love, is sick of love. A description of Christ by his graces.

[CHRIST'S Words.]

Vers. 1 I'M come, my spouse and sister dear,
I'm to my garden come;
I've gather'd up my spice and myrrh,
And eat my honey-comb:

My feast of honey, milk, and wine,
With pleasure shar'd have I;
Come eat and drink, O friends of mine,
Yea, drink abundantly.

[The CHURCH'S Words.]

2 I sleep, but yet my heart's awake;
A kindly knock I hear;
'Tis my Beloved's voice thus spake,
"Open to me, my dear.

"Open, my dove, my undefil'd;
"Love, give not love the flight:
"My head's bedew'd, my locks are fill'd
"With drops of winter-night."

3 Base sloth reply'd, "I'm now undress'd;
"How shall I dress again?
"How shall I leave this bed of rest,
"My new-wash'd feet to stain?"

4 My Lord then by the shut-door's hole
Put in his hand of pow'r;
Which with love-wounds so pierc'd my soul,
My bowels melted fore.

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5 When up to ope I did me stir,
In answer to his knock,
My hands and fingers dropp'd sweet myrrh
On handles of the lock.

6 I open'd then to my Belov'd,
But he, alas! was gone :
His late love-suits my mind so mov'd,
I fainted as undone :

I fought him whom my soul ador'd,
But him I could not have :
I call'd and cry'd, My Love, my Lord ;
But he no answer gave.

7 The cruel city-watch me found,
And keepers of the wall ;
Who did me rudely smite and wound,
And took away my vail.

8 O Salem's race, of better mind,
To wail my Lord's remove,
I charge you tell, if him you find,
That I am sick of love.

[*The COMPANIONS Words.*]

9 O fairest, what Belov'd is thine ?
In what, pray let us know,
Doth he all other loves outshine,
That thou dost charge us so ?

[*The CHURCH's Words.*]

10 O my Belov'd, could you him see,
Both white and red appears ;
Among ten thousand chieftans he
The signal standard bears.

11 His head's of finest gold t' attract,
So bright and firm his sway ;

His locks are curl'd, and raven black,
So fresh without decay.

12 His dove-like eyes most bright appear,
Like these the brooks have wet;
Or milky streams have washed clear,
Fit for inspection set.

13 His cheeks are like a spicy bed,
Where choice perfumes do meet;
His lily-lips drop grace, and shade
The myrrh that smells so sweet.

14 As rings of gold, with beryl set,
His hands, his works, appear;
His bowels kind, like iv'ry bright,
O'erlaid with sapphires clear.

15 His legs like marble-pillars are,
On golden sockets set:
His face like Lebanon most fair,
Like cedars most complete.

16 Most sweet is that bless'd mouth of his,
Whence grace and truth doth flow;
Yea, he himself most lovely is,
And altogether so.

O Salem's daughters, this is he
Of whom you sought my mind:
This is the best Belov'd to me;
This is my dearest Friend.

C H A P. VI.

The church professeth her faith in Christ. He sheweth the graces of the church, and his love towards her.

[*The COMPANIONS Words.*]

Vers. 1 **I**F thy Belov'd, O fairest fair,
Be such a matchless one,
With thee we'd seek him, wist we where;
O tell us where he's gone!

[*The CHURCH's Words.*]

2 My Lord's down to his garden dress'd,
The place of his repair,
'Mong spicy beds to feed and feast,
And gather lilies there.

3 I'm my Belov'd's, and he is mine:
Sweet are his sacred courts;
Among the lilies there that shine
He feeds, and there resorts.

[*CHRIST's Words.*]

4 My love, like Tirzah fair array'd,
Like Salem gay indeed;
Thou like an host, with flags display'd,
Dost strike thy foes with dread.

5 Thy catching eyes (of faith and love)
That make myself their prize,
Have overcome me; pray remove
And turn away thine eyes.

Gay like a pleasant flock of goats,
On Gilcad's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, (that notes
Thy known deportment bright.)

6 Thy

- 6 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 Ev'n shorn, from washing come;
 Each grace, with twins their order keep,
 And bring full product home.
- 7 Like to a piece of pomegranate,
 Thy temples ruddy clear,
 Within thy locks affectionate
 And graceful blushes bear.
- 8 Queens, concubines, and virgins are
 Unnumber'd, whom they call
 The earth's great beauties, charming fair;
 But thou excell'st them all.
- 9 My spotless dove as one I view,
 She's all in one to me;
 Her mother-church's darling too,
 And choicest progeny:
- The daughters saw her, and around
 They bless'd her comely face;
 Yea, queens and damsels more renown'd,
 Extoll'd her shining grace.
- 10 " Who's this (said they) so brightly springs;
 " Like to the morning-ray;
 " That cleaves night-shades with silver wings,
 " To haste the golden day?
- " With sun and moon her beauties vie;
 " Yea, terrible to see!
 " An host appears, and banners fly;
 " O what an one is she!"
- 11 Down to the garden of sweet nuts
 I went, when I withdrew,
 To see the budding valley fruits,
 If grapes and 'granates grew.

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- 12 And unawares thy soul at ebb,
Quick flowing, set me high
On chariots of Amminadib,
And wings of love to fly.
- 13 Return, return, O Shulamite;
Return, return, apace;
That we may look with great delight
Upon thy beauteous face:
What in the Shulamite so damp'd
Have heav'nly hosts to see?
As 'twere two hosts on earth encamp'd,
So choice a fight is she.

C H A P. VII.

*A farther description of the church's graces. She
professeth her faith and desire.*

[CHRIST'S Words.]

Vers. 1 **H**OW beauteous are thy feet with
O prince's daughter fair! [shoes,
Each stately step thou walkest shows
A sparkling heav'nly air.

The joints that strength and motions do,
To thy right steps impart,
Like orient jewels burnish'd new,
Speak holy curious art.

- 2 Thy bowels warm, where kindness glows,
Thine infant brood to feed,
Seem like a bowl that overflows
With liquor for their need.

Thy fertile womb an heap of wheat
Forms to thy lily brood;
While younger babes have proper meat,
The elder solid food.

3 Like two young roes appear thy breasts,
That are delightful twins;
Thine equal care so sweetly feeds
Thy babes in sacred inns.

4 Thy neck that holds the head most high,
Like iv'ry white and fair,
May with a tow'r that mounts the sky,
For strength and state compare.

Thine eyes are like the lucid pools
Of fish at Heshbon, near
Bathrabbim gate; (no learned fools
Had ever sight so clear).

Thy nose sagacious (th'en'my wots)
Looks bold like Leb'non's tow'r,
Damaſcus-ward; to smell their plots,
And watch against their pow'r.

5 Thy knowing head, like Carmel high,
Appears in crimson red;
Its hairs and dress a purple dye:
(With blood thy Lord did shed).

Hence ev'n the King of kings compell'd,
Within thine arms embrace,
Is fast a willing captive held,
In gall'ries of his grace.

6 O love, how fair thou art's untold,
In thee what charming fights!
How sweet thy graces manifold!
How pleasant for delights!

7 I to the palm-tree do compare
Thy stature streight and fine;
Thy breasts of love, so full and fair,
To clusters of the vine.

- 8 I said, I will this palm-tree climb,
And of its boughs take hold;
My love I'll to my bride in trim,
And to her babes unfold:

Then shall thy loving breasts o'erflow,
Like clusters full of wine;
The breath of life thy nostrils blow
Shall smell as apples fine.

- 9 With wine that's of the richest kind,
(Reserv'd for whom I love),
Thy palate drench'd, shall clear the mind,
And graceful speech improve:

Juice from the living vine that flows,
Goes sweetly down by sips:
The mouth of sleepers doth inclose
And sanctify their lips.

[*The Church's Words.*]

- 10 My Well-belov'd I must admire,
Most worthy though he be,
He's mine, and, lo! his heart's desire
Is towards worthless me.

- 11 Come, Love; let's to the field of grace,
Retire from earth's annoy:
Make villages our lodging-place,
That none disturb our joy.

- 12 Let's to the vineyards early go,
To see if fruit improves;
If tender grapes and 'granates grow:
There I'll give thee my loves.

- 13 Sweet mandrakes smell, and at our door,
All pleasant fruits there be,
Both new and old, laid up in store,
My dearest Lord for thee.

C H A P. VIII.

The church's love to Christ, and the vehemency thereof, She intercedeth for the Gentiles, and prayeth for Christ's coming.

[The CHURCH'S Words.]

Verf. 1. **O** That thou as my brother wert,
My mother's sucking child;
I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart;
Nor be for this revil'd.

Yea, in the openest patent place,
Without a blush for shame,
I would with joyful arms embrace,
The babe of Bethlehem.

2 I'd bring thee to my mother's house,
Who would instruct me there:
The spiced wine and 'granates juice.
Should be thy royal fare.

3 His left hand for my support he
Beneath my head should place;
And for my comfort lend to me
His right hand's soft embrace.

4 O Salem's daughters, do not prove
Disturbers of his ease;
I charge you stir not up my Love,
Nor wake him till he please.

[The COMPANIONS Words.]

5 (Who's this up from the wilderness
Of sin and sorrow mov'd,
Comes leaning thus, and laying stress
Upon her Well-belov'd?)

The

[The CHURCH's Words.]

Beneath the shady apple-tree,

I did thee raise with care :

Thy mother travail'd there with thee ;

Thy happy birth was there.

6 O do thou set me as a seal,

Upon thine heart and arm :

For love is strong as death, I feel,

Suspicion cruelly warm ;

Unfatiatè like the grave's desire,

Is killing jealousy :

The coals thereof are coals of fire

That flame most veh'mently.

7 Can love be quench'd with many floods,

Or drown'd with waters ? No :

Should one for love give all his goods,

The price were basely low.

8 We have a little sister, Lord ;

No breasts yet form'd hath she :

What help to her shall we afford,

When she bespoke shall be ?

[CHRIST's Words.]

9 If once she be a wall through grace,

We'll take a special care ;

To build on her a dwelling-place,

A silver palace fair :

If once her heart's an open door,

For me to enter in,

We'll as with cedar-boards secure

And strengthen her within.

[The CHURCH's Words.]

10 So be't, for grace made me a wall ;

Grace form'd my breasts tow'r high :

Then

Then found I (as my sister shall)
Great favour in his eye.

- 11 Here likewise our King Solomon,
A vineyard did possess,
To keepers care, (O be it shown),
He let it out to dress:

If each for fruit his Lord assigns
Proportion'd tribute brings;
He'd render for a thousand vines,
A thousand silverlings.

[CHRIST'S Words.]

- 12 My vineyard, love, the object is
Of my peculiar care;
My heart and eye is fix'd on this
More close than any where.

[The CHURCH'S Words.]

To thee, O Solomon, I'll bring
The grateful rent I owe:
The vineyard's revenue, O King,
Belongs to thee, I know:

And while to thee alone pertains,
A thousand fold as due;
To underkeepers, for their pains,
Two hundred shall accrue.

[CHRIST'S Words.]

- 13 O thou that hast in gardens choice
Thy dwelling here below,
As thy companions hear thy voice;
So let me hear it too.

So pleasant unto them and me,
Is thy delicious strain,

I'll

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I'll joy how oft I hear from thee
Until we meet again.

[The Church's Words.]

14 O haste again, dear Lord, and be
A speedy roe, or hart,
Upon the spicy hills, that we
May meet, and never part.

SCRIP.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART IV.

POEMS selected from the Prophet ISAIAH, &c.

ALL scripture is profitable for instruction; and those passages that are poetical are well calculated for gaining the attention, enlivening the affection, exciting devotion, and assisting the memory. Our Saviour divides the books of the Old Testament into the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, Luke xxiv. 44. which teaches us to distinguish those books and passages that are poetical. The prophetical writings abound with a variety of poetical compositions. The prophets of the Lord were themselves all holy men, vested with a divine mission, had a great interest in, and intimacy with Heaven. Prophecy is venerable for its antiquity, for it "came of old time;" and to be esteemed for its excellence, being put for all divine revelation. All the prophets bare witness of Christ, and "testified before-hand of his sufferings, and the glory that should follow." Of all the prophets none spoke so clearly and fully of Christ as the prophet Isaiah; for which he is justly stiled, the evangelical prophet; and by some of the ancients, a fifth evangelist. The whole of his prophecy is transcendently excellent and useful, and contains much of the grace of the gospel, and abounds with more poetical passages, sacred odes, and evangelic

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gelical songs, than all the other prophets besides. And if these divine hymns and poetical passages are viewed with proper attention, they will be found to have in them as lofty and sublime strokes of poetry as are to be met with; carrying in them a poetic force and flame, without a poetic fury and fiction; and strangely command and move the affections, without corrupting and putting a cheat upon the imagination; and are well adapted to gratify the ear, edify the mind, captivate the heart, and yield both profit and pleasure. Of all this, the following Songs will exhibit a specimen.

S O N G I.

Morning and evening mercies to be acknowledged.
Psal. xcii. 2. Lam. iii. 23.

THY gifts, O God, of endless love,
Each ev'ning-tide are new;
And morning-mercies from above
Distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
To guard our sleeping hours:
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
To raise our drowsy pow'rs.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command,
To thee devote our days;
For constant blessings from thy hand,
We owe thee constant praise.

S O N G

S O N G II.

*The day of youth, and the day of judgment. Eccl.
xi. 9.*

Rejoice, ye striplings, vain and young,
That full of frolics rove;
Indulge your hearts, and eyes, and tongues,
In merriment you love.

Taste the delights your souls desire,
And pleasures you design;
And give a loose to all your fire,
In wantonness and wine.

Enjoy your foolish fading blifs,
And lawless joys; but know,
Beside the day of mirth, there is
A day of judgment too.

[The Judge will all your works record,
Till you the doom shall hear;
O let the thunder of his word
Awake your souls to fear!

Wrath, to your follies due by law,
Should strike your hearts with dread:
The vice you hug will surely draw
The vengeance on your head.

Think how you'll bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test:
O give your mortal joys away
For everlasting rest!]

S O N G, III.

The young and old sinner warned; and death dreadful to the unconverted. Eccl. xii. 1. 7. H. lxxv. 20.

Your Maker and Redeemer, God,
Mind ere the months come on,
When you shall say, your youthful blood
And merry days are gone.

The aged, wicked sinner goes
To regions of the dead,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
And curses on his head.

His dust descends; his soul to God
Ascends; not there to dwell,
But to be doom'd to his abode;
Then down she sinks to hell.

[Lord, put thy fear into my heart;
And when I hence remove,
Provide my soul a better part,
A mansion in thy love.]

S O N G IV.

The glory, peace, and piety, of the gospel church, in the latter days. Is. ii. 2.—6.

Vers. 2 **I**N latter days, God's holy hill,
His house, shall so be rais'd,
'Bove hills and mountains high, as will
Make men, that see, amaz'd.

3 All nations then shall thither flow
In throngs, and say aloud,
Come, let us up to Zion go,
The house of Jacob's God.

We'll

Part IV. FROM THE PROPHET ISAIAH. 185

We'll learn his easy yoke to draw,

His sacred path to trace:

From Sion shall go forth the law,

From Salem news of grace.

4 He shall, as Judge, his throne erect

Among the nations rude,

To make them friends; or justly check

The rebel-multitude.

His peace proclaim'd with gracious words,

Shall banish feuds and fears;

Men shall to plow-shares beat their swords,

And pruning-hooks their spears.

No nation more 'gainst nation shall

Rise up in arms, nor fight.

5 O Jacob's house, come let us all

Walk in JEHOVAH's light.

S O N G V.

The song of the vineyard, justifying God's severity.

Is. v. 1.—7.

Vers. 1 A Song to my beloved One

I'll sing, and mention will

His vineyard, situate upon

A very fruitful hill.

2 Round with a wall he fenc'd it fine,

Did noxious stones eject:

Then plant it with the choicest vine,

'Midst it a tow'r erect:

A wine-press there he made; and thence

Expected grapes for use,

Yet none but wild grapes of offence,

And trash, did it produce.

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- 3 Now, O ye Salem natives all,
And tribe of Judah huge,
I, 'twixt me and my vineyard, call
On you yourselves to judge.
- 4 What more of outward pains could be
Than mine to deck the field?
Why then, instead of grapes to me,
Wild clusters did it yield?
- 5 The crime leaves no excuse a room,
And therefore now go to;
I'll read my barren vineyard's doom,
And shew you what I'll do:
I'll soon unhedge it quite to be
Devour'd like to a heath:
O'erthrow its wall, to make it free
For foes a treading path.
- 6 I'll lay it waste, nor prune, nor dig,
Then briars and thorns shall spread:
I'll charge the clouds, with vapours big,
No show'rs on it to shed.
- 7 For now the house of Isra'l fair
JEHOVAH'S vineyard is;
The men of Judah likewise are
That pleasant plant of his.
He look'd for judgment just, but lo!
Oppression rude appear'd;
For righteousness, but cross thereto,
A cry of blood was heard.

SONG

S O N G VI.

*A song of praise to God the Saviour and salvation
of Zion, for his mercies. If. xii. 1.—6.*

- Vers. 1.* **O** Lord, thy praise I will essay;
Though wroth with me thou wast,
Yet now thine anger's turn'd away,
Thou me comforted hast.
- 2 Behold, God's my salvation strong;
I'll trust him unafraid:
The Lord JEHOVAH is my song,
My strength and saving aid.
- 3 Ye then, who scorch'd wi' th' fiery law,
Whom thirst or need compels,
With joy shall living water draw
From these salvation-wells.
- 4 Aloud be hallelujah said,
Call on JEHOVAH's name;
His deeds among the people spread,
Speak out his lofty fame.
- 5 Sing to the Lord, him praise and bless;
For he, the wisest One,
Things excellent hath done: and this
In all the earth is known.
- 6 Cry out and shout, thou denizon,
That dwells in Zion free:
For great is Isra'l's holy One,
That dwells in midst of thee.

S O N G VII.

*A song of praise to God for his merciful judgments,
saving benefits, and victorious salvation. H.
XXV. 1.—12.*

SECT. I. *God's merciful judgments.*

Vers. 1 **T**HOU, O JEHOVAH, art my God,
Thee as mine own I claim;
I'll therefore celebrate abroad
And praise thy glorious name:

For thou hast wonders manifold
Perform'd in recent dress;
Shap'd to thy counsels, which of old
Are truth and faithfulness.

2 In heaps and rubbish laid thou hast
Strong cities, fenc'd afore;
And strangers palaces laid waste,
To be rebuilt no more.

3 Thy stoutest foes shall therefore yield
The glory thine to be;
And nations fierce resign the field,
And fear to cope with thee.

4 For thou in straits a strength to poor
And needy ones hast been;
From blowing storm a refuge sure,
From scorching heat a screen.

And that in times of greatest dread,
When furious tempests fall,
And blasts of tyrants fierce exceed
The storm that beats the wall.

- 5 The rustling noise of strangers rude,
Thou shalt abate with ease,
As in dry plots a shady cloud
Does scorching heat surcease :
On tyrants proud thou'lt be aveng'd,
That are so dreadful now ;
Their jov'al trebles shall be chang'd
To doleful baffes low.

SECT. II. *His saving benefits.*

- 6 Lo! in this mount the Lord of hosts
A banquet shall prepare,
For all that tread on Zion's coasts,
And people ev'ry where.
He'll with fat things and wines suffice,
Fat things of marrow full,
Wines well refin'd, from off the lees,
To glad and chear the dull.
7 And in this mount he'll raze the vail,
The face o'er-cov'ring shade,
Of darkness cast o'er people all,
And o'er all nations spread.
8 He'll swallow up in victory
Grim death, the king of fears ;
From faces all the Lord most high
Will wipe away the tears :
What base contempt, and vile reproach,
Were on his people laid,
From off the earth he'll quite dispatch :
For so the Lord hath said.

S E C T. III. *His victorious salvation.*

- 9 That day shall songs be utter'd thus,
 " Behold this is our God ;
 " We stay'd for him, and now he'll us
 " With his salvation load :
 " This is the Lord Redeemer kind,
 " For whom we long did wait ;
 " We will be glad, with joyful mind,
 " In his salvation great."

- 10 For here shall rest our conqu'ring God,
 And Moab be o'erthrown ;
 11 The gates of hell shall down be trode,
 12 The trump of triumph blown.

S O N G VIII.

A song inciting to faith, patience, hope, and confidence in God.

- Is. xxvi. " In that day shall this song be sung in
 " the land of Judah,"

S E C T. I. *Confidence in God.*

Vers. 1 **W**E have a city, strong and fair,
 Where grace triumphant reigns ;
 Instead of walls and bulwarks there
 Salvation God ordains.

- 2 Set open to the nation just
 The city-gates, that they
 Who buy the truth, and keep the trust,
 May enter there and stay.

- 3 Thou wilt him keep in perfect peace
 Whose mind on thee is stay'd,

Because

Because he all his trust doth place
In thee alone for aid.

- 4 Trust ye for ever in the Lord;
For everlasting pow'r
Is in the Lord JEHOVAH stor'd,
The Rock of ages sure.

SECT. II. *God's judgments.*

- 5 He shews his pow'r, by bringing down
The proud that dwell on high:
Makes tow'ring cities overthrown
Low in the dust to lie.
- 6 Yea, poor despis'd and needy ones,
That trust beneath his shade,
Shall under foot the pomp of thrones
And lofty cities tread.
- 7 The just man's way is plain and right,
Thou, Lord, most upright, weigh'st
His path, to level with delight
The plain which thou survey'st.
- 8 Yea, in thy way, where judgments flame,
We waited, Lord, thy will:
Our soul's desire is to thy name,
And thy remembrance still.
- 9 To thee, Lord, in the shade of night,
My soul's desire was drawn;
Yea, with my spirit's inward might
I'll seek thee in the dawn:
- For when thy judgments just appear
On earth severe and stern,
The world's indwellers wise will fear,
And righteousness will learn.

10 But to the wicked mercy be,
 As well as judgment, shown;
 Yet righteousness nor learn will he,
 Nor dash his idols down:

Ev'n in the land where truth's declar'd,
 And justice hath abode,
 He'll be unjust; nor will regard
 The majesty of God.

11 Lord, when thy lifted hand's in fight,
 Yet see they won't at all;
 They shut their eyes from clearest light:
 But see at length they shall;

And blush, that they, from blind envy,
 Did treat thy folk with spite:
 The fiery wrath thy foes defy
 Shall soon devour them quite.

S E C T. III. *God's favour to his people.*

12 Thou, Lord, wilt peace for us ordain:
 For, far above our thought,
 Thou all our works, of grace and gain,
 Hast in and for us wrought.

13 Strange lords, instead of thee, O Lord,
 Have o'er us domineer'd:
 But we'll, through grace, thy name record
 As only to be fear'd.

14 Dead and deceas'd, these tyrants shall
 Nor live, nor rise to bite;
 Thy visit, killing them, made all
 Their mem'ry perish quite.

15 Thy nation once thou didst increase,
 Then, Lord, they multiply'd;

(In

(In this was shown thy faithfulness),

And thou art glorify'd:

Yet justly now we captives are

For sin, which thee offends;

Thou hast remov'd the nation far,

To earth's remotest ends.

16 In trouble, Lord, thy folk distress'd

To visit thee took care;

And when thy chast'ning hand them press'd

Pour'd out a fervent pray'r.

[The floods in which vain hopes were drown'd

Set praying ships a-float;

Nor were they melted till they found

The furnace burning hot.]

17 As women, pregnant and in pain,

When time of birth draws nigh,

Cry out in pangs; such, Lord, hath been

Our case before thine eye.

18 We lab'ring did of child-birth find

The pain, but not the joy:

We brought forth, as it were, but wind,

No profit, but annoy:

For by us no deliv'rance rose,

Within the land at all;

Nor was the world of foreign foes

Before us made to fall.

19 But, lo! thy dead shall live and spring,

With my dead body well

They shall arise: awake and sing

Ye in the dust that dwell.

Spring-dews the bury'd herbs renew;

Thine just resembles those:

R

Earth

(In

Earth shall cast out the dead, and thou
Cast down gigantic foes.

SECT. IV. *An exhortation to rely on God.*

20 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Whilst stormy tempests chafe;
Take shelter here from threat'ning harms,
In chambers of my grace.

Your closet-doors, by faith and pray'r,
Be shut about you fast;
Hide for a little moment there,
Till wrath be overpast.

21 For, lo! the Lord, the Judge of saints,
Comes from his place betimes,
To punish the earth's inhabitants
For all their bloody crimes.

The earth shall all her crying bloods
And secret sins disclose;
Nor cover more her slain with clods,
But all to light expose.

S O N G IX.

*A song of God's care over his vineyard. Is. xxvii.
2.—6.*

Vers. 2 SING ye to God, the vineyard fair
Of choicest ruddy wine,
Which I the Lord do keep with care,
And cultivate as mine.

3 I'll ev'ry moment water it,
To make it fresh and gay;
And none to hurt it will permit,
But keep it night and day.

4 Nor fury is in me 'gainst it;
Who then, with lifted horns,
'Gainst me in battle-rank would set
An host of briars and thorns?

Soon would I, like a flaming fire,
Go through and burn them quite;
(But veng'ance is not my desire,
For mercy's my delight).

5 Let then the sinner's holding be
My arm of pow'r for all,
That thus he may make peace with me,
And make the peace he shall.

6 For God will cause the progeny
Of Jacob to take root;
And blooming Isra'l shall supply
The barren world with fruit.

S O N G X.

*The song of Hezekiah when his life was lengthened,
after a message of death. Is. xxxviii. 10.—20.*

Vers. 10 **H** Eav'n's sentence to cut off my days,
Thus made me vent my tears;
To death's black gates I'll go, alas!
'Rest of my running years.

11 No more I'll see the Lord, said I,
Here in this lower court;
Nor mortals more on earth espy,
In friendship there resort.

12 Soon like a shepherd's tent aloof
Gone is this age of mine;
Quite like a weaver's thumb cut off,
My life I must resign.

He'll me with pining sickness waste
 Ere nature's course be done;
 From day to night pursu'd with haste,
 Lord, thou wilt end me soon.

- 13 Till morn I thought that, lion-like,
 He all my bones would break:
 Ere night that going on to strike
 An end of me he'd make.

- 14 As crane or swallow chatt'ring rove
 In fright, so did I moan;
 And as a tim'rous lonely dove,
 So did I mourn and groan.

With looking up mine eyes distress'd
 Did fail, nor help could see:
 Then said I, Lord, I am oppress'd;
 O undertake for me!

- 15 What shall I say? for kindly now
 The Lord to me hath spoke,
 And done as he had promis'd too,
 Death's sentence to revoke.

I'll therefore softly walk the whole
 Of my remaining years,
 In bitter mournfulness of soul,
 For all my sinful fears.

- 16 Lord, by these quick'ning words of thine
 Men's souls and bodies live;
 In these doth stand this life of mine,
 So didst thou me revive.

- 17 Peace fled, and, lo! great bitterness
 I had in place of it;
 But thou my soul didst love and bless
 From black corruption's pit:

Yea,

Part IV. FROM THE PROPHET ISAIAH. 197

Yea, thou hast prov'd that I am lov'd
From death's abyfs and wreck ;
For all my fins thou hast remov'd,
And cast behind thy back.

- 18 Mute graves can ne'er thy praise emit,
Death cannot sing thy fame ;
No pris'ner in the silent pit
Can magnify thy name :

No bury'd dust can speak thy praise,
Nor sleeping ashes shew
Thy truth, to ground their hope, and raise
Thy honour here below.

- 19 The living he, the living shall
Thy praises sound again,
As I this day ; so do shall all
Who do not live in vain.

Fathers shall to their fons make known
Thy faithfulness and grace,
And so convey thy wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

- 20 To save my life the Lord was bent :
We'll therefore sing his praise,
And in his house my songs accent
That shall outlive our days.

S O N G XL

*Flesh fading, the word of the Lord abiding. If. xl.
6. 7. 8. 1 Pet. i. 24. 25.*

CRY, said the voice, All flesh is grass,
That springs, and fades as soon ;
Like morning-flow'rs, in fairest dress,
That wither quite at noon.

198. SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

But God's unfading word of grace
For evermore endures;
Which all, whose arms of faith embrace,
In endless bliss secures.

S O N G XII.

Unbelieving fears checked, and strength from heaven promised. Is. xl. 27. — 31.

Vers. 27 **W**HY, jealous Jacob, speak'st thou so,
My way is hid from God?

Unpled my cause, undash'd my foe,
Still down my strength is trode?

28 Hast thou forgot the mighty name,
That earth and heav'n did make?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, faint, or weak?

Omnipotence alone is his,
Eternal are his days;
His understanding searchless is,
And who can trace his ways?

29 He giveth pow'r unto the faint,
Makes weaklings strength to grow;

30 While youthful vigor soon is spent,
And boasting might laid low.

31 But they that wait upon the Lord,
And in his pow'r confide,
Shall have their strength anew restor'd,
And daily wants supply'd.

They shall mount up on eagles wings,
With fear unwearied move,
Till, losing sight of earthly things,
They rest with God above.

S O N G

S O N G XIII.

*Christ's mediatory service graced with meekness
and constancy. If. xlii. 1.—4. Matth. xii.
18.—22.*

Vers. 1 **B**Ehold, my Servant wonderful,
Whom I uphold and stay;
Mine elect, whom my very soul
Delighteth in for ay.

On him I'll put my Sp'rit, with all
His virtues measureless;
And he, with light and judgment, shall
The Gentile nations bless.

2 From him no cry, with clam'rous voice,
Nor violence, forth shall break;
He shall no loud contentious noise,
Nor ostentation make.

Peaceful and mild he shall proceed
In his illustrious acts;

3 He shall not break the bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax.

He shall with aid and comfort both,
His weaklings fortify;
And judgment unto light and truth
Bring forth victoriously.

4 He doubtless shall pursue his aim,
Until, with judgment just,
He bless the earth; and in his name
The distant isles shall trust.

S O N G

S O N G XIV.

Christ's commission opened, which he received from the Father; and the joyful singing with which the glad tidings thereof should be received. If. xlii. 5.—13.

Vers. 5 **T**HUS says the Lord of heav'n and earth,
That stretched out the skies,
And all his tribes, of earthly birth,
With life and breath supplies.

6 In right to thee my call I grant,
And thee support will I;
I'll give thee for a covenant
To people far and nigh;

7 T'illuminate, with saving light,
The eyes of Gentiles blind;
To rend the clouds that them benight,
And prisoners unbind.

8 I, who thee authorize, declare,
That I JEHOVAH am:
My praise no idol god shall share;
Thou only bear'st my name.

9 Lo! all my promises of old
Men now accomplish'd see;
And future things anew foretold
Shall be fulfill'd in thee.

10 Let all the earth, then, to the Lord,
Sing, glad, an anthem new;
The Gentile race, with one accord,
In consort with the Jew;

11 Th'inhabitants of rocks and isles,
Of wilds, and cities fair,

Of Kedar huts, and naked hills,
And fingers ev'ry where;

- 12 Let them JEHOVAH's glory raise
In elevated files,
And celebrate his highest praise
In earth's remotest isles.

SONG XV.

*Christ's shewing his name, and his victory over his
and our enemies. Is. lxxiii. 1. — 5.*

Vers. 1 **W**HO's this from Edom comes in state?
From Bozra, who is this?

With ruddy garments to relate,
That victory is his?

This that is gloriously array'd,
And trav'ling on his road
I'th' greatness of his strength display'd
And grandeur of a God?

'Tis I that speak in righteousness,
I the victorious King,
Who come your enemies to suppress,
And your salvation bring.

- 2 Why, mighty Lord, may we propose,
Why is thy raiment red?
And all thy garments stain'd like those
That in the wine-press tread?

- 3 I've trod the bloody press alone,
O' th' folk none was with me;
My wrath has stamp'd the rebels down,
My fury made them flee.

Their blood hath all my garments stain'd,
And dy'd my raiment so;

The

The happy vict'ry now is gain'd,
O'er hellish pow'rs below.

I'll thus destroy the adverse throngs,
That dare insult my saints;
I have an arm to avenge their wrongs,
An ear to hear their plaints.

- 4 The day of vengeance on the foe
Is in my very heart;
The year of my redeem'd from wo
Is come to ease their smart.

S O N G XVI.

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ alone. If. xlv. 21.—25.

S E C T. I.

Salvation in Christ alone. Verf. 21. 22.

TH' eternal Son of God proclaims
His Godhead from above;
Mercy and justice are my names,
The fair enam'ling love.

- 21 Lift up your eyes, ye mankind lost,
And look to me alone;
I'm God the Saviour, God the just,
Beside me there is none.

- 22 Look from the earth's remotest ends,
By faith, and be ye sav'd:
My grace, that call'd the Jews, extends
To Gentile lands enslav'd.

Where-e'er you are, by land or sea,
At home or far abroad,

Look

Look not to idols vain, but me
The omnipresent God.

In me you'll find salvation sure
From sin, and death, and hell;
And life, more happy and secure,
Than 'twas before you fell.

SECT. II.

Righteousness and strength in Christ alone. Vers.
23. 24. 25.

23 By my great name I made a vow,
Nor, vow'd, my word shall veer;
To me alone each knee shall bow,
Each tongue allegiance swear.

24 Each soul, that knows the joyful sound,
With thankful tongues shall own;
My righteousness and strength is found
In thee, O Lord, alone.

By faith and pray'r shall Gentiles come
To him, with free consent:
Refusers too, to get their doom,
Shall come, but by constraint.

For all despisers of his name,
And ev'ry wicked foe,
Shall suffer penitential shame,
Or everlasting wo.

25 But happy thrice all Isra'l's seed,
Both rid of guilt and shame,
Shall in the Lord be justify'd,
And glory in his name.

SONG

S O N G XVII.

Christ's sufferings and glory; or, Unbelief lamented, and the benefit and success of the sufferings of Christ declared. H. III. 1. — 12.

Vers. 1 **W**HO hath believ'd our good report?
How few the truth have seal'd!
To whom is Christ, the strongest fort,
The arm of God, reveal'd!

For, like a tender plant sprung up
He seem'd, as he drew nigh;
And, like a despicable root
From ground exceeding dry.

No worldly splendor did he shew,
Nor outward gallantry;
No beauteous form, nor comely hue,
To charm the carnal eye.

3 Rejected and despis'd of men,
A man of griefs and woes;
His life with sorrow and disdain
Did both begin and close.

4 Yet, sure, our sorrows were his load,
Our griefs in him combin'd;
Though we esteem'd him plagu'd of God,
When anguish tore his mind.

5 But he was wounded for our sins,
And bruised for our guilt;
For which, from all his sacred veins,
Atoning blood was spilt.

Upon him was the chastisement,
That peace to us procur'd;
And we are heal'd, with Heav'n's consent,
By stripes, that he endur'd.

- 6 (Each to his own by-path), all we,
Like sheep have gone astray;
But God on him th' iniquity
Ev'n of us all did lay.
- 7 Wrong'd and oppress'd, yet meek and mute,
While patience overcame;
He was, when to the slaughter brought,
Dumb like a harmless lamb.
- 8 Who can his generation show?
Yet he, from prison led,
And judgment, under shew of law,
Was held among the dead;
Yea, justly held, by law divine,
And justly too set free:
Who can his endless life define,
Or count his progeny?
- His seed, for whom he was cut off
From these on earth that liv'd,
He for their sin, and their behoof,
The mortal stroke receiv'd.
- 9 His grave he with the wicked made,
And with the rich when dead;
No wrong did from his hand, nor fraud
E'er from his mouth proceed.
- 10 Yet, lo! it pleas'd the Lord to bruise,
And down the Surety tread;
But when, for sin and justice' dues,
His soul's the victim made,
Then said he, He shall see his seed,
Prolong his days for ay;
My pleasure in his hand succeed,
And prosper ev'ry way.

- 11 He of the travail of his soul
 The sweet effects shall see;
 And, joyful in his purchase whole,
 He satisfy'd shall be.
- My righteous Servant, then, withal,
 Shall justify and save
 His thousands, when of him they shall
 Fiducial knowledge have.
- 12 He with the great shall share the spoil,
 Defeat his mighty foes;
 Though rank'd with sinners, here he fell,
 A conqueror he rose.
- His Father's crown of victory
 Most fairly win he hath;
 For, at his call, he willingly
 Pour'd out his soul to death.
- He dying bore the guilt of men,
 That sin might be forgiv'n:
 He pleading died, and lives again
 To plead for them in heav'n.

S O N G XVIII.

The enlargement, glory, and safety of the church.

S E C T. I.

The gospel-church enlarged, her barren womb opened; or, The Gentiles brought in, and married to Christ. If. liv. 1.—5.

Vers. 1 **O** Barren Zion, sing aloud,
 For fruitful shalt thou be,
 With Gentiles as thy num'rous brood,
 And happy progeny.

Moe children shall be generate,
 So saith the Lord of life,
 By her that was so desolate,
 Than by the marry'd wife.

2 Enlarge abroad thy dwelling tent,
 Stretch forth thy curtains wide,

3 That, for thy off-spring opulent,
 Full room thou mayst provide.

4 Fear not, for thy recover'd fame
 Allows no mourning mood;
 No longer shalt thou bear the shame
 Of barren widowhood.

5 For happily betroth'd art thou
 To one of wondrous fame;
Thy Maker is thy husband now,
 The Lord of hosts his name.

Thy great Redeemer, match'd with thee,
 Is Zion's holy One:

The God of all the earth is he,
 And not of Jews alone.

S E C T. II.

*God's grievous desertion, and gracious return;
 or, His departure short, his covenant of peace
 everlasting. Is. liv. 6.—10.*

6 When, like a wife of youth refus'd,
 Thou didst deserted mourn,
 The Lord thy God, in love, thee chus'd,
 And call'd thee to return.

7 Though for a moment, very small,
 I thee forsook of late;

I'll gather thee from sin and thrall,
With mercies very great.

8 I, in a little wrath, my face
A moment hid from thee;
But, lo! my mercy's kind embrace
Shall everlasting be.

9 That Noah's waters no more should
O'erwhelm the earth, I swore,
So have I sworn I never would
Be angry with thee more.

10 The solid mountains shall depart,
The hills shall be remov'd;
But not the kindness of my heart
From thee my choice belov'd:

Nor shall my covenant of grace
And peace removed be,
Says God, who sees thee meriteless,
But mercy has on thee.

S E C T. III.

*The honour and security of the church; or, Zion
comforted both against disgrace and danger. II.
liv. 11.—17.*

11 O thou afflicted, toss'd with winds
And tempests very great,
Who in distress no comfort find'st,
But mourn'st thy grievous state!

Behold! thy ruins I'll repair
With finer pearls for nought,
Than rubies rich, or sapphires fair,
With gold of Ophir bought.

12 I'll beautify thy wasted wall,
Make thy foundations shine ;
Thy borders, gates, and windows all
With pleasant stones in line.

[These precious jewels, for thy dress,
That shall to thee be giv'n,
Are knowledge, peace, and righteousness,
The glist'ring gems of heav'n.]

13 Thy seed shall all be taught of God,
And great shall be their peace ;

14 And firm thy standing, not in fraud,
But truth and righteousness.

Oppressors shall be far remov'd,
'Thou therefore shalt not fear ;
And ills that once thy terror prov'd,
To thee shall not come near.

15 Thy foes, without my order, shall
Against thee counsel take ;
But, when combin'd, before thee fall
A booty, for thy sake.

[In vain attempts, as well as rash,
They shall but rage and rore ;
Like rising angry waves that dash
And die upon the shore.]

16 The smith that forms the swords of war,
The waster too, is mine ;
See, then, where the destroyers are
That serve not my design.

17 No weapon form'd against thy peace
Shall prosper in that aim,
But back upon the aimer's face
Turn to his hurt and shame.

2fo SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book I.

Reproachful tongues that 'gainst thee rise,
With shew of right and law,
Thou shalt condemn, and for their lies
Just vengeance on them draw.

God's saints, of all this promis'd bliss,
The happy heirs shall be;
And (saith the Lord) their righteousness
Is all and whole of me.

S O N G XIX.

The free gospel-call pressed, with the promise of solid and sure mercy. Is. lv. 1. 2. 3.

Vers. 1 **H**O! ev'ry thirsty soul, and all
That poor and needy are;
Here's water of salvation's well
For you to come and share.

Here's freedom both from sin and wo,
And blessings all divine:
Here streams of love and mercy flow,
Like floods of milk and wine.

Approach the fountain-head of bliss,
That's open like the sea,
To buyers that are moneyless,
To poorest beggars free.

2 Why spend you all your wealth and pains,
For that which is not bread,
And for unsatisfying gains,
On which no soul can feed?

While vain ye seek, with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind,
You lose immortal solid joys,
And feed upon the wind.

3 Incline your ear, and come to me;
Hear, and your soul shall live:

For

For mercies sure, as well as free,
I bind myself to give.

S O N G XX.

Faith and repentance urged upon sinners, from motives of grace and mercy ; or, God's drawing them to himself with cords of love. If. lv. 6.—9.

Vers. 6 **S**EEK God while yet he may be found,
Call on him while he's near ;
While grace's trump, the joyful sound
Of mercy, strikes your ear.

7 O let the wicked change his way !
And the unrighteous man
His thoughts, and legal hopes, that stray
Cross to the gospel-plan.

And let him now return to God,
The Lord our righteousness ;
Who, through the merit of his blood,
In mercy will him bless.

To our God let him turn betimes,
For gracious will he be ;
And for his multitude of crimes
Will pardons multiply.

Let, faith the Lord, my boundless grace
Move guilty souls to come,
And trust me with their desp'rate case,
When hopeless thoughts do roam.

8 Because my thoughts and ways divine
Are not as yours ; for why ?
All yours are base and low, but mine
Immensely great and high :

9 For as the heav'ns, in height and space,
Transcend your earthly boors ;

Much

Much more my thoughts and ways of grace
 Surmount all thoughts of yours.

[Great God, then bid the mountains move;
 Our sins, that reach the sky,
 Be melted down with flames of love,
 More infinitely high.]

S O N G XXI.

The desperate state of the church bewailed. Jer. viii.
 18.—22.

Vers. 18 **W**hen fain I would comfort myself,
 Against prevailing grief,
 My heart within me waxed faint,
 Nor could I find relief.

19 Behold my people's rueful cry,
 Hath reach'd my wounded ear,
 For exiles now in misery,
 Who yokes of bondage bear.

Doth not the Lord in Zion dwell,
 And there for ever reign?
 Why have they thus provok'd his ire
 With idols strange and vain?

20 The harvest-time is overpast,
 The summer's at an end;
 Yet sav'd we are not, nor from heav'n
 Does help to us descend.

21 The daughter of my people's hurt
 Doth wound and blacken me;
 Astonishment hath seiz'd my soul
 To an extreme degree.

22 Is there no balm in Gilead?
 Is no physician there?
 Why then hath Zion's hurt no cure,
 Nor yet her health repair?

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART V.

A Short PARAPHRASE on the LAMENTATIONS of JEREMIAH.

THE title of this book, which has none in the original, is taken from the subject-matter of which it treats; and therefore intitled LAMENTATIONS. As there are sacred odes, or songs of joy; so there are sacred elegies, or songs of lamentation.—The penman of the Spirit of God in this book, was Jeremiah the prophet, who is here Jeremiah the poet; and, indeed, Vates signifies both. It is thought fitly adjoined to his book as an appendix.—The occasion of these Lamentations was the destruction of the city and temple of Jerusalem, and of the land of Judea, by the Chaldean army; and the dissolution of the Jewish state, both civil and ecclesiastical, thereby.—The use of these Lamentations is still to affect the Lord's people with godly sorrow for sin, as the procuring cause of all such miseries and calamities, that may befall the church of God in this world.

The original composition of this book is not only poetical, but alphabetical; each verse beginning with a several letter in the order of the Hebrew alphabet; the first Aleph, the second Beth, &c. This order is followed in all the first four chapters.

The first, second, and fourth chapters, consist of twenty-

twenty-two verses, which comprehend the whole alphabet. The third chapter consists of sixty-six verses, whereof each three verses do begin with one letter throughout, and all in the foresaid alphabetical order, except that in chapters second, third, and fourth, the letter Pe is put before Ain, which, in all the Hebrew alphabets, follows it. As to the reason whereof, Dr Leighton offers this conjecture, that the letter Ain, which is the numeral letter for 70, was thus, by being misplaced, made remarkable, to put them in mind of the 70 years; at the end of which God would turn again their captivity, under which they were in Babylon.

The fifth chapter is not alphabetical as the rest, yet (it seems, in conformity to the rest) it consists also of twenty-two verses, according to the number of the letters in the said Hebrew alphabet.

It may be said therefore of this book of the Lamentations, what some say of the cxixth psalm, that "it seems to have more of poetical skill and number in it, than we, at this distance, can easily understand;" in so much, that some have called that psalm the saint's alphabet, it being divided into twenty-two parts, according to the number of the Hebrew letters, and each part consists of eight verses. All the verses of the first part begin with Aleph, all the verses of the second with Beth, and so on, without any flaw, throughout the whole psalm; Heaven thus condescending to teach by letters, and, as it were, with an A, B, C. "If any censure it as childish and trifling," says Mr Henry, "because acrostics are quite out of fashion, let them know, that the royal psalmist despises their censure; he is a teacher of babes, and if this method be beneficial to them, he can easily stoop to it: if this be to be vile, he will be yet more vile."

Now,

Now, as the translators of that cxixth psalm, both in the prose and in the metre, have set down the names of the Hebrew letters, on the head of every part or section thereof; so, in imitation of that method, I thought fit to set down the name of every Hebrew letter, before each verse that begins therewith, that thus the beauty and order of the original might appear; and to shew how much the Spirit of God, who is a God of order, consulted the help and benefit of weak memories, by modelling the composition of this book, with these memorial letters; intimating, perhaps, to us, that method and order, even in sacred discourses, ought not always to be hid or couched in the bosom of long harangues; and that the methodical way of treating them, equally evident and conspicuous as these initial letters, hath a divine precedent, in many scripture-instances.

That the paraphrase on this book of the Lamentations might keep the order that is in the original, I have, in all the four alphabetical chapters, endeavoured some conformity thereto, by comprehending every verse under each Hebrew letter, within the compass of two stanzas: some of the verses being long, required them both; and this occasions, that in some other places where the verses are shorter, the version, or paraphrase, is the longer.

That all may be blessed of God, for the edification of his church and people, is the earnest desire of their servant, and yours in Christ,

RALPH ERSKINE.

C H A P. I.

Jerusalem's miserable state, by reason of sin, bitterly bewailed: she complaineth of her calamities and grief, both to God, and to friends; solicits commiseration, and confesseth God's judgments to be righteous.

A L E P H.

Vers. 1 **A**H! how so populous of late
The city sits alone!

How widow-like is she, that great
Among the nations shone!

Amidst the provinces around,
She like a princess sat,
But now is under tribute bound
Unto a foreign state.

B E T H.

2 By night she weeps, and briny tears
Bedew her comely cheeks;
'Mong all her lovers none appears,
Nor to her comfort speaks.

Her friends, by whom she was caress'd,
Have serv'd her treach'rously;
Their friendship, formerly profess'd,
Is turn'd to enmity.

G I M E L.

3 Judah into captivity,
By adversaries rude,
Is gone, because of cruelty
And grievous servitude.

'Mong Heathen now she dwells in thrall,
No rest her grief abates;

Her

Her bloody persecutors all
O'ertake her in the straits.

DALETH.

- 4 The ways of Zion wail her fates,
None keep her solemn feasts;
And all her once frequented gates,
Black desolation wastes.

Her priests, in fable, sigh to see
Their solemn festivals gone;
Her virgins are oppress'd, and she
In bitterness doth moan.

HE.

- 5 Her foes the chief above her are,
Her adversaries thrive;
For God hath measur'd grief to her
Who did his Spirit grieve:

Because her sins were num'rous grown,
And heinous in his eye,
Her num'rous seed are captive gone
Before the enemy.

VAV.

- 6 Her splendid beauty bright that shone,
To her renown before,
Is all from Zion's daughter gone,
And to be seen no more.

Her peers, like hunted harts on flight,
For want of pasture frail,
Before the hot pursuer's might
Do pow'rless faint and fail.

ZAIN.

- 7 Jerus'lem in her days now lin'd
With sorrows manifold,

T

Call'd

Call'd all her pleasant things to mind,
Which she possess'd of old,

Her people fell before her foes,
Who now upon her gaze
When helpless, to deride her woes,
And mock her Sabbath-days.

C H E T H.

- 8 Salem hath greatly finn'd, and hence
She's now remov'd afar;
All who did once her reverence
Now her despisers are :

Because her nakedness of life
Is now expos'd to them;
With deep regret she sighs for grief,
And backward turns for shame.

T E T H.

- 9 Filth in her skirts and lewdness tend
To ruin her renown;
She, thoughtless of her latter end,
Came wonderfully down.

No comforter in her behalf
Appear'd for her relief:
The foe hath magnify'd himself;
O Lord, behold my grief.

J O D.

- 10 Profanely hath the wicked foe,
Spread out his hands unclean,
On all her pleasant things: for lo,
Her weeping eyes have seen,

How that the Heathen vile invade
Her sanctuary fair,
Thy sacred court, of which thou'st said
They shall not enter there.

C A P H.

C A P H.

- 11 Her people sigh, and bread implore,
Her pleasant things are sold,
Their fainting spirits to restore,
Their bodies to uphold:

Consider thou, O Lord, my state,
See my extremity,
For despicable, desolate,
And vile, become am I.

L A M E D.

- 12 Ah! is it nought to you that pass
The way? Behold and see,
If ever any sorrow was
Like this befallen me.

But 'tis JEHOVAH, to display
His justice in my lot,
Who me afflicted in the day
Of his displeasure hot.

M E M.

- 13 Into my bones he hath sent down
From heav'n a burning fire,
Which o'er their strength prevailing soon
Consum'd them in his ire.

He for my feet hath spread a net,
And backward turn'd my way;
'Tis he hath made me desolate,
And faintish all the day.

N U N.

- 14 The yoke of my collected sins,
He with his hand doth tie;
Them fast he wreaths, and up he twines,
And on my neck they lie.

My strength he dash'd with overthrows,
 My valour prostrate lies;
 He put me in the hand of those
 From whom I cannot rise.

S A M E C H.

- 15 Amidst me, he my champions all
 Down under foot did push;
 Then 'gainst me an assembly call,
 My choicest youths to crush.

I'th' wine-press of the wrath of God,
 Where not the fair escapes,
 The Lord hath Judah's daughter trode,
 As people tread the grapes.

A I N.

- 16 On these accounts I weep and bray;
 Mine eye, mine eye runs down
 With briny floods, because away
 The Comforter is gone;

Who should my grief of soul abate,
 He's far from me remote:
 My children too are desolate
 Since foes the pow'r have got.

P E.

- 17 Though Zion wailing spread her hands,
 None's to comfort her found:
 Concerning Jacob God commands
 His foes should him surround.

'Mong whom fair Salem, now in tears,
 When none do succour bring,
 A separated drab appears,
 And like a loathsome thing.

T Z A D E.

18 But just and righteous is the Lord;
For by my wickedness,
I have rebell'd against his word,
And wrought my own distress.

All people, hear with pity then,
And see my grief, I pray:
My virgins, and my choice young men,
Are captives led away.

K O P H.

19 I call'd for friends, and near allies,
That courted once my love,
Who now, regardless of my cries,
To me deceitful prove.

My priests and elders, who for me
With Heav'n might intercede,
In city fainting sought supply,
But dy'd for want of bread.

R E S H.

20 See, Lord, for I'm oppress'd and cross'd
Unto the last degree;
My bowels troubled are and toss'd,
My heart is turn'd in me.

For grievously rebell'd I have,
Provoking thee to wrath:
Abroad the bloody sword doth reave,
At home a direful death.

S H I N.

21 My foes all heard of my distress,
My sighs and troubles sad;
They heard I am left comfortless,
And at my woes were glad:

Thy doing is their mirth; but, lo!
Thou'lt make the day to shine,
Proclaim'd by thee, in which their wo
And grief shall equal mine.

T A U.

22 Let all the wickedness they frame,
Before thy presence be;
And likewise do thou unto them,
As thou hast done to me.

For all my sins, which do my means
And miseries augment:
Great is the number of my groans,
My heart within me faint.

C H A P. II.

Jeremiah lamenteth the misery of Jerusalem; taking notice of the anger of the Lord as the cause of her calamities, and the sorrow that took place as the effect of these. He maketh his complaint unto God, referring the matter to his most compassionate consideration.

A L E P H.

Vers. 1 **H**OW doth the Lord a cloud of wrath
O'er Zion's daughter spread,
And down from heav'n to earth beneath,
Fair Isra'l's pomp degrade!

Regardless of his temple gay,
How has he quite forgot
His sacred footstool, in his day
Of indignation hot.

B E T H.

2 The Lord hath Jacob's dwellings all
Devour'd, and pity'd none;

He

He Judah's bulwarks, great and small,
Down in his wrath has thrown :

He level with the ground them laid,
Their princes too were preys :
Them and the kingdom both he made
Polluted cast-aways.

G I M E L.

- 3 All Isra'l's horn, in wrath, he cut
Quite off, till pow'r was lost ;
And back his right hand vigour put,
Before the adverse host.

On ev'ry side he set his ire
A-burning to the ground,
'Gainst Jacob like a flaming fire,
Devouring all around.

D A L E T H.

- 4 Like to an adversary grand,
He bent his mighty bow ;
Stood wrathful like, with his right hand
Stretch'd for the fatal blow :

He all our pleasant ones devour'd,
And slew our eyes-desire :
In Zion's daughters tents he pour'd
His fury out like fire.

H E.

- 5 All Isra'l's palaces and stays,
And strengths, to ruin go ;
Her forts demolish'd are, because
JEHOVAH was a foe :

Backsliding Judah too her share
Of heaviness possess'd ;
For woful lamentations there
And mourning he increas'd.

V A U.

- 6 He like a garden-tent hath pull'd
His tabernacle down;
His oft-assembling courts annull'd,
His synagogues o'erthrown.

God caus'd in Zion solemn feasts
And Sabbaths be forgot;
And hath despis'd both king and priest
In's fury burning hot.

Z A I N.

- 7 The Lord his altar did disown,
His sanctuary abhor;
Shut up, and set her foes upon
Her palace-walls to rore:

Within the house of God have they
Profanely made a noise,
As when his folk did on the day
Of solemn feasts rejoice.

C H E T H.

- 8 God Zion's walls and ramparts all
Had purpos'd to destroy;
Stretch'd out a line, nor did recall
His hand from this employ:

He therefore going on hath made
Her bulwarks to lament;
Together dash'd they languished,
Their fortitude was spent.

T E T H.

- 9 Sunk into rubbish are her gates,
Her bars entirely broke;
Yea, now her king and potentates
Groan in the Gentiles yoke;

The

The law's no more, which once her mind
 With sacred lessons stor'd;
 Her seers mourn, her prophets find
 No vision from the Lord.

J O D.

- 10 Now, Zion's elders on the ground
 Sit down, and silence keep;
 They cast up dust their heads around,
 And girt with sackcloth weep:

Proud dames who did, in pompous weeds,
 Vain admiration claim;
 Ev'n Salem's virgins hang their heads
 Down to the ground for shame.

C A P H.

- 11 With tears consum'd are both mine eyes;
 Pain'd are my bowels all;
 Pour'd on the earth my liver lies,
 For Zion's daughter's thrall:
 Because in dearth provision spent,
 The citizens decay;
 Babes in the streets for hunger faint,
 And sucklings swoon away.

L A M E D.

- 12 The young ones to their mothers cry,
 "O where's our former share
 "Of corn and wine, and such supply
 "As was our wonted fare!"

Scarce had they spoke, till in th' arrest,
 As those in wounds of death,
 They on their moaning mother's breast,
 Pour'd out their dying breath.

M E M.

M E M.

- 13 To match thy case, O Salem fair !
 What equal shall I bring ?
 'Twere ease, could I thy woes compare
 To any other thing.

O Zion ! great's thy breach that grows
 Like vast sea-billow rounds ;
 Incomparable are thy woes,
 Incurable thy wounds.

N U N.

- 14 Thy prophets false have seen for thee
 Most foolish things and vain,
 Thy sin they shew'd not faithfully
 To turn away thy bane ;
 But have for thee false burdens seen,
 False causes of thy wo,
 And smoothing vice thy guilt to skreen,
 Have wrought thy overthrow.

S A M E C H.

- 15 All passengers clap hands at thee,
 'Gainst Salem they inveigh ;
 They shake their heads contempt'ously,
 And mock, and hiss, and say,
 " Is this the city so renown'd
 " We see in rubbish hurl'd,
 " The beauty with perfection crown'd,
 " The joy of all the world ?"

P E.

- 16 Thy cruel foes with wide mouth bray,
 'Gainst thee their spite avow ;
 They gnash the teeth, and hissing say,
 " We have devour'd her now :

" This

“ This surely is the day that we
 “ Expected for her fall ;
 “ We’ve found it now, and gladly see
 “ Our triumph in her thrall.”

A I N.

- 17 The Lord hath done what he ordain’d,
 As he of old declar’d ;
 Fulfill’d the word of his command,
 Cast down, and hath not spar’d :
 O’er thee he made the foe in scorn,
 To joy and be jocose ;
 He hath exalted high the horn
 Of thy insulting foes.

T Z A D E.

- 18 Their heart cry’d to the Lord, and said,
 O Zion wall o’erthrown !
 Let tears both day and night be shed,
 And like a flood run down :
 Allow thyself no rest, and let
 The apple of thine eye
 No pause or intermission get,
 But weep incessantly.

K O P H.

- 19 Arise, and each night-watch prevent,
 Cry out thy woful case ;
 Thine heart in floods of water vent
 Before JEHOVAH’s face :
 For thy poor young ones life intreat,
 With hands uplifted high,
 That on the top of ev’ry street
 For hunger fainting die.

R E S H.

- 20 This thou hast done, mind, Lord, to whom :
 O see ! shall women eat

The

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The span-long fruit of their own womb,
For very want of meat ?

And shall, alas ! the rev'rend train
And consecrated race,
The priest and prophet both be slain,
Within thy holy place ?

S H I N.

21 Both young and old along the ground
Lie in the streets, O Lord ;
My darling maids and youths are found
Slain by the bloody sword.

Foes are but weapons of thy wrath,
Thou slew'st, thou kill'dst them, Lord,
In thy avenging day that hath
No pity to afford.

T A U.

22 Thou hast, as in a solemn day,
My terrors call'd around,
That thus when wrath divine made way,
None to escape were found ;
None left : yea, those whom I with care,
Had wrapt in swaddling-bands
And foster'd, by mine en'mies are
Consum'd with cruel hands.

C H A P. III.

*The faithful bewail their calamities, viewing them
as the fruits and effects of God's displeasure. By
the mercies of God they encourage their hope, ac-
knowledging his justice, praying for deliverance,
and vengeance on their enemies.*

A L E P H.

Vers. 1 I'M by the rod of wrath divine
The man that hath seen wo ;

2 He

- 2 He led and carried me and mine
To shades of darkness low,
But not unto a lightsome path;
3 Nay, in a hostile way
He's surely turn'd, his hand in wrath
'Gainst me he turns all day.

BETH.

- 4 My flesh and skin of young and fair,
Old and decay'd he made;
5 Did break my bones; and buildings rear,
My strong holds to invade.

He me encompass'd and entwin'd,
With gall and travel sore:

- 6 In places dark he me enshrin'd,
As men long dead before.

GIMEL.

- 7 He hedg'd me in, I can't get out;
His heavy chain I bear:
8 My pray'r he, when I cry and shout,
Shuts out, and scorns to hear.

- 9 My ways inclos'd as with a wall
Of firm hewn stone he hath;
And to defeat my counsels all
He crooked made my path.

DALETH.

- 10 He close laid wait, as for the prey
A lion and a bear,
11 And turning quite aside my way
Did me in pieces tear:

He laid me waste, and in the dark,

- 12 His bow of fury hot

He bent, and at me as a mark

His barbed iron shot.

U

HE.

- H. E.
- 13 His quiver-darts, so fierce set off,
 Into my reins made way:
 14 To all the folk I was a scoff,
 Their music all the day.

- I'm made the subject of their song,
 15 And fill'd until I shrunk
 With bitterness and wormwood strong,
 With which he made me drunk.

- V. A. U.
- 16 With gravel-stones my teeth he brake;
 With ashes cover'd me:
 17 From peace, my soul, now gone to wrack,
 Is far remov'd by thee.

- Forgetting bliss, as overpast,
 I spake this desp'rate word,
 18 " My strength is gone, my hope is lost,
 " And perish'd from the Lord."

- Z. A. I. N.
- 19 Despair was fed by minding all
 My miseries and woes;
 The bitter wormwood and the gall,
 20 My soul keeps mind of those:

- Hence sunk and bow'd within me 'tis;
 But why so very sad?
 21 Despair, be gone; I've hope from this
 I mind anon to add.

- C. H. E. T. H.
- 22 'Tis of the Lord's compassions great,
 And his unfailing love,
 We are not all consum'd as yet,
 For still his bowels move:

- 23 They new with ev'ry mording roll;
Thy truth is great and high;
24 The Lord's my portion, saith my soul;
Hence in him hope will I.

T E T H.

- 25 God's good to them that on him wait,
To souls that seek his face.
26 'Tis good that one, with hope sedate,
Expect his saving grace.
27 And for a man, by sorrow broke,
'Tis good with silent mouth,
And heart submiss, to bear the yoke
And trouble in his youth.

J O D.

- 28 He quiet sits alone, brought low
By having borne the rod;
29 With mouth put in the dust, if so
There may be hope in God.
30 His chéek he to the smiter's will
Revengeless doth assign;
Fill'd with reproach, he bears the fill,
With patience half divine.

C A P H.

- 31 The Lord will not reject for ay,
32 But though he causeth grief,
Yet he his pity will display,
And timely grant relief.

- His mercies thwart not with his dart,
33 For when he smites, ev'n then
Not willingly, nor from his heart,
He grieves the sons of men.

L A M E D.

- 34 Men's cruel deeds God can't abide,
To crush earth's captive race,
35 To turn the poor man's right aside,
Before the Sov'reign's face ;
36 To violate the sacred laws
Of justice and of right,
And judge unjustly in a cause,
Are hateful in his sight.

M E M.

- 37 Who's he that speaks, and then 'tis done,
When nay's JEHOVAH's will ?
38 Out from the mouth of th' highest One
Comes not both good and ill.
39 O why then should a living man
Dare enter his complaint,
For penal ill ; a guilty man
For's own sin's punishment ?

N U N.

- 40 Come let us search and try our ways,
Not murmur at the rod,
But for our sins our souls abase,
And turn again to God.

- 41 Let us lift up our heart and hands
Whole to the God of heav'n :
42 We have rebell'd 'gainst thy commands ;
Thou, Lord, hast not forgiv'n.

S A M E C H.

- 43 Thy wrath us hid, pursu'd, nor stopt
But slew, and did not spare ;
44 Thyself hid with a cloud that opt
No through-pass for our pray'r.

45 The world's vile filth thou hast us made,
Which with contempt they use;
We lie among the nations spread,
The scum and the refuse.

P E.

46 Wide mouths 'gainst us our en'mies all
Have made, and scoffing joy'd;
47 Fear and a snare upon us fall,
We're wasted and destroy'd.
48 Mine eyes to weeping fountains turn,
Whence briny rivers flow,
While I my people's daughter mourn
And moan her overthrow.

A I N.

49 With tears still trickling down, mine eye
Incessant cannot rest,
50 'Till God look down, and from on high,
Behold our case distress'd.
51 Mine eye affects my heart with pain,
To see the ruin vast
Of Salem's race, the doleful bane
I see, and stand aghast.

T Z A D E.

52 With causeless hate my eager foes,
Me like a bird did chase;
53 My life within the dungeon close,
Then with a stone depreß.
54 High did the swelling waters grow,
My head was overflown,
Then said my hopeless heart, "I'm now
"Cut off, and quite undone."

K O P H.

55 Time was, when from the dungeon low
I pray'd, and thou didst hear:

U 3

56 Lord,

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56 Lord, hide not from my breathing now,
Nor from my cry, thine ear.

57 What day of dread I call'd on thee,
Thou didst not stand remote,
But drewest near to comfort me,
By saying, *Fear thou not.*

R E S H.

58 Lord, thou the causes of my soul
Wast wont to plead for me;
Thy love did threat'ning deaths controul,
My life to save and free.

59 Judge now my cause, Lord, thou hast seen
My wrongs by men of strife;

60 Seen all their rage and vengeance keen,
And plots against my life.

S H I N.

61 Lord, thou their vile reproach hast heard,
Their machinations all;

62 The lips of those that rose, and jeer'd,
And spat at me their gall.

63 Their daily projects me to drub,
Their sitting down espy,
And rising up, at ev'ry club
Their music still am I.

T A V.

64 Reward them as from thee they swerve,
Their heart with grief consume,

65 To shew they for their works deserve
Thy curse to be their doom.

66 As me they chase and sue to death,
With them in wrath be ev'ns;

• Pursue and raze them from beneath
The great JEHOVAH's heav'ns.

C H A P. IV.

Zion bewaileth her pitiful estate, occasioned by the direful effects of the famine, the sacking of Jerusalem. She confesseth her sins, and acknowledgeth that the iniquities of her leaders were the cause of all these calamities. Edom's destruction foretold, and the return of Zion's captivity.

A L E P H.

Verf. 1 **T**HE temple-gold, how now so dim!
That glister'd once so gay!
How has the finest gold in trim,
Now chang'd its bright array!

The temple-stones now tumbled down,
That lay in stately square,
On top of ev'ry street o'erthrown,
Lie scatter'd here and there.

B E T H.

2 Lo! Zion's sons of precious mould,
Her saints, her priests, her peers,
That might compare with purest gold,
More fine than Ophir bears;

How basely are they now esteem'd
As pitchers vile and coarse,
Wrought by the potter's hand, and deem'd
But earthen ware, and worse!

G I M E L.

3 Sea-monsters, ev'n by nature taught,
To suckle their own brood,
Draw out the breast to give a draught,
And cherish them with food;

But, ah! my people's daughter faint
Seems savage now, no less

Than

Than cruel ostridges that haunt
The howling wilderness.

D A L E T H.

- 4 Lo ! to the suckling's palate dry,
Fast cleaves his wither'd tongue ;
Breasts empty can't his thirst supply,
So dies the tender young :

The infant wean'd no better speed
Can make, from door to door
He fainting begs a crumb of bread,
But none have so much o'er.

H E.

- 5 Ev'n these innur'd to dainty meats,
Who sumptuously had far'd,
Now wand'ring needy through the streets,
The desolation shar'd:

The rank brought up among the best,
In scarlet beds and dress,
Were glad, in search of food and rest,
The dunghills to embrace.

V A U.

- 6 Strokes, for her sins, more heavy lay
On Zion's daughter's back,
Than did on Sodom, once a-day
Involv'd in sudden wrack :

Wrath did them in a trice consume,
Nor were they daily slain,
By human hands ; but Zion's doom
Is found a ling'ring bane.

Z A I N.

- 7 Her Nazarites and select ones
Were splendid once and gay,

Like

Like high-born separated sons,
In pompous rich array :

More pure than snow they were each one,
More white than milk to fight ;
In face the ruby red outshone,
In dress the sapphire bright.

C H E T H.

8 But now their beauteous visage so
With blackness is o'ergrown,
More than a coal ; when forth they go
They're in the streets unknown.

So close their dry and parched skin
Unto their bones doth cleave ;
To wither'd sticks they claim a kin,
And scarce are said to live.

T E T H.

9 Those better are by sword who die,
Their life they quickly yield,
Than these whom killing straits deny
The increase of the field :

For whom fierce famine stricken hath,
In torment ev'ry day,
Within the jaws of ling'ring death,
They wasting pine away.

J O D.

10 Fond mothers wonted to caress,
And on their young to doat,
Were forc'd, with their own hands, to dress
The infant for their pot :

The famine's hot devouring flame
So rag'd in ev'ry street,
The prattling babes, alas ! became
Their gasping mother's meat.

C A P H.

C A P H.

- 11 The Lord his threaten'd fury great,
Now thus accomplish'd hath,
And pour'd out, at a fearful rate,
The fierceness of his wrath :

In Zion's midst he rais'd a flame,
That o'er the rafters tour'd,
Then the foundation's total frame
The burning fire devour'd.

L A M E D.

- 12 Kings of the earth, and all that plant
The spacious world around
Could ne'er have thought this truth to grant
Which now too true is found :

That ever could an adverse foe,
Who Salem's pow'r envy'd,
Her gates invade, and then o'erthrow,
As now is verify'd.

M E M.

- 13 But in the ruin justice shines ;
Whence did it chiefly flow ?
Ev'n from her priests and prophets sins,
Which rip'ned her for wo :

Through them in midst of her was shed,
The blood of prophets just,
And saints, at whom in her they bred
An hatred and disgust.

N U N.

- 14 With darkness blind, with gore defil'd,
They round the streets did roam,
Stain'd with the blood of man and child,
They odious were become :

A cruel heart, tongue, hand, or eye,
Each tender spirit lothes;
Such theirs, as sober men were shy
To touch their bloody clothes.

SAMECH.

- 15 Their piety so feign'd had been,
In scorn the people cry,
"Depart, depart; touch not th'unclean;"
When off they walk and fly.

The very Heathen them upbraid,
And packing them away,
"From Salem, be they gone," they said,
"For there they shall not stay."

P E.

- 16 This carries on, said they, our game;
The Lord hath giv'n them o'er;
His anger hath divided them;
He'll not regard them more.

Just Heav'n thus doom'd their disregard
Of ev'ry faithful priest;
True prophets they nor elders spar'd,
Nor favour'd in the least.

A I N.

- 17 Now as for us, amidst our strait,
Fail'd have as yet our eyes,
While we for help and succour wait
From faithless, weak allies:

Our vain and fruitless hopes have fled,
And justly us misgave;
We watched for a nation's aid,
Unable us to save.

T Z A D E.

- 18 High batt'ries rais'd above our walls,
The sieging foe completes;
Their arrows fury on us falls,
And hunts us off our streets.

Our sacred and our civil state,
Is thus to ruin come,
Our prosp'rous days are out of date,
How near's our dismal doom!

K O P H.

- 19 There's no escaping when we fly,
Pursuers such are they,
Far swifter than the eagles high,
When flying on their prey:

If to the mountains high we fled,
There they pursu'd us straight;
If to the desert haste we made,
There they for us laid wait.

R E S H.

- 20 The Lord's anointed, who we thought
Our life and breath would guard,
The royal prey, our prince was caught,
And in their pits insnar'd:

Beneath his shade we thought to creep,
And safe 'mong Heathen live;
But flighting Christ, the antitype,
Vain hopes did us misgive.

S H I N.

- 21 O Edomite! rejoice, exult
O'er Zion's wrack, but know
The cup of wrath, for this insult,
Its round to thee shall go:

Thou

Thou shalt be drunk, infatuate,
Mad in thy projects all;
Expose thyself to shame and hate,
And stagg'ring headlong fall.

T A U.

22 The punishment Heav'n did intend,
O Zion! for thy sin;
Ev'n thy captivity shall end,
When Edom's woes begin.

He'll now, O Edom! punish thee,
For all thy wicked deeds,
Laid ope, to shew how justly he
'Gainst thee in wrath proceeds.

C H A P. V.

*Zion's pitiful complaint to God in prayer. In which
she remonstrates her present calamitous state in
her captivity, and protests her concern for God's
sanctuary; with a humble supplication to, and
expostulation with God, for the returns of mercy.*

Vers. 1 **R**emember, Lord, what's come on us,
How haughty foes encroach;
Behold our case so infamous,
Consider our reproach.

Our heritage and houses cease
Now to be call'd our own;
Strangers and aliens have our lease
Of property o'erthrown.

As helpless orphans we're bereav'd,
And fatherless we mourn;
Our mothers are as widows griev'd,
Lamenting o'er the urn.

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- 4 Water that's free to ev'ry frog,
For money we have drunk;
Paid dear for ev'ry wooden log;
So far our rights are sunk;
- 5 We on our necks the heavy yoke
Of persecution bear;
We toil, and have not from the shock
A resting day nor year.
- 6 With Egypt we were forc'd to make
A bargain for our bread;
And also hands with Ashur shake,
To satisfy our need.
- 7 Our fathers sinn'd, and are no more
On earth their grief to vent;
But of their sins as heirs we bore
The daily punishment.
- 8 Base slaves have o'er us domineer'd,
We drudged at their beck;
Yet none have for our help appear'd,
Their insolence to check.
- 9 In peril of our lives, with pain,
Our bread we daily snatch'd;
For round the city, in the plain,
The bloody sword dispatch'd.
- 10 The storm of famine's fierce attack,
So terrible hath prov'n;
Our skin was dry'd and parched black,
In colour like an ov'n.
- 11 In Zion, women of chaste names
Were ravish'd and o'erpower'd;
In Judah's cities younger dames
And maidens were deflower'd.

12 Ev'n princes, with their hands in rage,
Were hang'd up by the neck:
To elder's faces grave and sage,
They yielded no respect.

13 Young men were set to grind, and stress'd
With work in slavish mode;
And children small, with wood oppress'd,
Fell down beneath the load.

14 Elders and judges from the gate,
Now cease to give decrees;
Musicians young, their lutes translate
To harps on willow-trees.

15 Our former solemn festal mirth
And joy of heart is gone;
Our merry dance is turn'd on earth
Into a mourning moan.

16 The crown is fall'n from off our head,
The royal state and sway;
Wo's us for we have sinn'd indeed,
And thrown our bliss away!

17 For this our sin and guilt so grim,
Faint hearts we have and fears:
For these our woes, our eyes are dim,
And blinded all with tears.

18 For Zion mount's so desolate,
That foxes, as they please,
And crafty foes to church and state,
Tread down the spot with ease.

19 Justly uncrown'd, uncrown'd, we chime;
But thou, Lord, stay'st for ay:
From age to age enthron'd sublime,
No changes mar thy sway.

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20 Lord, wherefore dost thou us forget,
For ever shall it be?
Why left in this deserted state
Are we so long by thee?

21 Turn us to thee, Lord, and we shall
Be turn'd into thy mold;
Renew our days, restore our all,
And save us, as of old.

22 For wilt thou quite reject us, Lord,
In wrath to endless years?
Then where's thy love, thy truth, thy word?
Let faith dissolve our fears.

SCRIP

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART VI.

POEMS selected from the MINOR PROPHETS.

THE twelve prophets, whose writings compose the latter part, and consequently complete the canon of the Old Testament, are usually denominated the lesser prophets: not as if they themselves were any way inferior to the other prophets, or less in God's account; or their writings of less authority, importance, and usefulness, than these of the greater prophets: but only because they are shorter, and less in size than the other. There is the greatest reason to believe, that these prophets preached as much as the other; but did not commit so much of what they delivered to writing: and it is certain they were as useful in their day, and held in as great reputation as the other, although there is not so much of their prophecies kept on record, and transmitted to posterity. On this account, their compositions cannot be supposed to contain so many sacred odes, or so much fertile matter for divine hymns, as the other prophets, whose writings are vastly larger; yet the following Songs are selected from them.

S O N G I.

Jonah's prayer out of the whale's belly.

Jonah ii. 1.—9. "Then Jonah prayed unto
 "the Lord his God, out of the fish's belly, and
 "said,"

Vers. 2 **I** Cry'd to God the Lord most high,
 When trouble me beset;
 He heard, and listen'd to my cry
 From out the womb of hell.

3 Thou me into the swelling deeps
 Amidst the seas hadst cast;
 Around me floods, and o'er me heaps,
 Of waves and billows past.

4 Quite from thy sight I'm cast, said I,
 And bury'd in the main:
 Yet to thine holy place mine eye
 Will dare to look again.

5 Around me to my very soul
 The roaring seas were spread:
 The swelling deeps inclos'd me whole;
 The weeds inwrap'd my head.

6 To bottoms of the mountains down
 Shipp'd in the whale's dark womb;
 Earth's bars about me seem'd anon
 My everlasting tomb:

Yet, Lord, my life thou didst restore
 From rotting death's abode,
 And mad'st my grave cast me ashore,
 O my almighty God.

- 7 For when amidst the rolling waves
 My heart was faint in me,
 I call'd to mind the Lord who saves,
 And sets the captives free:
- Then from my goal my pray'r sent,
 Before thy face appear'd,
 Into thy holy temple went,
 And was in mercy heard.
- 8 All these from their own mercies swerve,
 Who their own duty shun;
 Who lying vanities observe,
 And scorn to kiss the Son.
- 9 But I with thankful voice will sound
 Thy glorious praise abroad;
 I'll pay my vows ashore, undrown'd:
 Salvation is of God.

S O N G II.

*A prayer of Habakkuk the prophet; upon Sigionoth;
 [or, according to the variable songs or tunes.]
 Hab. iii. 2.—19.*

S E C T. I. *Habakkuk's prayer.*

Vers. 2 **L**ord, I have heard thy awful speech,
 Which struck my heart with fears;
 Revive thy work, Lord, I beseech,
 Amidst the woful years.

Amidst the seventy years of thrall
 Make known thy faithfulness:
 In wrath, though just, to mind recall
 Free mercy prone to blefs.

- 3 [Our fathers in their lowest state
 Thine arm did safe uphold;

Let

Let hope revive while I relate
Thy wonders done of old.]

From Teman came the holy One,
God came from Paran hill;
O'er all the heav'n's his glory shone,
His praise the earth did fill.

4 His brightness pure outshone the light,
Beams darted from each side;
And there he pleas'd to shew his might,
Yet more his might to hide.

5 Before him went the pestilence,
And burning at his feet;
Hot plagues went forth in Egypt, thence,
To guard his folks retreat.

6 He stood and mete the promis'd land:
He look'd but from above
Upon the Heathen nations grand,
And them asunder drove.

States that like moveless mountains were
He scatter'd all abroad;
Perpetual hills did bow with fear,
At the rebuke of God.

[On him may Isra'l's children place
Their hope in ev'ry thrall];
His ways of pow'r, and truth, and grace,
Are everlasting all.

7 [They're still the same to dash and shake
The force that Zion harms]:
Lo! Cushman tents, and Midian's quake,
When God appears in arms.

8 Did Heav'n against the rivers frown?
Did wrath the sea betide?

That thou didst mount thy horse, and on
Salvation's chariot ride?

- 9 Nay, naked quite thy bow was made,
As thou didst say and swear
To Isra'l's tribes, whose conquest spread
To make thy truth appear.

With rivers to refresh thy flocks
Earth cleft asunder seems:
Thou turn'dst the floods to crystal rocks;
The rocks to crystal streams.

- 10 On sight of thee did mountains quake;
The flowing waves past by;
The deeps with noisy roaring spake,
And hands uplifted high.

- 11 Both sun and moon stood still; and bright
Within their circling spheres,
To wait thy shining arrows flight,
And speed thy glit'ring spears.

- 12 Thou on thy march through Canaan's climes,
In fury hot like fire,
Didst judge the Heathen for their crimes,
And thresh them in thine ire.

- 13 Thy march was on thy people's head,
To save them as thine own;
To save them, and their armies lead
By thine anointed One:

Crown'd heads thou from their royal seats
Of wickedness didst wound;
Mad'st bare from foot to neck: their states
Demolish'd to the ground.

- 14 The villages of Canaan's land
Shar'd of their cities fate;

With

With Isra'l's staves, and arms in hand,
Thou strackest through their pate.

They like a tempest fierce came out
To scatter, drive, and foil:

They joy'd in hope, by secret rout,
Poor Isra'l's tribes to spoil.

15 But thou, to dash the sons of pride,
And Isra'l's triumphs crown,
Traversing seas, didst conqu'ring ride
Great heaps of waters down.

16 Yet now when threaten'd woes I heard
Would light on Isra'l's sons,
My bowels quak'd; I greatly fear'd,
Corruption seiz'd my bones.

With quiv'ring lips at th' awful voice,
Which did the heart-quake raise,
I trembled, that I might rejoice,
And rest in troublous days:

For when with furious troops the foe
Comes up, in full career,
He'll fiercely down the people mow,
And into pieces tear.

S E C T. II. *The confidence of his faith.*

17 [With sword pale famine will complot,
But silence, faithless fear],
Although the fig-tree blossom not,
Nor fruit on vines appear:

Though th' olive's labour fail aloof,
Fields yield no meat at all;
Though flocks be from the folds cut off,
And cattle from the stall;

Yet in the Lord rejoice I will,
In spite of all annoy;
The God of my salvation still
Shall be my hope and joy.

19 The Lord's my strength, he'll make my feet
Like hinds t' out-run my woes;
He'll make me walk in heights, to smite
And tread upon my foes.

To the chief singer on my stringed instru-
ments.

S O N G III.

Israel excited to sing praise for their salvation and restoration. Zeph. iii. 14.—20.

Vers. 14. **O** Zion, sing! O Isra'l, raise
The song with lifted voice!
O Salem! trebling high the praise,
With all the heart rejoice.

15 God from thy woes hath set thee free,
Thy foes sweep'd to the door;
The Lord thy King's in midst of thee,
Thou shalt see ill no more.

16 To Salem then it shall be said,
"Fear not thy foes attack;"
To Zion, (for her builders aid),
"Let not thine hands be slack."

17 The Lord thy God, in midst of thee,
Is mighty to deliver;
His mighty pow'r exert will he,
In saving thee for ever.

With joy he will o'er thee rejoice;
He in his love will rest:

Hir

His joy shall o'er thee with the voice
Of singing be express'd.

18 Of thee are these who mourn sincere
Th' assembly solemn gone;
The load of its reproach who bear,
I'll gather them each one.

19 Lo! then, I will undo and rout
All that oppress'd thee have;
I'll gather her that was driv'n out,
And her that halteth save.

To my reproached saints will I
Procure both praise and fame,
In ev'ry land where formerly
They had been put to shame.

20 At gath'ring time I'll bring you home,
To make you a renown
'Mong all that dwell on earth, to whom
You was before unknown.

'Tis done, when I, before your eyes,
Ev'n I, (JEHOVAH says),
Turn back all your captivities,
To set you for a praise.

S O N G IV.

*The church exhorted to sing and rejoice for the
coming of Christ, and his peaceable kingdom.
Zech. ix. 9.—12.*

Vers. 9 **O** Zion, with glad shouts around,
Meet thy approaching King;
Lo! with his righteousness renown'd,
Salvation comes on wing.

Behold

Behold his march, in lowly mode,
Bids earthly grandeur pass;
Despising pomp, the humble God
Comes riding on an ass!

10 He'll rule the Heathen, not by dread,
But shall, by preaching peace,
From sea to sea his empire spread,
And make rebellion cease.

11 Lo! by thy cov'nant-sealing blood
I'll set thy pris'ners free
From out the pit, where nothing good
Nor water sweet can be.

12 Turn, O ye prisoners of hope,
To Christ the strongest hold:
To-day I'll you insure a crop
Of comfort doubly told.

S O N G V.

The fountain of purification opened.

A paraphrase upon Zech. xiii. 1.

Good news to men, still new and fresh,
While lasts the gospel-day,
A fountain shall be ope to wash
Their sin and filth away:

Wide ope to David's house, and all
That dwell on Salem ground;
To kings and subjects, great and small,
That hear the joyful sound.

The sacred font to wash our stains,
Is pure and precious blood,
That issued from the dying veins
Of our incarnate God.

Y

Lord,

Lord, wash me there ; this blood alone
 The fountain open'd so,
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone,
 And make me white as snow.

S O N G VI.

*Christ's sufferings and glory. Zech. xiv. 7. Luke
 xxiv. 26.*

A Wake, said he, that rules the skies,
 My sword of vengeance great ;
 Awake and smite the man that is
 My fellow, and my mate.

Soon, therefore, as he took their flesh,
 To take away our guilt,
 With justice' stern avenging lash
 His sacred blood was spilt.

The waves of sorrow, ev'n to death,
 Did o'er his bosom roll ;
 And mountains of almighty wrath
 Lay heavy on his soul.

But, O ! the wisdom, mercy, grace,
 That join'd with vengeance now !
 He dies, to save our guilty race,
 And yet he rises too !

A person so divine was he
 Who yielded to be slain,
 That he could give his life away,
 And take his life again.

He, for the crown of thorns and shame,
 Now wears a crown of gloire :
 Hell trembles at his awful name,
 And all the heav'ns adore.

End of the OLD-TESTAMENT SONGS.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

B O O K II.

NEW-TESTAMENT SONGS; or,
Songs upon several select passages in
the New Testament.

P A R T I.

POEMS selected from the FOUR EVANGELISTS.

Though the Psalms of David are truly excellent and sublime, containing the most suitable matter for praise and adoration, being the most spiritual, devotional, and divine collection of poesy extant, and nothing can be composed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven, and waft it, as it were, to the very suburbs of glory, than some parts of that book; yet there are many passages in it peculiarly adapted to the Old-Testament dispensation, of carnal rites and ceremonies; and, on that account, cannot be supposed to be so perspicuously clear and full of the grace and spirit of the gospel. The consideration hereof hath induced many devout and piously disposed persons ardently and sincerely wish that our Psalmody were enlarged; not only by adding some other Scriptural Songs out of the Old Testament, but particularly by selecting a number from the New.

The New Testament is that portion of sacred writ which doth most plainly testify of Christ; and in which the gospel of the grace of God, bringing salvation to sinners, doth shine most clearly. The four Evangelists contain the history of our blessed Redeemer: and it was necessary the doctrine of Christ should be interwoven with, and founded upon the narrative of his birth, life, miracles, death, and resurrection. As there is no part of scripture more requisite for us to be acquainted with; so there is none that the generality of Christians are more delighted with: in regard it not only yields them so much agreeable matter of instruction and meditation, profit and pleasure, but of praise also; for therein we find several divine songs, and very suitable matter for divine hymns: and so, from the Evangelists, the following Songs are selected.

S O N G I.

*A prefatory poem on the Babe in the manger.
Luke ii. 7. 16.*

BEhold! a new-born tender Babe,
In freezy winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies;
Alas! a piteous sight!

The inns are full; no man will yield
This little guest a bed;
But forc'd he is, with silly beasts,
In crib to shrowd his head.

Despise him not for lying there;
First, what he is, enquire;
An orient pearl has oft been found,
Ev'n in a dirty mire.

Weigh

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by him feed;
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a prince's court,
The crib his chair of state;
The beasts are parcels of his pomp,
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in the poor attire,
His royal liv'ry wear;
The Prince himself is come from heav'n,
His pomp is prized there.

Let angels sing; let shepherds joy;
Let sages from afar,
By starry light directed here,
Adore the nobler star.

Let all that bear the Christian name,
Do homage to their King;
And highly praise his humble pomp,
Which he from heav'n did bring.

The sun that gilds the highest orb,
The ruler of the skies,
Whose rays are under rags eclips'd,
Within the manger lies.

The heav'ns at all their light may blush;
The earth at all her pride;
Her potentates their sparkling crowns,
And trains may lay aside.

Of all their golden pompous robes
Asham'd her princes be,
When God's poor cottage on the earth
His clouts and crew they see.

Behold, all glorious things below,
 Their glory now despise;
 Since God most high does earth's contempt,
 More than her glory, prize.

S O N G II.

The eight beatitudes. Matth. v. 3.—12.

Vers. 3 **B**less'd are they who in spirit poor,
 Are drain'd of self-conceit;
 To them in Jesus is made sure
 Heav'n's kingdom rich and great.

4 Bless'd are the mourners now for sin,
 Who sow by faith in tears;
 Their reaping time of joy within
 Shall be to endless years.

5 Bless'd are the meek, whose humble mind
 Of Jesus' Spirit shares;
 The earth with heav'n shall be assign'd
 To them as proper heirs.

6 Bless'd are the souls that hunger much,
 And thirst for righteousness;
 A feast shall be prepar'd for such,
 A fill of heav'nly bliss.

7 Bless'd are the merciful to man;
 Though God them nothing owe,
 Yet mercy more they shall obtain,
 The more they mercy show.

8 Bless'd are the pure in heart and way,
 Through God's renewing grace;
 For none but such shall share for ay
 The vision of his face.

9 Bless'd

- 9 Bless'd are peace-makers-kind, that aim
To make all strife to cease;
They shall be nominate with fame,
Sons of the God of peace.
- 10 Bless'd are they who, for Jesus' sake,
11 Bear shame, reproach, and pain;
12 They shall, with glorious joy, partake
Of his triumphant reign.

S O N G III.

The Lord's prayer. Matth. vi. 9.—13.

- Vers. 9* O UR Father, on thy heav'nly throne,
Thy great name hallow'd be :
10 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
On earth, ev'n as on high.
- 11 Give us our daily bread, and bless
What measure thou dost send :
12 Forgive our sins, as we, through grace,
Do these that us offend.
- 13 Into temptation lead us not,
Nor suffer us to stray ;
But graciously our good promote,
From evil guard our way.
- For thine's the kingdom ; pow'r to thee,
And glory, do pertain ;
As from and to eternity
They did, and shall. Amen.

S O N G IV.

*Christ's address to God; or, The sovereignty of
grace's benefits, in Christ's thanksgiving to the
Father. Matth. xi. 25. 26. Luke x. 21.*

THE man of sorrows, Jesus Christ,
A mourner all his days,
Yet once, in spirit glad, address'd
To God this song of praise:

O Father, Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whose right it is withal,
To doom the rebel-man to death,
Or raise him from his fall;

I thank thee, that Heav'n's mysteries
To babes thou showest bright,
While from the learn'd, and worldly wise,
Thou hid'st the saving fight,

From men of prudence, and of pride,
These things thou hast conceal'd,
Which to thy weak and simple bride
Thou plainly hast reveal'd.

Ev'n so, dear Father, since thy will
Ordain'd it to be so;
For down the proud thou lov'st to pull,
And lay the haughty low.

[Thou dealing thus dost sov'reignly
Thy great decrees fulfil;
Choose some to life, while others die;
Yet thou art righteous still.

Shall mortals grumble? shall a rush
Imagine God unjust?
Who soon, as he can make, can crush
A thousand worlds to dust.

O teach men, not thy deep decrees;
 But written will to trace,
 And in thy Son to come and see
 The wonders of thy grace].

S O N G V.

Christ's address to man; or, His invitation to sinners.

Matth. xi. 27. 29. Luke x. 22. John iii. 35. 36.

THE Father loves me, and has giv'n,
 All things into my hand;
 All sov'reign pow'r in earth and heav'n,
 To order and command.

None but the Father knows the Son,
 None but the Son him see;
 And only right the Father's known
 In, by, and thorough me.

For, lo! I'm seal'd and set apart
 A Prophet to display
 The secrets of my Father's heart
 And bosom, where I lay.

Come then, each lab'ring weary soul,
 With sin or sorrow prest;
 On me, by faith, your burdens roll,
 And I will give you rest.

Take on my yoke, and learn of me;
 For lowly is my mind,
 And meek, to teach you: thus shall ye
 Soul rest and quiet find.

My yoke is easy to the neck
 That does it kindly 'brace:
 My burden's light, ev'n to the weak,
 Through my supporting grace.

S O N G

S O N G VI.

The song of Mary. Luke i. 46.—55.

Vers. 46 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,
And high his praise elate :

47 My spirit is with gladness stor'd,
In God my Saviour great.

48 For to his hand-maid's station mean,
He hath regard express'd;
And, lo ! all ages yet unseen,
Shall henceforth call me bless'd.

49 For he that is the mighty One,
Hath done great things to me :
Most holy is his name alone,
And still ador'd shall be.

50 To them that fear him, and embrace
The truth that cannot fail ;
His mercy is from race to race,
Transmitted by entail.

51 Strength with his arm God has display'd :
The proud he did confound ;
Their projects to their hurt he made,
And to his praise redound.

52 The great and mighty from their thrones,
Soon hurry down did he :
But highly rais'd the humble ones,
That were of low degree.

53 The hungry with good things he fed,
And fill'd to their content ;
Whereas the rich and full bestead
Away he empty sent.

54 He to his servant Isra'l kind,
Did give his helping hand,
And call'd his ancient love to mind,
Recorded in his band:

55 Which to our father's race of old,
He did by oath secure,
To Abr'am and his seed inroll'd,
For ever to endure.

Long lay in his eternal breast
The promise of his Son:
*In thee shall nations all be bless'd *,*
Was said, and shall be done.

S O N G VII.

The song of Zacharias. Luke i. 68.—79.

S E C T. I. *Respecting Christ.*

Verf. 68 **B**less'd be JEHOVAH, Isra'l's God,
Who now himself has come,
To visit and redeem his folk
From sin and slavish doom.

69 He in his servant David's house,
Has rais'd, of David's line,
An horn of safety sure for us,
And full of pow'r divine:

70 As spake his holy seers of old;
Who, since the world began,
Have all, from time to time foretold,
How God would visit man.

71 That we should save from haters hands,
And heavy bondage be;

* Gen. xii. 3.

Much

Much worse than Roman yokes and bands,
From sin and Satan free.

72 To grant the mercy promised,
And prove his promise true,
Of old to our ancestors made,
To us made out in view.

73 The destin'd bliss, the plighted truth,
To his remembrance came;
The holy covenant, seal'd by oath,
And sworn to Abraham.

74 That we, deliver'd from their hand,
Who hatred to us bear,
In love might serve him at command,
And without slavish fear :

75 Might through his grant of promis'd grace,
This loving service give,
In holiness and righteousness,
Before him, while we live.

SECT. II. *Respecting John the Baptist, his office
and work.*

76 And thou, child, shalt be call'd anon,
(Into Elias' place),
The Prophet of the highest One,
To go before his face.

77 The herald to prepare his way,
And make salvation known :
The Lamb that takes our sin away,
A victim shall be shown.

He shouts, " Behold ! the object blest'd,
" The Lamb of God on wing,

" To

" To save, by purchase, as a Priest;

" By conquest, as a King *.

" He comes that's mightier than I;

" I'll never claim his dues:

" Nay, I'm unworthy to untie

" The latchet of his shoes †."

78 Our God in tender mercy nigh,
Who first did light command,
Has, by the day-spring from on high,
Thus visited our land.

79 Clear, to enlighten these that sit
In darkest shades of death;
And straight, to guide our wand'ring feet,
In grace's peaceful path.

S O N G VIII.

Christ's nativity celebrated; or, The first good news of our Saviour's birth, by an angel, to the shepherds in Bethlehem; together with the song of a numerous company of angels thereupon.
Luke ii. 8.—14.

Vers. 8 9 **W**Hile shepherds watch'd, in Bethle'm's
An angel bright appear'd; [fields,
Heav'n's glory round them was reveal'd,
At which they greatly fear'd:

10 Fear not at all, said he, for lo!
I bring with sweet solace,
Good tidings of great joy to you,
And all the human race.

11 To you is born this day and date,
In David's little town,

* John i. 29. 36. † Matth. iii. 11.

A Saviour, the Messiah great,
The Lord of high renown.

12 And this to you shall be the sign,
You'll find the Babe array'd,
And wrapt in swaddling cloaths, but mean,
And in a manger laid.

13 Straightway with th' angel join'd aloud
A num'rous shining throng
Of heav'nly harpers, praising God
In this melodious song :

14 " All glory, in the highest heav'ns,
" To God be render'd still;
" For peace on earth benignly giv'n,
" And towards men good-will."

S O N G IX.

The song of Simeon, having the Babe Jesus in his arms. Luke ii. 29.—32.

Vers. 29 **N**OW let thy favour'd servant, Lord,
In peace depart and die,
According to thy gracious word,
Accomplish'd faithfully :

30 For thy salvation, with mine eyes
I see. The vision charms !
My soul the fear of death defies
When Christ is in my arms.

31 This long-expected bliss display'd,
Before the people's face ;
Still a-preparing while delay'd,
Now shows thy truth and grace.

32 This is the light of life in view,
To lighten Gentile lands :

Thy people Israel's glory too,
To break their slavish bands.

S O N G X.

Christ's preaching, office, and commission. Luke
iv. 16. — 23. If. lxi. 1. — 4.

THE text was sweet which Jesus took,
The doctrine, Come and see
This scripture, in the sacred book,
To-day fulfill'd in me:

On me the Sp'rit divine is shed,
Anointing me to preach
To poor and needy, tidings glad,
And meek'ned souls to teach.

I'm come no friend to sin, but yet
The sinner's friend to be;
Captives at liberty to set,
And Satan's slaves to free:

From clouds of sin that souls benight,
To clear the dark'ned mind;
And with the rays of saving light
Illuminate the blind.

I'm sent to heal the broken heart,
The bleeding soul to cure,
Treasures to bankrupts to impart,
And riches to the poor.

To make a proclamation free
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
The Lord JEHOVAH's jubilee,
His year of sweet release.

His day of vengeance to declare
On authors of annoy;

That Zion's mourners all may share
Of Zion's peace and joy.

For ashes he'll with beauty dress;
For grief with joy anoint;
And for the sp'rit of heaviness
The robe of praise appoint.

That trees of righteousness might be
Their proper name describ'd,
The planting of the Lord, that he
May thus be glorify'd.

Such was the doctrine of solace
That Jesus did impart;
Such were his pow'rful words of grace
To captivate the heart.

Welcome the Preacher great, that comes
For all these happy ends;
This office justly he assumes,
Whom God the Father sends.

S O N G X I.

The returning prodigal. Luke xv. 13.—24.

Vers. 13 **T**HE rebel-son, whose lust and wine
14 15 Did all his fortune waste,
16 Lo! how he sought among the swine
The empty husks to taste.

17 But, coming to himself, he cries,
Ah! where's my dainty cheer?
My father's house hath full supplies,
I die with hunger here.

18 I'll go and mournfully confess.
The evil I have done,

19 And

19 And plead his pity in distress,
On an unworthy son.

20 This said, he came, with speed and care,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw him from afar,
And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Kiss'd and embrac'd his son; c

21 Father, said he, I feel a check
For follies I have done.

22 The joyful father said, Bring forth,
For him, the best array;
The diamond ring of greatest worth,
And throw his rags away.

23 A day of feasting I ordain;
Let joy and mirth abound:

24 My son was dead, and lives again;
Was lost, and now is found.

S O N G XII.

*The gospel-feast, and the price of it. Luke xvi.
16.—24: 1 Pet. iii. 18.*

TH Y gospel-table's furnish d, Lord,
With plenty from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with love.

Thy ancient family, the Jews,
Was first call'd to the feast;
We Gentiles take what they refuse,
And glad the banquet taste.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
Made up of wounds and wants;

270 SCRIPTURE SONGS. Book II.

But, at thy call, we come to claim
Supplies thy mercy grants.

What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left his high abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us back to God?

To save our souls, and buy our lives,
It cost him ev'n his own:
He bought the unknown joys he gives
With agonies unknown.

Our endless love to him is due,
That ransom'd sinners lost,
And pity'd rebels, though he knew
What pains his love would cost.

S O N G XIII.

The deity and humanity of Christ; or, The God-man. John i. 1. 3. 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9. 10.

BEfore the heav'ns were spread abroad
Was the eternal Word:
With God he was; the Word was God,
And is as God ador'd.

By his own pow'r all things were made;
By him upheld they stand:
He is the whole creation's head;
Hath th' angels at command.

Ere sin was hatch'd, or Satan fell;
He rul'd the morning stars.
[His generation who can tell,
Or his unnumber'd years?]

Yet, lo! he leaves these heav'nly forms,
Descends, and dwells in clay;

That

That he may converse hold with worms,
Dress'd in such flesh as they.

Mortals, with joy, behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's Son,
When full of truth, and full of grace,
Through flesh the Godhead shone.

Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn their loves, and tell
The glories of th' incarnate God,
Our great Immanuel.

S O N G XIV.

*Believers saved, unbelievers damned. John iii.
16. 17. 18. Mark xvi. 15. 16.*

GOD lov'd the world of mankind so,
He sent his only Son,
To save them all from sin and wo,
Who trust in him alone.

Not to condemn the sons of men,
The Son of God was sent;
No weapons in his hand were seen,
No warlike instrument.

But by his word of grace he wins
Their hearts, who hear him tell,
He's sent to take away their sins,
And save their souls from hell.

His lips have grace into them pour'd;
His hands the blessing give:
If sinners then embrace his word,
They shall for ever live.

Believers happy are proclaim'd,
Whom gospel-tidings draw;

But

But unbelievers are condemn'd
Already by the law:

Yea, double vengeance on them lies
Who 'gainst the light rebel;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
Shall have the hottest hell.

S O N G XV.

*Christ present to faith upon the gospel-table, and in
the sacramental supper. John vi. 35. Luke xxii.
19.*

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where now we see him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust him from our thought.

He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Forgetful of his face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
Memorials of his grace.

He oft the gospel-table spreads
With his own flesh and blood;
Faith on the rich provision feeds,
And tastes the love of God.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare a place,
Where we may dwell in heav'nly light,
For ever near his face.

S O N G XVI.

Christ the way. John xiv. 1.—6.

Vers. 1 LET not your hearts within you grieve,
'Nor greatly troubled be;

Ye

Ye trust in God, ev'n so believe,
In, by, and thorough me.

2 Home to my Father's house I go,
Where many mansions are
Of bliss; and, if it were not so,
I would have told you fair.

3 I go before, and in your name
Prepare a place for you;
I'll come again, and where I am
There take you with me too.

4 Thus where I'm bound you know; and may
5 Well understand the road;
6 For I'm the true and living way,
By which you come to God.

S O N G XVII.

*Christ's miracles, wrought by him, to prove his
Godhead, and divine mission.*

Recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

THE miracles divine of old,
Wrought to confirm the law,
Were such as all who did behold
Were struck with dread and awe:

Witness the signs in Egypt shown,
That men with terror fill'd;
Destructive plagues, nay, wrath unknown,
That man and cattle kill'd*.

But now the wonders Jesus wrought,
To show that from above
His peaceful embassy was brought,
Are miracles of love.

* See Exod. vii. viii. ix. x. and xii.

Moses

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Moses turn'd water first to blood,
Of dreadful scenes a sign :

Mir. But Christ, intending sinners good,

1. Turn'd water into wine.

2. He, doing good, went up and down,
And carry'd, as he past,
His heav'nly gifts from town to town,
And round him blessings cast.

To win th' obdurate Jews in vain
With proffer'd bliss he strove :
His future glories they disdain,
And slight his Father's love.

If worldly pomp, without annoy,
And empire he had giv'n :
'Twas that they wanted to enjoy,
And not his unseen heav'n.

Yet with good-will in ev'ry place
Salvation he reveal'd ;

3. Dark minds enlighten'd by his grace ;

4. Diseased bodies heal'd.

5. Impetuous winds were by him slack'd,
And waves his will obey'd ;
The stormy tempests, by him check'd,
Aside their fury laid.

He made the raging ocean plain
And smooth, at his command ;

6. And walked on the liquid main,
As on the solid land.

7. He, with a word, did cure the lame,

8. And quickly heal the sick ;

9. 10. The lepers cleanse, restore the maim ;

11. And made the dumb to speak.

12. He

Mir. He dæmons dispossefs'd, who knew

12. This heav'nly stranger's pow'rs:
They from his awful presence flew
Affrighted, to their bow'rs.

13. He to the blind gave open eyes,
To see the light that shone:

14. He bade the mould'ring dead arise,
And dead arose anon.

15. He fed the multitudes when faint,
With new created meat;
And faster did the food augment
Than all the croud could eat.

His care that distributed doles,
To do their bodies good,

16. Was more in feeding precious souls
With everlasting food.

To feed with manna from above
Was chiefly his employ;

His royal fare, a feast of love,
Of pardon, peace, and joy.

His miracles corporeal
Were but his pawns, in place
Of miracles spiritual,
And pledges of his grace.

17. With majesty he spoke, whom all
His audience did adore;
No man, (they did aloud propale),
E'er spoke like him before.

18. The crew, whose swords did him surround,
He could have crush'd to death,
With equal ease, as to the ground
He threw them with his breath.

19. But

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Mir. But ev'n among the bloody band

19. That seiz'd him, did appear
His loving heart, his healing hand,
Restoring Malchus' ear.

20. What was in man he fully knew;
The heart of friends and foes
He search'd, and pictur'd in their view
The thoughts he would disclose.

21. He shew'd Nathanael's heart, and said,
" Ere Philip called thee,
" I saw thee underneath the shade,
" The leaves of yonder tree;
" I all thy holy motions spy'd,
" In yon retir'd abode :"
On which, Nathanael, " Rabbi, cry'd,
" Thou art the Son of God."

22. He to th'amaz'd Samaritan,
Her wicked life reveal'd,
Which from the view of mortal man
She thought had been conceal'd.
Hence, " O come see a man," she said,
" With perfect knowledge blest'd ;
" He told me all that e'er I did ;
" And is not this the Christ?"

23. When Judas base had but his vile
And wicked scheme design'd ;
Then Jesus told him all the guile
And treason of his mind.

What lives and lies within the deep
Lay open to his view,

24. Who bade the fifth the tribute keep
Till fought as Cesar's due.

When

Mir. When nought in fishing caught had been
By toilers all the night;

25. He caus'd the finny tribe convene,
And fill their net on fight.

Nor were his mighty works confin'd,
To select friends he chose,
But, like his love to human kind,
Laid open to his foes.

No hidden corner Jesus fought,
Like forgers base of lies,
But in the light his wonders wrought,
Before a thousand eyes.

Nor were his miracles of love
Wrought in a scanty way;
He prov'd his mission from above
By wonders ev'ry day.

Bright, at his birth, the comet blaz'd,
That straight the wise men led:
Dark, at his death, the sun amaz'd
With blushes veil'd its head.

Of heav'n and earth the Rector blest'd,
Did thus, in signals giv'n,
His miracles on earth attest,
By miracles in heav'n.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART II.

POEMS selected out of the different APOSTOLICAL EPISTLES.

AS the Four Evangelists lay down the foundation of our holy religion, in the history of our blessed Saviour, its great Author; so the Apostolical Epistles open up the mystery of his death and resurrection. The Four Gospels show us how the foundation of the Christian Church was laid; the Acts of the Apostles point out how the superstructure began to be raised, both amongst Jews and Gentiles: and the Apostolical Epistles contain a clear and compendious system of the great and important doctrines of the gospel, in order to edify, comfort, and build up the church.

The apostles were endowed with a wonderful effusion of the holy Spirit, and were under his infallible influence and guidance, both in preaching the gospel, and writing their Epistles; and all of them declare, that what they wrote was from God: and they being all men of undoubted probity, we may well credit them on this point. The fundamental articles of the Christian faith, being more fully discussed in these Epistles than elsewhere, tend mightily to influence practical godliness, out of a principle of divine love, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned; and also to produce evangelical obedience.

It is none of the least designs of the Christian in-
stitutes

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stitutes to excite men unto, and engage them in, all the instances and acts of sincere love, and fervent devotion towards God: and accordingly we find in them abundance of very suitable matter both for instruction, meditation, prayer, and praise. When the different Epistles are carefully looked into, and examined with any degree of attention, we find there are interspersed many divine odes and sacred doxologies; and these lay a foundation for selecting the following Songs.

S O N G I.

Ruin by sin, relief by Christ. Rom. v. 12. 21.

OUR two first parents happy stood,
Till soon as sin had place;
They lost their garden, and their God,
And kill'd their unborn race.

Thus sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And ruin spread abroad;
O cursed sin! that in one hour,
Spoil'd six days work of God.

Tremble, O sinner! mourn for grief,
That such a foe's within:
Fly, fly, to Christ for quick relief,
And let him kill your sin.

S O N G II.

The believer's security in Christ; or, The ground of faith's assurance about the believer's unchangeable happy state. Rom. viii. 33.—39.

Vers. 33 **W**HO shall to the elect's charge ought
Since God hath justify'd? [lay,

- 34 Who shall condemn by any way,
Since Christ the Surety died?

Who can adjudge their souls to hell,
Since he, who in their stead
Has suffer'd, seal'd their bliss so well,
By rising from the dead?

Yea, now he lives and sits above,
Still interceding there.

- 35 What can divide us from his love,
Or tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,
A separation make?
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness,
Love's bond afunder break?

- 37 Nay, lo! in all these things our Shield,
Our Lover goes before,
To make us ev'n upon the field
Both conquerors, and more.

- 38 I'm sure no death nor life of ours,
Nor angels troublesome;
Nor principalities, nor pow'rs,
Things present, nor to come;

- 39 Nor height nor depth, nor any mode
Of creatures might beside,
Can separate our souls from God,
Nor from his love divide.

His love is fix'd in Jesus so,
Where we have such a part,
Not all that earth or hell can do
Shall pluck us from his heart.

S O N G III.

The unsearchable depth of divine wisdom and sovereignty, in the rejection of the Jews, and the calling of the Gentiles. Rom. xi. 33.—36.

Vers. 33 **O** Depth of wisdom, riches rare
Of grace and mercy free!

[That Gentile nations now should share
The Jews felicity!

And that till Jews, through grace, repent,
Their present dismal fall,
Should thus be made subservient
To Gentiles happy call]!

O depth of riches all divine!
O fathomless abyss!

Wisdom and knowledge here combine,
God's work alone is this.

How searchless are his judgments just!
How traceless are his ways!

[With sweet and awful wonder must
Both men and angels gaze].

34 For who hath known JEHOVAH's mind?

What angel or what man,
With him in privy council join'd
Their help, to form the plan?

35 Or who hath e'er oblig'd him yet

By gifts, and dare upbraid,
As having on him claims of debt
And favours unrepaid?

36 For all things of him as the source,

And through him as the guide,

A a 3

And

And to him as the end, by course,
Still are, and shall abide.

To whom for stores of grace so free,
Dealt in a sov'reign way,
All praise and glory render'd be
From henceforth and for ay.

S O N G IV.

*The apostle Paul's doxology for the revelation of
Christ by the gospel; or, A song of praise to the
power and wisdom of God. Rom. xvi. 25. 26. 27.*

Vers. 25 **T**HE pow'r and wisdom of our God,
Becomes our praises well;
For these to save us did explode
The pow'r and wit of hell.

Now to the God of pow'r that can
Confirm and stablish you,
According to the gospel-plan,
Expos'd to open view:

Christ preached, making light to shine,
That clearly shows to man,
The mystery of grace divine,
Kept hid since time began:

26 But now by scripture-lamps in hand,
Made manifest abroad;
And publish'd by express command
Of the eternal God:

That nations all may know and trace
The new and living path,
By yielding to the word of grace,
Th' obedience of faith:

27 To

27 To God the only wise alone
 Be praise and glory then,
 Through Jesus, his anointed One,
 For evermore. Amen.

S O N G V.

The glory of God in Christ. 1 Cor. i. 24. Psal. lxxxv.
 10.

ALL nature spreads, with open blaze,
 Her Maker's name abroad,
 And ev'ry work of his displays
 The pow'r and skill of God.

But in the grace, that rescu'd man,
 His brightest glory shines;
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
 In precious bloody lines.

Here his whole name appears complete,
 And who can guess or prove,
 Which of the letters best are writ,
 The wisdom, pow'r, or love?

Justice and mercy, truth and grace,
 In all their sweetest charms,
 Here meet, and join their kind embrace,
 With everlasting arms.

S O N G VI.

Christ's fourfold name, suited to the sinner's need.
 1 Cor. i. 30.

GOD's knowledge, favour, image, bliss,
 Men by the fall have lost;
 But Jesus the restorer is
 Of all these, to his cost.

Sad

Sad evils positive with all
 Our loss of God attend;
 Great ignorance, guilt, filth, and thrall,
 Which he alone can mend.

His name hath attributes engrav'd,
 Most curiously within,
 By which we may be fully sav'd
 From ev'ry ill in sin.

Of God he is made wisdom meet,
 Sin's folly to expose:
 Made also righteousness complete,
 Sin's chain of guilt to loose:

Sanctification, down to cast
 Sin's reigning, staining pow'r:
 Redemption full, that shall at last
 Its bitter brood devour.

How dark and heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till Christ, our wisdom and our light,
 Doth o'er our souls arise!

Our guilty spirits are afraid
 To meet the wrath of Heav'n,
 Till, in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.

Our hearts and ways are vile, till he,
 Who holiness commands,
 Our whole sanctification be,
 To wash our hearts and hands.

The pow'rs of hell our souls enchain,
 Till our redemption come,
 And, lawful captives to regain,
 His conqu'ring pow'r assume.

In God-alone lies all our bliss;
 The bliss in Christ is stor'd,
 That we may share of what he is,
 By likeness to our Lord.

He is what God alone can be,
 And all that can be giv'n;
 Wise, righteous, holy, happy he,
 Who thus is all our heav'n.

Yea, *all in all*, that sinners so
 May be in him complete;
 Wise, righteous, holy, happy too:
 Bless'd be the match so meet.

S O N G VII.

The excellency and preference of love. 1 Cor. xiii.
 1.—13.

S E C T. I.

The most excellent gifts nothing without love. Vers.
 1.—4.

Vers. 1 **C**ould I with men and angels vie
 In language, without love;
 Nought but a sounding brass would I,
 Or tinkling cymbal prove.

2 Could I both preach and prophesy,
 All myst'ries understand;
 Have knowledge all ingross'd in me,
 All gifts at my command:

Yea, had I faith that could remove
 Great mountains to the main;
 Yet were I destitute of love,
 All would be void and vain.

3 Should

- 3 Should I with Pharisaic shew,
 Be lavish of my store,
 And tender all my revenue,
 To feed the starving poor :

Yea, wanting love, though to the flame
 My body give should I,
 To win the martyr's glorious name ;
 I nothing gain thereby.

[If without love to God and men,
 Though most devout I seem,
 Yet my religion all is vain,
 And but an empty dream].

S E C T. II.

The praise of love, and its preference to faith and hope. Vers. 4.—13.

- 4 Love suffers long ; love envies not ;
 But evermore is kind ;
 Ne'er opes the mouth to boast of ought,
 Nor proudly puffs the mind.

- 5 Love carries not indecently ;
 Can selfish views exclude ;
 And lay her own advantage by,
 To seek her neighbour's good.

Love thinks no ill ; nor, soon incens'd,
 E'er studies to annoy :

- 6 She grieves when sin and error's fenc'd ;
 But in the truth's her joy.

- 7 Love bears all hard things well for peace ;
 Believes all good things still ;
 Nor, to her neighbour's prejudice,
 Is credulous of ill.

Love

1 Love hopes all things ev'n of the worst,
And wills their happy change;
Endures all things; nor can be forc'd
By wrongs to hug revenge.

8 Love shall remain, and shall prevail
In earth and heav'n above,
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
And ev'ry gift, but love.

9 For but in part, while here from home,
We know; but wait the day

10 When perfect interviews will come,
And partial fly away.

11 Here ev'ry notion, thought, and speech,
Our witless childhood shews;
But there our souls shall manhood reach,
And flight our present views.

12 For now we see but through a glass,
Where light is darkly shown;
But then, by vision, face to face,
We'll know as we are known.

13 On earth, faith, hope, and love have place,
The third shall reign above;
Of all the greatest, fairest grace,
For God himself is LOVE.

S O N G VIII.

The song of triumph over death and the grave.

1 Cor. xv. 54.—58.

Vers. 54 F Aith sings although the body dies,
The promise is enjoy'd;
This mortal shall immortal rise,
And death shall be destroy'd.

55 Where is thy killing sting, O death?
Addicted to devour;
Through grace we now despise thy wrath,
And we defy thy pow'r.

O grave! where is thy victory?
The bolted prison, where?
Our king victorious conquer'd thee,
And we the conquest share.

56 The sting of death is sin indeed,
And strength of sin the law:
But thence our law-fulfilling Head
Did sting and strength withdraw.

57 Thanks to the God of victory,
Who makes us thus by faith,
In Christ our living Head on high,
Triumphant over death,

58 Then steadfast may our hearts remain,
And in his work abound,
Through whom our labour's not in vain
With such an issue crown'd.

SONG IX.

*The world crucified by the cross of Christ. Gal. vi.
14.*

FOrbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Of ought but Jesus' cross;
The richest gain, that tempts the most,
I count but sordid dross.

When him I view, who bore, in death,
My sins, upon the tree;
Then am I dead to all the earth,
The earth all dead to me.

Were this whole globe terrestrial mine,
The present were but small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my all.

S O N G X.

A doxology, or song of praise, for electing, regenerating, and redeeming grace, and all spiritual blessings in Christ. Eph. i. 3.—7.

Vers. 3 **B**less'd be the everlasting God
And Father of our Lord,
Who us in him, and through his blood,
With heav'nly blessings stor'd.

4 "My Son's mine elect first," he said,
Before he chose a man;
Then chose he us, in Christ our Head,
Before the world began.

Our characters were then decreed
That we should holy be,
Blameless in love, a royal seed,
From sin and slav'ry free:

5 Predestinated to be sons,
A new regen'rate race;
Born by degrees, though chose but once,
To praise his glorious grace.

6 Here his accepting love began
In Christ, to stand unmov'd,
And firm to us, until he can
Forget his first Belov'd:

7 In whom we have redemption great,
Peace, pardon, and solace;

B b

Bough

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Bought with the richest blood, and yet
Brought from the richest grace.

S O N G XI.

*The apostle's song, or doxology; or, A song to the
love and power of God. Eph. iii. 19. 20. 21.*

Vers. 19 **T**O him whose love that ev'n for
strength

Could conquer hell for men,
And doth in height, depth, breadth, and length,
Surpass created ken:

20 To him whose pow'r and will to save
Can do exceedingly

Above what we can ask or crave,
However great or high:

To him who so his mighty pow'r

Has for and in us wrought,
Can so exert it more and more
Beyond our pow'r of thought:

21 To him be praise; yea, praises shall

The church's work remain,
By Christ his Son, through ages all,
World without end. Amen.

S O N G XII.

*Christ's deep humiliation, and high exaltation.
Phil. ii. 5. — 11.*

Vers. 5 **A**L L ye that mention Jesus' name,
And are his folk design'd,
Submits was he, be ye the same,
And bear his humble mind.

6 Who, in the form of God, did hold
The self-same Deity?

Nor in him thought it robb'ry bold
To equal God most high:

7 Yet made himself of no repute,

A mortal likeness wore;

And cloth'd in human nature's suit,

A servant's form he bore.

8 Thus ev'n his manhood he depress'd,

Nor made his Godhead shine,

But vail'd his glory, and abas'd

His majesty divine.

To bear our guilt exceeding gross,

He stoop'd exceeding low;

Submits to death, ev'n on the cross,

In all its shame and wo.

9 God therefore hath exalted him,

Above the starry frame;

And giv'n him, on his throne sublime,

A name 'bove ev'ry name:

10 That at his name should ev'ry knee

Bow down, and none rebel;

But own his awful sway to be

O'er heav'n, and earth, and hell.

11 That ev'ry tongue confess and blaze,

That Jesus Christ is Lord:

And thus, to God the Father's praise,

The Son may be ador'd.

S O N G XIII.

Justification by faith alone in Christ's righteousness.

Phil. iii. 7. 8. 9.

Vers. 7 **L**Ord, through thy grace, I'll boast no
 In duties I have done; [more
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 And only trust thy Son.

What was my gain, I for his name,
 Do now account my loss;
 My former glory is my shame,
 I nail it to his cross.

8 Yea, doubtless, I all things esteem
 But loss for Jesus' sake,
 That so I may, while found in him,
 His righteousness partake.

9 The choicest service of my hands
 Dares not to face thy throne;
 But faith, to answer thy demands,
 Can plead what Christ has done.

S O N G XIV.

Paul's doxology, or thanksgiving for saving mercy.

1 Tim. i. 15. 16. 17.

Vers. 15 **B**Oth true and good this word of grace
 Demands a firm belief.
 "Christ came to save a sinning race,"
 Of whom I am the chief.

16 In me he did a pattern give
 Of mercy, rich and rife,
 To sinners great, that should believe
 To everlasting life.

17 Now, unto this eternal One,
The King that never dies,
That is invifible, unknown,
Unfeen by mortal eyes.

To God, the only wife, be giv'n
What doth to him pertain,
All glorious praife in earth and heav'n,
For ever and Amen.

S O N G XV.

The great gospel-mystery. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

THE mystery of godlinefs
Is doubtlefs very great,
God manifested in the flefh,
To blefs a humble ftate.

God in the Spirit juftify'd,
To fhew he was involv'd
In juftice' fcore, as bail, inftead
Of thefe he'll have abfolv'd.

God feen of angels, wrapt in flefh,
And wafted up to gloire,
To feaft their eyes with wonders frefh,
In him they all adore.

God preach'd to Gentiles; Heav'n's glad news,
To earth's long banifh'd race,
Defpifed Greeks, with fav'rite Jews,
Now equaliz'd by grace.

God-man believ'd on in the world,
Who far from God did roam;
And grace's conqu'ring chariot hurl'd
Around, to bring them home.

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God-man received up to glory,
From thence to send the dove,
To shew and seal the hidden store,
The mysteries of love.

S O N G XVI.

*A song of praise to God as a powerful, immortal,
and invisible being. 1 Tim. vi. 15. 16.*

Vers. 15 **O**UR God, the ever blessed One,
The only Potentate,
Is King of kings, and Lord of lords
In mightiness and state:

16 Who only, in and of himself,
Hath immortality;
Who dwells in light, to which no man
Is able to come nigh.

[Tis far beyond blind mortal eyes
To see his bright abode;

Beyond created minds to glance,
A thought half way to God.

Infinite leagues beyond the heav'ns
Th' Eternal reigns alone:

Nor human minds, nor finite wings,
Can mount the topless throne].

Th' Invisible, whom none has seen,
Nor eyes of flesh can see,

Yet lov'd and much ador'd has been,
And shall for ever be.

To him let us, and ev'ry tribe
Of saints and angels then,

The highest honour still ascribe,
And endless pow'r. Amen.

S O N G

S O N G XVII.

Paul's departing song. 2 Tim. iv. 7. 8. 16. 17. 18.

S E C T. I.

A saint prepared to die, and assured of heaven.
Vers. 7. 8.

Vers. 7 **N**OW my departure is at hand :
I've wag'd a warfare good ;
Finish'd my course, and, to the end,
In Christ hath faithful stood.

8 Hence, when he comes, there is for me
Laid up a crown of bliss :
With which, by his donation free,
He then my head will grace.

Nor will the righteous Judge alone
To me this praise convey,
But to them all that love and long
For his approaching day.

S E C T. II.

Experience of divine aid, improved for strengthening faith. Vers. 16. 17. 18.

Vers. 16 **I**N straits all men deserted me,
But Jesus by me stood,
17 Both in my work and war to be
My help and fortitude.

18 And now the Lord shall me secure
From ev'ry ill design,
And to his heav'nly kingdom sure
Preserve this soul of mine.

God

God is in Christ my constant aid;
 Hell then shall rage in vain.
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise: Amen.

S O N G XVIII.

*The steady promise; or, The sure ground of the
 believer's faith. Heb. vi. 17. 18. 19.*

OFT earth, and hell, and sin have strove,
 To rend my soul from God,
 But everlasting is his love
 Seal'd with his Darling's blood.

The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm his grace;
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,
 And brings the strong solace.

Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
 I to this refuge flee:
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 When storms enrage the sea.

The gospel bears my spirit up;
 The never-changing God
 Lays, for my triple ground of hope,
 The word, the oath, the blood.

S O N G XIX.

*A song to the God of peace and grace. Heb. xiii.
 20. 21.*

SECT. I. *Of peace and reconciliation. Vers. 20.*

THE God of peace, whose mighty love
 To life restores the dead,

His

His pow'r to quicken us did prove,
By raising up our Head;

Our glorious Lord, the Shepherd great
Of all his Father's sheep,
Him brought the victor from the gate
Of death's devouring deep:

Brought through the blood that bought the bliss
Of life, and thus reveal'd
How mercy reigns through righteousness,
How God is reconcil'd.

The blood that satisfaction gave
To justice most condign,
Did from the prison of the grave
Our Surety justly bring;

Whose blood is, by an ancient grant,
(That faith might never fail),
Of th' everlasting covenant,
The everlasting seal.

SECT. II. *Of grace and sanctification.* Vers. 21.

Now, may the God that made the peace,
Make us so perfect too,
In ev'ry work of holiness,
That we his will may do:

Still working in us by his might
That purity alone,
Which is well pleasing in his sight,
Through Jesus Christ his Son:

To whom be glory evermore,
For peace and grace so free;
Let heav'n and earth his name adore.
Amen; so let it be.

SONG

S O N G XX.

A song of praise to God for regeneration to a lively hope of eternal life. 1 Pet. i. 3. 4. 5.

Vers. 3 **B**less'd be th' eternal God of peace,
The Father of our Lord;
Let his abundant mercy, grace,
And love, be still ador'd;

Who from the dead his Son brought up,
And rais'd him to the sky,
To breed in us a lively hope
That we should never die.

Though sin inherent justly throws
Our bodies to the dust;
Yet, as the Head victorious rose,
So all the members must,

4 To an inheritance divine,
Which, uncorrupt for ay,
And unpolluted, pure, and fine,
Can never fade away.

5 'Tis safe reserv'd in heav'n for all
Who safe are kept for it,
By pow'r divine, through faith that shall
To grace divine submit.

Saints wait by faith this glory vast,
Which waits as well as they,
Prepar'd, and ready for the last,
The revelation-day.

S O N G XXI.

*A doxology, prefaced with a precept and prayer ;
or, The devil defeated by faith, well fixed and
furnished. 1 Pet. v. 8.—11.*

Verf. 8 **B**E sober, vigilant, and stout ;
For ev'ry day and hour,
Your foe, the devil, walks about,
Still seeking to devour.

9 Whom, by a steady faith, resist,
In Christ the Captain's name ;
Knowing your fellow-soldiers blest
Their warfare is the same.

10 But may the God, and source of all
Your grace and warlike store,
Who did, by Jesus Christ, you call
To his eternal gloire ;

After your short while's suff'ring now,
May he perfect you all,
Establish, strengthen, settle you,
Firm like a brazen wall.

11 To him, whose all-sufficiency
Alone can thus sustain,
All glory and dominion be
For evermore. Amen.

S O N G XXII.

Growth in grace, with a doxology. 2 Pet. iii. 18.

THat error and apostacy
May have in saints no place,
The heav'nly precept is, that we
Should daily grow in grace.

And

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And therein all that would be stor'd,
And still with increase blest,
Should grow in knowledge of the Lord
And Saviour Jesus Christ.

To him, (the more of whom we know,
The more of grace we gain),
All glory be ascrib'd, both now,
And evermore. Amen.

S O N G XXIII.

*The world's three great temptations. 1 John ii.
15. 16.*

AVoid this world's most dang'rous three,
Vain pleasures, pomp, and pelt:
Not these, but God thy portion be,
Else, thou'lt destroy thyself.

Son, tell them when they court thine ear,
And thine affection woo,
"I cannot buy your blest so dear,
"Nor part with heav'n for you."

S O N G XXIV.

*The doxology of the apostle Jude; or, A song of
praise for the ground and hope of perseverance
and perfection. Vers. 24. 25.*

Vers. 24 **T**O him that's able to preserve
Your feet from falling quite,
When tempted from the truth to swerve
By hellish guile and spite:

That's able to present you fair
And faultless at his seat,

Before

I. Part II. FROM THE APOSTOLICAL EPISTLES. 301

Before his glorious presence there
With joy exceeding great :

25 Ev'n unto God the only wise,

Yea, infinitely so ;

And who alone our Saviour is,

And our salvation too :

To him be glory, majesty,

Authority, and pow'r.

So be it, and so shall it be,

Both now and evermore.

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PART III.

POEMS selected from the REVELATION.

THE Apocalyps, or book of Revelation, contains a discovery of the deep things of God, which no man knows but the Spirit of God, and these to whom he reveals them: which things were before hidden and secret, and could never have been searched out, by the reasoning of human minds; but are now manifested for the common good of the church of Christ. The matter and scope of this book is a prediction of the most important events that should happen to the end of time, relative both to the present and future state of the church, the things which are, and shall be hereafter.

From the beginning, the church of God has been blessed with prophecy, and several visions. The glorious prediction of the breaking of the serpent's head, was the support of the patriarchal age: and the many prophecies that were concerning the Messiah to come, were the gospel of the Old Testament. Christ himself, concerning whom all the prophets bare witness, prophesied concerning the destruction of Jerusalem; and, about the time in which it was accomplished, he intrusted the apostle John with the book of the Revelation, for the support of the faith of his people, and the direction of their hope. Particular visions were also sometimes made unto some of the Lord's peculiar favourites; as Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, &c.; and tended mightily to the good and comfort of the church.

The

SCRIPTURE SONGS, &c. 303

The first three chapters of this book are plain, and the most easily understood of any part of it; and, among other things, contain the epistles to the seven different churches of Asia: the other parts of it are more mysterious and difficult to comprehend. We have many visions interspersed, shewn to the apostle John, who was wasted, as it were, within the vail, and heard and saw great and glorious things: he was favoured with a view not only of the glorious person of the Son of God, but of the great God himself on his throne; a display of the heavenly glory, the splendor of the New Jerusalem, and the magnificence of the celestial throne, &c.: and also, to hear what was the employment of the glorious assembly, even their celebrating the high praises of God; and likewise to know what was the subject-matter of these heavenly anthems, viz. the blessed Redeemer, his glorious excellencies, wonderful works, and great exploits; and the amazing events that should hereafter take place.

That the saints themselves may join in the chorus of these celestial worshippers, and attempt to accent the notes of these heavenly anthems, the song of Moses and the Lamb, even while in this embodied state, the following hymns are selected from this book.

S O N G I.

Song to the Redeemer. Rev. i. 5. — 8.

SECT. I. His redeeming love.

Vers. 5 **T**O him that loved us to death,
And wash'd us in his blood
From sin, that we, the heirs of wrath,
Might 'scape the threat'ning flood:

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6 To him that made us kings and priests,
 Ev'n unto God most high,
 His Father; who, at his requests,
 Admits the rebels nigh:

To our atoning Priest be praise,
 To our exalted King,
 Let the redeem'd, with lofty lays,
 Immortal honours sing.

SECT. II. *His second coming, and glorious name.*

7 Behold, he comes, with flying clouds,
 Whom ev'ry eye shall see!
 A piercing sight, alas! to crouds,
 Who now his piercers be.

The wicked world shall weep and wail:
 But saints shall bless the day,
 Who wait his coming, without fail,
 And wish't without delay.

8 I am of all the times that pass,
 The first, the last, the sum,
 Th'almighty God, which is, and was,
 And ever is to come.

S O N G II.

The song of the church to the Lamb, upon the opening of the sealed book. Rev. v. 1.—10.

Vers. **G**OD's book of dark and deep designs,
 1 2 **C**los'd with a seven-fold seal,
 3 4 No man could loose, nor read the lines,
 His counsel to reveal.

5 But David's root, of Judah's tribe
 The Lion, has prevail'd;

To

To take, and open, and describe
The sacred volume seal'd.

6 7 Seven seals to loose, the Lamb in view
Enthron'd as slain before,
Presents seven eyes, seven horns, to shew
His wisdom and his pow'r.

8 The elders worship at his feet,
The church adores around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of joyful sound.

9 Those odours are the pray'rs of saints,
These harps the hymns they raise;
New to the Lamb they pay their rents,
New is their song of praise:

“ Thou worthy art to take the book,
And open ev'ry seal,
Who to the Father's heart canst look,
And shew his secret will.

Since thou, for crimes of ours, wast slain,
Of ours, and not thine own,
Thou worthy art to rise and reign,
And fill thy Father's throne.

From ev'ry kindred, nation, tongue,
Thou broughtst thy chosen race;
And distant isles have seen and sung
The wonders of thy grace.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
And set the captives free;

10 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee:

Reign ev'n on earth; for, by thy word,
Our honour there is vast,

To rule, as with a two-edg'd sword,
And judge the world at last."

S O N G III.

*The song of the angels and church together. Rev. v.
11. 12.*

Vers. 11 **C**OME, let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

12 Worthy's the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy's the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

He's worthy to receive all pow'r,
And riches all beside,
Wisdom, and strength, and honour, glorie,
And blessings on his head.

[Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Though doom'd at Pilate's bar ;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though charg'd with madness here.

All riches are his native right,
Who bore amazing loss ;
To him belongs eternal might
Who felt the weak'ning cross.

To him be lasting honours paid,
Instead of shame and scorn,
While glory shines around his head,
A crown without a thorn.

He bore the curse for man that fell,
To him be blessing giv'n :

The

The Lamb that sapp'd the gate of hell,
Hath gain'd the praise of Heav'n.

Thus angels crown their Lord, you see;
More fit to him may sing,
Worthy's the Lamb, our kin, to be
Our Prophet, Priest, and King].

S O N G I V.

The song of all the creatures. Rev. v. 13. 14.

When laps'd men were sav'd from hell
By Jesus' precious blood,
And wretches, that did once rebel,
Were made the friends of God;

When saints and angels had begun
Praise to the Lamb to sing;
With echoes to the song anon
Both heav'n and earth did ring:

The creatures all that groan'd before
Through man's accursed fall,
Join'd with the singers to adore
The Lamb that eas'd their thrall.

Lo! all that dwell above the sky,
And in air, earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift his glories high,
And speak his endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Pow'r, honour, blessing, praise, said they,
Beyond what we can pen,

Be

Be giv'n to him that lives for ay
By creatures all. Amen.

S O N G V,

The song of saints and angels, after the sealing of the servants of God; also, the happiness of faithful sufferers for Christ. Rev. vii. 10.—17.

Vers. 10 **A** Doring saints made this their psalm,
Salvation to our God,
That sits enthron'd; and to the Lamb,
That wash'd us in his blood.

11 Amen, said hosts of angels bright;
12 For to our God pertain
Thanksgiving, wisdom, glory, might,
For evermore. Amen.

13 But who are these, our heav'nly mates,
Thus cloth'd in white array?
Whence came they to these happy seats
Of everlasting day?

14 Lo! these are they, the friends of God,
Through suff'rings great who came,
And wash'd their raiments white in blood,
The blood of Christ the Lamb.

15 Now they approach JEHOVAH's throne,
And serve him night and day;
His presence fills them ev'ry one
With glorious joy for ay.

16 No more shall hunger pain their heart;
Nor parching thirst annoy;
Nor scorching sun, nor hottest smart,
Henceforth abate their joy.

- 17 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
To shed his milder beams,
Shall feed his flock, and lead them on
To drink of living streams.

Renew'd shall be their sweet solace
Through rounds of endless years;
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Shall wipe away their tears.

SONG VI.

The song of the saints and angels, after the sounding of the seventh trumpet; or, The kingdom of Christ, and the day of judgment. Rev. xi. 15. to 18.

Verf. 15 **K**ings of the earth, with glad accord,
Shall, for their nobler gain,
Give up their kingdoms to the Lord,
Who shall for ever reign.

16 Great God, thou dost thy pow'r assume,
We give thee thanks for this;

17 Thou art, and wast, and art to come,
And thine the kingdom is.

18 The angry nations fret and roar,
And vex themselves in rage,
That they can slay the saints no more,
Nor hunt them off the stage.

But on the wings of vengeance flies
Our great and mighty God,
To pay, with int'rest, resting fees,
And long arrears of blood.

The Judge appears, the martyrs rise,
To share the grand solace;

Come,

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Come, come, ye saints, receive the prize,
The full reward of grace.

Destroyers rise, and new appear
Before the hated throne,
The last decisive doom to hear;
Ye sons of wrath, be gone.

S O N G VII.

*The church's song upon the devil's being vanquished;
or upon Michael's war with the dragon. Rev.
xii. 7.—12.*

Vers. **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
7 8 Heav'n's wars, when Micha'l stood
Chief gen'ral of th' eternal King,
And fought in name of God.

Against the dragon and his host,
God's armies did prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast
Their hellish weapons fail.

9 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
10 And down his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the gates of hell.

Now day is come, and night is past,
Christ has assum'd his pow'r:
The grand accuser down is cast
From heav'n, to rise no more.

11 'Twas by the blood of Christ the Lamb
Saints trode the tempter down;
And by his faithful word o'ercame,
To their immense renown.

Their

Their mortal lives they loved not,
 But gave them up to death,
 In love to him for whom they fought,
 And spent their vital breath.

12 Rejoice, ye heav'ns, let ev'ry star
 Shine brighter round the sky:
 Saints, while you sing the heav'nly war,
 Raise Jesus' name on high.

But wo to earth's indwellers all!
 For Satan's last effort
 Is in great wrath on you to fall;
 His time, he knows, is short.

S O N G VIII.

A song concerning the blessedness of the dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

W Rite, said the heav'nly voice, record,
 That blest are all the dead,
 Who die in Jesus Christ the Lord:
 Yea, yea, the Spirit said;

That henceforth happily they may
 From all their labours rest,
 Through sin and suff'rings here-away,
 Which did their peace molest.

Their works of love amidst annoy,
 Which did their faith declare,
 Shall follow them to heav'n with joy,
 And rich perfection there.

These works before them never go
 As titles to the bliss,
 But follow them, to prove and show
 How clear their title is.

FROM

From union to their living Lord,
 Their fruits did all proceed;
 And now they reap the great reward,
 The purchase of their Head.

S O N G IX.

The song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling. Rev. xv. 2. 3. 4. xvi. 19. xvii. 6.

E Ach Test'ment, Old and New, belong
 To saints that overcame;
 For Christian harps unite the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

What wrath did Phar'oh's pride suppress
 Great Babel down shall bring,
 Whose martyrs on a sea of glass,
 Thus over her shall sing:

O mighty God, thy works are great
 And wondrous in our view:
 Thou King of saints, that reign'st in state,
 Thy ways are just and true.

Thy glorious checker-works and ways,
 Of vengeance and of grace,
 Put all beholders in a maze
 Of terror or solace.

Who dare refuse, with fearless heart,
 To bow before thy throne,
 And glorify thy name, who art
 The only holy One.

With rev'rence come all nations must,
 And worship at thy feet;
 For men shall see thy vengeance just,
 Our victory complete.

S O N G X.

A song on Babylon's being fallen. Rev. xviii. 20. 21.

Rejoice, ye prophets, and ye saints,
O'er Babel's ruins sing;
God shall avenge your long complaints,
And down the harlot bring.

In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Was lifted from the shore,
A symbol of great Babylon,
Just now a throwing o'er.

He spoke, and, dreadful as he stood
Above the ocean's foam,
He sunk the millstone in the flood,
And swift pronounc'd the doom:

"Thus terribly, with violence,

"Shall bloody Babel fall:

"Thus plung'd in wrath's abyss, and thence

"Be found no more at all."

S O N G XI.

The triumphant song of saints and angels, for the fall of Babylon. Rev. xix. 1.—4.

Verf. 1 **P**raise ye the Lord, for evermore,
And sound his fame abroad;
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Be to the Lord our God:

2 For true and right his judgments were,
Who judg'd the harlot great,
Whose whoredoms vile did ev'ry where
Corrupt the earth of late.

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3 4 Let prayers be to praises chang'd,
 For at her hand his sword
 Has now his servants blood aveng'd.
 Amen, praise ye the Lord.
 'Tis just that she the blood repay
 Of saints, her hands have slain.
 Let fingers hallelujahs say,
 Praise ye the Lord. Amen.

S O N G XII.

The Epithalamium; or, Marriage-song. Rev. xix.
 5.—9.

Verf. 5 PRAISE ye our God, his servants all,
 That on him daily wait:
 And ye that fear him, great and small,
 His praises celebrate.

6 With hosts above join your assent,
 Who hallelujah say;
 For God the Lord omnipotent
 Reigns in a sov'reign way.

7 Joy to ourselves let us assume,
 To him give honour due;
 The marriage of the Lamb is come,
 His bride's made ready too.

8 In favour great to her he grants
 A raiment fair and fine;
 'Tis clean and white, the robe of saints,
 The righteousness divine,

9 O bless'd are they that now, by name,
 Are call'd of God, to share
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb,
 And taste the royal fare.

Write,

Write, said the message, with design
 These sayings go abroad :
 And write, to found a faith divine,
These are the truths of God.

S O N G XIII.

The new heaven and new earth. Rev. xxi. 1.—9.

Vers. 1 **A** New-made world appear'd so gay
 The old was no more seen ;
 Heav'n, earth, and sea were roll'd away,
 As if they ne'er had been.

2 Jerus'lem new came from above,
 Like Paradise restor'd,
 Prepar'd, as when the bride of love
 Is deck'd, to meet her Lord.

3 The shouting heav'ns cry'd out, Behold,
 God's dwelling is with man !
 They shall be his ; he'll keep his hold,
 And be their God and gain.

4 His tender hand shall wipe the tears
 From ev'ry weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 And death itself, shall die.

The former things away are fled,
 To be no more in view :

5 He sat upon the throne, who said,
 Lo ! I make all things new.

6 I'm Alpha and Omega too,
 The origin and end ;
 Unto my royal orders now,
 Let mortals all attend :

To him that thirsts I'll freely give,
 O' th' well of life his fill;
 And he that drinks shall ever live,
 Come whosoever will.

7 The saint that conquers sin shall be
 Of all things heir by line;
 For I shall be his God, and he
 A son and heir of mine.

8 But whoremongers, adulterers,
 Despising God's commands,
 Idolaters, and forcerers,
 And men of bloody hands;

The faithless, and the scoffing crew,
 That spurn at offer'd grace;
 The devil's sordid retinue,
 And all the lying race:

These shall be doom'd all to partake
 Of ever-burning wrath;
 And thrown into the fiery lake,
 Which is the second death.

9 But happy, on the other side,
 Appear the heirs of life:
 Heav'n's glory crowns the beauteous bride,
 The Lamb's beloved wife.

S O N G XIV.

Heaven a glorious and holy state. Rev. xxi. 22.
to 27.

Vers. 22 **N**O temple's seen, nor sun above,
Where God the Lord of might,
And Christ the Lamb, for ever prove
The temple and the light.

23 Pure are the pleasures found on high
Where no uncleanness is;

24 No wanton lips, nor carnal eye,
Can taste or see the bliss.

25 These gates of holiness out-bar

26 Pollution, sin, and shame;

27 None enter there, but these that are
The foll'wers of the Lamb.

He keeps the book of life, where all
Their elect names are found:

No hypocrite, nor liar, shall
E'er tread the heav'nly ground.

S O N G XV.

The church's prayer for Christ's second coming.
Rev. xxii. 20.

WHen he who came says, Surely, lo,
I quickly come again,
To judge, with justice, high and low;
Glad Zion says, Amen.

Ev'n so, Lord Jesus, come away,

O haste! as thou hast said,

The glorious retribution-day,

When dues shall all be paid.

SONG

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SONG XVI.

*The conclusion, or ending prayer; or, The apostle's
benediction. Rev. xxii. 21. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.*

THE grace of Christ, our help complete,
The love of God serene,
The Holy Ghost's communion sweet,
Be with you all. Amen.

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